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FREE NOVEL

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CHAPLIN'S *New Film Shrouded* in MYSTERY

But Comedian is the Same Old Charlie of the "Silent" Days

By Cable from Our Hollywood Correspondent

Hollywood has never known such mystery as that surrounding Chaplin's new picture, "Modern Times." Nor has there, in this community of babbling tongues, ever been a secret so well kept. Although the film has been completed for some time, and is, in fact, scheduled for early release, it has been virtually impossible to find out anything about it.

What is the story? Is it a talkie? Does Chaplin speak or sing? Has he kept to the old make-up that made his fame?—these are the questions not only Hollywood, but the world has been asking. It is my privilege to be able to give the readers of The Australian Women's Weekly the first information on some of these points that has been made available anywhere in the world.

THE story is written around life in a modern automobile factory. Against a background of gigantic machinery—huge hammers, madly-spinning wheels, constantly - moving, endless chains of parts to be assembled—Chaplin's comic little figure plays its part, an irresistibly funny, and yet pathetic symbol of man's enslavement to the machines he himself created.

All day long, day after day, he goes through the same movements as he does his particular job. He is just a cog in the works, standing in the same relationship to the factory as a whole as a link does to a chain, and just as easily replaced.

Gradually the deadly monotony of his work begins to take effect upon his mind. The tragic quality that is always at the back of Chaplin's clowning now becomes more apparent. Bolts and screws begin to dance madly before him. For a time he goes quite insane.

But, according to report, even in this section of the film pathos wears a cloak of laughter. Insanity gives him the opportunity to perform some of his funniest exploits.

Like "City Lights," the picture is not one hundred per cent. silent. In fact, there is more sound in "Modern Times" than was in its predecessor. Voices and music are heard—but none of the voices belongs to the great comedian.

Charlie Sang

ONE item of interest is that Chaplin did actually sing during the making of the picture, but the sound was not recorded. Adepts at lip-reading will be able to translate the funny words of his French song; ordinary people, however, will just see the movements of the lips.

He dances in the new film, too. His work in this direction is said to be excellent, and those who remember the Chaplin of the days when his pictures were not the rareties they are now will not hesitate to accept this opinion.

Wisely, he has not abandoned the make-up which made him one of the most familiar figures in the world. The small moustache, the boots, the bowler and cane, the tight, short coat and drooping trousers, are still in evidence. In the factory he does change to overalls, but the moustache and the boots remain. With these, Chaplin must always be the Chaplin who swept all before him so many years ago.

The way in which information relative to "Modern Times" has been prevented from leaking out is nothing short of miraculous. Imagine the number and variety of people who are necessary to the making of a picture, and then reflect on the fact that newspaper men, rival picture organisations, even Chaplin's friends—all of them were unable to discover anything that would give the least idea as to what the picture was about, or how it was being produced.

Chaplin himself, unapproachable during the period in which he was working on the film—not only acting, but, as is now his practice, directing it himself—has been clam-like since its completion. Even the largest men in the theatre business, scrambling over each other for early bookings, have been unable to learn anything about the picture beyond the fact that it is a Chaplin film.

It is shrewd business on Charlie's part. Curiosity has risen to fever pitch, so that even that very small minority of non-picture-going citizens is now talking about "Modern Times," speculating about the story and asking, above all, "Has he made a talkie?"

One instance of the interest that has been aroused is the visit of Arthur Jarrett to Hollywood. I met the well-known head of Gaumont-British Pictures soon after his arrival. He said he had travelled 6000 miles just to view this picture, and he does not regret the trip.

He is one of the very few who have been privileged to attend a screening, but the most adroit and persuasive questioning could not get him to break his pledge of secrecy. The most he would commit himself to was that it is a great picture—in his opinion the finest comedy Chaplin has ever made.

ONE OF THE first photos to reach Australia showing Charlie as he appears, as a workman, in Hollywood's mystery picture, "Modern Times." Even the Australian distributors of this film can give no details about it.

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"LEAGUE *of* NATIONS" BABY

Arrives in Australia

Son of Italian Consul and Russian Mother, Born on a British Ship

Though he can reasonably expect a first-class ticket through life, Ennio Vita-Finzi arrived in the world under conditions that even the poorest emigrant baby, prepared for a spartan existence in a new country, might regard as a rather cold reception.

Ennio was born on a stormy night near the Australian coast on board the Themistocles. The only accommodation for him and his mother was the steerage hospital, a tiny room with four beds and only one small porthole, down over the ship's engines.

AS his father, the new Italian Consul-General in Australia, puts it, "he was in too much of a hurry." His arrival was not expected until the Themistocles reached Sydney.

But the welcome that circumstances forced upon him has been more than compensated for by the warmth of the greeting of his delighted parents, the doctor, nurse, and captain of the ship, and his fellow passengers who presented him with a silver loving-cup.

Though he was born in a steerage hospital Ennio has a wardrobe worthy of a baby prince. During the voyage from Buenos Aires to Capetown, then to Australia, his pretty Russian mother spent the two months knitting jumpers and woollies, tiny shoes of wool and silk and embroidering his frocks.

ENNIO VITA-FINZI, son of an Italian father and a Russian mother, born on a British ship in Australian waters. —"Argus" photo.

His "Promenade" Frock

WHEN there are exquisitely fine robes and petticoats bought at Gisell, a fashionable baby shop in Buenos Aires. But his most impressive model is the white silk one presented by Ambassadors in the Argentine. It is the frock which in his father's words he will wear "for the town and the promenade." He will wear it at his first public appearance in Sydney.

When he arrives at his home, Ennio will have a cradle made to match his mother's bed of Canadian oak. For the first couple of weeks of his life he has slept in a basket for which the captain ransacked the ship, a basket of the type used for fruit or to make a bed for the cat.

The baby has been packed in his basket with hot-water bottles to provide an even temperature for him all the time.

Ennio is an Italian name. Had the baby been a little girl it would have been given a Russian name, as its mother was born in the Caucasus and went to Italy as a young girl during the revolution.

It is a tradition in the Vita-Finzi family that every son should have a name of two or more syllables. Ennio's grandfather was Carlo and his father is Paolo.

Ennius was a Latin poet whose greatest work was a poem about the Roman conquest of Africa. The Italian Consul chose the name as an appropriate one during the present developments in Italy's history.

A Sturdy Mother

THOUGH she had her baby in unexpectedly trying circumstances Signora Vita-Finzi is very well, and was able to walk off the ship when it arrived in Sydney. When Ennio was only six days old his father was astonished to see the Signora doing her exercises in the hospital!

The Italian Consul and his household occupied quite a lot of space in the ship. Apart from their suite and their unexpected tenancy of the hospital, they booked considerable space in the hold for furniture, mainly copies of modern Italian furniture made for them in the Argentine.

The Consul has also brought with him an Italian sports car, and when black-haired, black-eyed Ennio is a little older he and his handsome father should be a familiar sight driving through the streets of Sydney.

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LET'S Talk About—

PHYSICS LECTURER.

MAJOR E. H. BOOTH, upon whom the degree of Doctor of Science has just been conferred by the Sydney University, is a lecturer and demonstrator in the Department of Physics. Since 1930 he has been consulting physicist to the New South Wales Government.

He was a member of the Sydney University eclipse expedition to Goondiwindi (Queensland) in 1923, and consultant to the seismic section of the Imperial Geophysical Experimental Survey in 1929-'30. He served during the Great War with the field artillery, and was mentioned in dispatches and awarded the Military Cross in 1917. From 1923 to 1926 he was second in command of the Sydney University Regiment.

Major Booth has been since 1934 honorary secretary of the Royal Society of N.S.W. and secretary of the University Extension Board.

SOLDIER AND SOCIALIST.

OLIVER BALDWIN, who was defeated in the last English elections for the Paisley seat by the Liberal candidate, the Hon. J. P. Maclay, is a socialist, novelist, scenario writer, dramatist and soldier. He was educated in football at Eton (so he says), and is beginning to learn now. He served in the European War from 1916 to 1919, and was at the Armeno-Turkish war in 1920, and the Armeno-Russian in 1921. Later he was imprisoned by Bolsheviks and Turks. In 1919 he was acting Vice-Consul at Boulogne, and from 1929 to 1931 he was Member of Parliament for Dudley.

He dreamed the first two acts of "From Four Winds," a play he wrote some time ago. Two of his other publications are "Konyetz" and "Six Prisons and Two Revolutions."

BUSY MILLIONAIRE.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JUN., who urges a "development of self-control" as far as the liquor laws of U.S.A. are concerned, is backing the newly-formed Council for Moderation, Inc. Already the council has inserted large advertisements in the American dailies, all with the object of modifying drink.

The council's task is to give warning that alcoholic beverages, if consumed at all, must be taken with caution, and that over-indulgence is a socially reprehensible thing.

"I was born a teetotaller and have been a teetotaller on principle all my life," says Mr. Rockefeller. "But the majority of the people of this country are not yet ready for total abstinence, at least when it is attempted through legal coercion."

It is partly due to Rockefeller's philanthropy that the Council of Moderation is vigorously getting at the roots of the problem of using, not abusing, liquor.

SCIENCE *will* INVESTIGATE *Immortality!*

Powers of Clairvoyance are Possessed by Everybody

... Says Famous Scientist!

By G. W. WARNECKE, Editor-in-Chief of the Australian Women's Weekly. Written in New York.

TELEPATHY, the transfer of thought from one mind to another without the use of the senses, is accepted by Dr. Alexis Carrel, famous French-American scientist, and winner of the Nobel Prize in 1912.

Scientists have always been sceptical of telepathy and clairvoyance, and the point-blank declaration of Dr. Carrel has created a sensation in America and Europe.

EVEN in this picture Dr. Alexis Carrel seems to be looking into the future.

DR. CARREL said that science must investigate man as a whole, including the problem of immortality. Science had no evidence of immortality, but he believed this absence meant nothing more than that science lacked the technique to discover it.

After a tour of investigation in France Dr. Carrel has returned to New York to continue his work as a leading research biologist with the Rockefeller Institute. In consequence of a book recently written by him, "Man, The Unknown," he was interviewed on his arrival by all the newspapers.

Weird Powers

"**I HAVE recently completed experiments," he said, "proving conclusively to me that every man is endowed with a certain amount of telepathic power, and that a few actually have weird powers of telepathy and clairvoyance.**

"For the present it is beyond knowledge, but it certainly exists. There are two ways of seeing into the future—by a powerful reasoning ability, and by a highly-developed intuitiveness, which is rare."

Dr. Carrel advocated a scientific institute to study man, which will enable human mentality to be moulded like clay to develop a superior race.

"What we need to do to improve man is to realise that we can modify the intellect as well as the organism," he said.

"We can handle the intellect as we do organic matter. The institute I conceive would select the best material and, under strict conditioning and control, study each element, each factor—the nutritional, psychological, physiological factors all in one.

"There is no escaping the fact that man was definitely not created equal, as democracy, invented in the eighteenth century when there was no science to confute it, would have us believe. This fact cannot be suppressed, and it is very sad.

"**I do not necessarily mean that we would pick out a few superior children and make supermen of them alone, but we would improve all of mankind, for, as I say, we can manipulate and modify the intellect as well as the body.**

"This study of the factors of development could be easily done in this country and others under a foundation or endowment like the Pasteur Institute or the Rockefeller Institute or in such States as Russia as a government work. I have no blueprint for it as yet, and the details would be merely a matter of setting up proper and sufficient scientific technic for this modern-world modelling of man.

"It would, of course, take at least a century of discovering factors of development and improving on them before we would have any results."

Amazing Book

DR. CARREL thinks that great scientific discoveries are not made by scientists alone, but that unrecognised and not understood forces guide them to their discoveries.

His book, "Man, The Unknown," which is to be followed by further works, is regarded by many as a contribution to science ranking with the works of Darwin and Pasteur.

In a chapter dealing with "Mental Activities," Dr. Carrel writes:

"Clairvoyance and telepathy are a primary datum of scientific observation.

"Those endowed with this power grasp the secret thoughts of other individuals without using their sense organs. They also perceive events more or less remote in time and space.

"**This quality is exceptional. It develops only in a small number of human beings. But many possess it in a rudimentary state. They use it without effort and in a spontaneous fashion.**

"Clairvoyance appears quite commonplace to those having it. It brings them a knowledge which is more certain than that gained through the sense organs. A clairvoyant reads the thoughts of other people as easily as he examines the expression of their faces."

In a footnote Dr. Carrel explains:

"The existence of telepathic phenomena, as well as other metaphysical phenomena, is not accepted by most biologists and physicians.

"The attitude of these scientists should not be blamed. For these phenomena are exceptional and elusive. They cannot be reproduced at will. Besides, they are hidden in the enormous mass of the superstitions, lies and illusions accumulated for centuries by mankind.

"Although they have been mentioned in every country and at every epoch, they have not been investigated scientifically. It is, nevertheless, a fact that they are a normal, although a rare, activity of the human being."

Dr. Carrel has been interested in the subject since his student days, and has studied it in the same way that he has studied physiology, chemistry, and pathology.

COLOR FASHIONS *Going Back* to 200 B.C.

New Tones from Ancient Chinese Vases

By Air Mail From Our London Office.

For months Mr. R. F. Wilson, of the British Color Council, has been working at the museums in South Kensington, adopting subtle shades from Chinese vases, many of them dating back to 200 B.C.

Now he has produced a new color-card with twenty-four colors, most of them Chinese, for millinery in 1936.

HERE are some of the colors, taken from the pottery of ancient China:

Coolie, an unusual type of saxe-blue which the coolie of China dyes his clothes with to this day.

Cornstalk, a golden yellow with which the Chinese loved to decorate their beautiful vases.

Mandarin-blue, made specially in Yorkshire for export to China.

Ruby, the red of the precious stone, taken from Chinese vases.

Lotus bud, a delicate pink, the same color as the flower.

Faience-blue, a very pale blue of the type known to the Chinese as "Sky after rain."

Tropic-red and sail-red, two "iron rust" colors.

"The Chinese were masters of color," Mr. Wilson explains. "I have spent a long time with the museum authorities matching my colors up."

Develop a Beautiful BUST

Add 1 to 5 inches — or it COSTS YOU NOTHING!

ARE you flat-chested? Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of your greatest charm? NOW it is so easy to have the full, firm Bust that Fashion demands!

IN JUST 30 DAYS

Yes, in just 30 days you can increase the size of your bust—mould them into firm, shapely lines that are so smart and alluring. Hundreds of women everywhere have developed this greatest of feminine charm by following my simple method. Let me tell you how easily you can have the added attraction of the fashionable figure.

TRY THIS TO-DAY

TEST this wonderful method in your own home, and if it doesn't increase you—it costs you nothing. I want you to try it; I want you to PROVE, as hundreds of other women have proved, that to increase your bust this way is marvellous!

SENT FREE!

IF you send me the coupon below, now, I will send you something that will amaze you—at no cost or obligation to yourself. But hurry!

SEND THIS AT ONCE!

MARY MONROE, DEPT. W.W.,
197 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Please send me, with no obligation, your amazing "something." I enclose a 3d. stamp for postage.

Name .....

Address 30/11/35

Which one of these women represents you?

Your beauty, your attractiveness, makes or mars your social progress. Have you all the "appeal" you would like? This is your opportunity—send me the coupon below—TO-DAY!

GENUINE PROOF!

DEVELOPED 3 INCHES.

"I was very small in the bust. Have now developed nearly 3 inches."—Mrs. A.M. (L., N.S.W.).

WONDERFUL!

"I am just thrilled at seeing my bust take on its one-time firmness—the lovely, attractive curve and roundness I used to be rather proud of. The treatment is really wonderful."—Miss J.H. (F.T., Vic.).

GAINED 2 INCHES.

"I am very pleased with the results. My breasts are becoming larger. Before I started using your cream my bust measurement was 29 inches, and now it is 33 inches."—Miss A.L. (C., N.S.W.).

These letters and many more can be inspected at my offices at any time.

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OUR *Splendid* NEW *Pattern* SERVICE

Thrilling News for Every Woman who Takes Pride in Her Frocking

To be charmingly and inexpensively frocked—that is a laudable ambition of every woman. With the help of the splendid new pattern service just secured by The Australian Women's Weekly, it becomes an ambition easy to achieve.

THIS new service, which will commence in our next issue, features carefully - selected fashions from New York, Paris and London, adapted to the needs of the Australian woman.

Secured after a comprehensive search of all the great fashion centres for absolutely up-to-the-minute and scientifically-cut patterns, this service is as outstanding for its charm and distinction as for the full and clear directions for use which accompany each pattern.

All those snappy notes which spell genuine elegance in frocking are embodied in it. For example, it offers you a choice of every variety of sleeve from the loosest dolman to the simplest shirt-maker. It pays special attention to the modern bias-cutting which ensures figure-moulding lines. It knows the smart silhouette of the moment—and gets it.

Withal, each pattern is so accurately cut, so fully explained, that the veriest amateur can use it with success. Designs are comprehensive—every season and every occasion notably provided for.

A three-in-one pattern is given away free each week, and it will be specially selected for its popular appeal and modish simplicity.

Our first free pattern is cut to fit a 34-inch bust, and features three designs that cover any daytime occasion. Each design is quite different from the others in skirt, bodice, and neckline treatment. Watch for the pattern page next week!

ON THE examination rack—or just enjoying himself.

EXAMINATIONS

A Curse or a Blessing?

The Women's Weekly Wants Your Vote!

This is for parents only.

What do you think of the New South Wales Public Examination system? The Intermediate and Leaving Certificate tests, which have just put 16,000 of your children on the mental rack?

These twin tests have been committed in the sacred name of education, and because they have been done with your sanction you must assume a big responsibility for their good or their evil.

You may not think them evil. Maybe to you they appear as essential to your children's welfare.

THE Australian Women's Weekly here and now gives you the opportunity of making your judgment in reasoned terms. It states a case for the Full High Court Bench of Public Opinion.

Here are the questions for the plebiscite on which you are to vote Yes or No, marking your vote with a X.

	Yes.	No.
Are you in favor of the abolition of public examinations?	...	...
Are you in favor of a modification of the present system?	...	...
Do you find examinations affect the health of your children adversely?	...	...
Do you find examinations hinder your child from giving adequate time and attention to:		
(a) Other cultural interests such as music?	...	...
(b) Useful Hobbies?	...	...
(c) Outside educative interests, such as Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Club movements, general reading, etc.?	...	...
Do you find their devotion to preparing for examinations interfering with, or disturbing to:		
(a) Yourself, or other members of the household?	...	...
(b) The general routine of the home?	...	...

AN article written by an examination victim of many years' standing (and sittings) appears on page 23. This victim matriculated at 14 years old without knowing how or why, and is himself the father of two more recent victims, one of whom is applying a first-class knowledge of Latin to the task of screaming himself hoarse at wool sales, while the other is parsing and analysing some thousands of acres of prickly pear in Western Queensland.

With every completed form, The Australian Women's Weekly wants you to enclose a brief exposition of the reasons for your judgment. Say exactly what you think, in as few words as possible.

To add further interest to the plebiscite, The Australian Women's Weekly is offering a cash prize of £2/3/- for what, in the opinion of the Editor, is the best judgment. There will also be four other prizes of 10/6 each.

Endorse all envelopes containing your voting paper and your judgment with the word "Exam."

Now Guess its Name!

Try this with your friends

Because you serve tea of fine flavor people compliment you on your skill.

When they ask you what tea you use, invite them to guess. It's great fun, especially when they guess that you paid ever so much more for it than you really did.

Of course, the wise ones pick Bushells at once. They recognise the fine bud-leaf flavor, rich and fragrant.

The Tea of Flavor

MR. R. J. H. MOSES, who has just joined the staff of The Australian Women's Weekly. Mr. Moses is one of the most brilliant and popular journalists in Australia. Educated at Fort Street and Sydney University, he went straight from the latter institution to the staff of the "Sunday Times," of which paper he became associate editor at the height of its popularity, when it was the greatest Sunday paper in the Commonwealth. He subsequently became special writer for the old "Daily Telegraph," and publicity director for J. C. Williamson Ltd.

He left J.C.W. Ltd. to join the staff of "Smith's Weekly," of which he has been successively literary editor, associate editor, and (for the past three years) editor. Throughout his connection with "Smith's Weekly" Mr. Moses' main concern was with the humorous side of the paper, both written and illustrated, and his weekly comment on the lighter side of the news at home and abroad has established his reputation as one of the foremost writers of the day in England and America, as well as in Australia.

Apart from his wide newspaper experience, both journalistic and executive, Mr. Moses has kept closely in touch with public affairs. He has been particularly interested in the Boy Scout movement, of which he was one of the pioneer administrators in Australia. Mr. Moses' literary gifts, his wide experience, and his sheer genius for humor make him a very valuable addition to the staff of this paper.

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MEN and ANGEL

Grandfather Todd behaved as expected when told that Angela had fled to Paris. "His outburst could be heard for miles" wrote Betty. "He has forbidden your grandmother to write to you"

By

Fanny Heaslip LEA

ANGELA, the heroine of the story—Angel to her friends—tired of having her life planned for her by her wealthy grandfather, Andrew Todd, and her equally wealthy but unimaginative lover, Horace, decides to break with it all. She returns her ring to Horace, and goes to Paris. Part of her idea is the urge for liberty, the other part is a memory of the face of debonair Neville, in Paris. Neville is Horace's scapegrace brother who lives in the French capital.

On the boat Angel meets Captain Talmadge, allegedly a woman-hater, but on leaving the boat he kisses Angel good-bye, and then goes away. Angel's charm had broken up his reserve, and he is more than half in love with her.

Then comes Paris——and Neville, a delightful if dangerous companion and the same flirtatious Neville who sent her a birthday cable, "Happy birthday, darling," which started the trouble at home.

Neville finds Angela a house near the river—a beautiful old-fashioned home, where she takes a flat from a couple named Morgan. Angela, watching Matty Morgan, who has eyes for nobody but Neville, feels sure that the woman is in love with Neville. She senses, too, that Matty Morgan and her artist husband are estranged.

While Neville is assisting Angela to "settle in" at her new flat, Talmadge arrives unexpectedly. Neville plays up to the situation, posing as the man in possession in a way which infuriates Angela. When he goes out Talmadge is cynical and hurt, misinterpreting the presence of Neville in Angela's flat. There is a stormy scene, and Talmadge leaves again. Amazed and hurt, Angela thinks things over, and her mind goes back to Talmadge and her shipboard farewell.

"I should never have let him kiss me that morning—I'm getting only what I asked for," thought Angela.

Now read on:

THE man with the pointed red beard and the bloodshot eyes looked up from the letter in his hand. His name was Eric Howe. After walking half the length of the crooked Rue de la Seine, Angela had finally found his studio.

"Wheeler suggests you might like to work here," he said dully.

"I'd be awfully grateful," said Angela.

"Glad to do him a favor. But, my heaven!" he groaned, "what do you want to mess about in clay for? You don't look that sort of fool. Ever had any training?"

"A little," said Angela. "With a woman at home."

The red-bearded man sighed gustily.

"How is Wheeler, by the way?"

Angela said:

"Splendid. He'll be here in less than two weeks. On his way to Moscow. He's illustrating some articles for a newspaper man."

"Black and white, of course?"

"He never does anything else," said Angela.

"Used to—used to do some of the nicest color you ever saw. He says nothing about Moscow in this letter."

"I heard from his wife only yesterday. She's coming with him."

"Betty? That plump sweetheart of his? Russia'll take a few pounds off her."

Angela rather liked him. She said:

"I brought something with me." She untied the string from a soiled cardboard box and removed wads of packing from inside it.

"Let's have a look," he said. "We can only die once."

He took the figurine which the box contained and held it to the light, turning it slowly this way and that. It wasn't more than six inches long. A grotesque caricature of a rotund woman leaning lazily on her elbow, her moon-face turned upwards to regard the world with shrewd amusement. The modelling was delicate, surprising in its sly simplicity. Abrupty Howe grinned.

The grin reassured Angela.

"You recognise her?" she asked.

"Betty, of course. No mistaking it. How long did it take you?"

"About three days. I had a hard time getting enough amiable sophistication into the smile."

"You and Da Vinci," he jeered dryly.

"Might take that stand over there," he continued. He rolled a stand from the corner of the room to a place near the window. "Got any more ideas for caricatures?"

HE slapped a chunk of clay on the stand, walked over to a carpenter's bench and, producing a slab of wood slightly larger than his hand, drove a nail into it.

"This do?" he asked, bringing it over to her.

"Thanks, that'll do beautifully," said Angela.

"Try a man," said Howe. Then he went away and lost himself behind a group of model stands, each topped by a tent of oil cloth.

The afternoon was almost gone before he came back and looked over her shoulder, squinting dourly.

"What's that? The Apollo Belvedere dressed up as a tooth-paste advertisement?"

"It's a man I know at home," said Angela defensively. She was tired, and her feet ached with standing so long. There was clay on her fingers and on her cheeks where she had struck at buzzing flies. She thought: "I should never have tried to do Horace. It irritates me to see him again, even in my mind."

She said:

"I know he's too pretty, but I haven't finished him yet."

"Not a bad start," said Howe. "Terrible bore, is he?"

"Oh, yes," said Angela fervently. Stooping, with a vicious little twist of her thumb, she left Horace's chin superbly jutting.

"What's that? The Apollo Belvedere dressed up as a tooth-paste advertisement?"

"It's a man I know at home," said Angela defensively.

Illustrated :: by :: Boothroyd

"Cover it up and run along for to-day," said Howe.

When she went out he was rolling a cigarette and glaring at the head of an old woman on which he was working.

Angela had promised to meet Neville at five o'clock on the steps of the Petit Palais—to look at the sculptures. He was waiting when she got out of her taxi.

"I should have remembered," he said, "place closes at five."

Angela said:

"I'm not sorry. I've had enough of Art for to-day. You don't know how depressed I get watching that man Howe with a single jab bring out the whole bony structure of a jaw or an eye-socket. Why did I ever suppose I could do anything worth talking about?"

"You're tired," said Neville. He took her by the arm and led her down the steps again. "What would you like to do, darling?"

Angela said:

"Let's just go and sit in the shade somewhere." They walked along the wide pavement looking under the trees for a place to stop. People everywhere. Hundreds of children—their skinny legs twinkling about under brief trousers and briefer skirts. Hundreds of dogs. Nondescript French dogs, overfed, undertbred, obviously none the less worshipped by their owners.

"I know," said Neville. "I'll take you to the best show in Paris."

Storm Over Notre Dame

"I couldn't, Neville! I couldn't sit in a stuffy, dark theatre."

"Who said anything about theatres?"

HE was leading her across a wide gravel path to where, on low benches, twenty or thirty children sat before a Punch and Judy show. On a camp stool below the little stage and facing the audience a thin young man with smutty-lashed eyes played an accordion. A silly, sweet whine of a tune.

"The choice seats are reserved for the smaller children," said Neville gravely. "Will you sit in the third row, and off to one side?"

He sat beside her. On Angela's other side was a round-eyed boy of five staring intently at the miniature stage where a puppet in blue smock and cap jerked up and down in a fantastic dance to the music of the wheezing accordion.

Presently the curtains of the stage closed.

"That was only the prologue," said Neville. "The main show will come on in a few minutes."

It was not too hot on the benches before the Petit Guignol. Trees stretched shady overhead. The sound of fountains was in the air. Angela opened her bag and took out Betty Wheeler's letter.

She told him of the Moscow venture.

Neville said: "When do they get here?"

"About the first of September. I'm fearfully pleased, Neville. I am so fond of them both."

He grumbled: "Won't have much time for me then, will you? I wish they'd stay where they are."

Angela read him a paragraph or so of Betty's round, stubby writing. "Your grandfather," wrote Betty, "when Jim took your note over to him, behaved as we had expected. His outburst could have been heard for miles. He has forbidden your grandmother to write to you. But anyhow, darling, when you cut yourself loose you did right."

"Do you ever doubt it?" asked Neville.

"I don't think so. It's the first liberty I've ever had. Sometimes it startles me. If I could be sure of doing something——" She added, quickly, with a laugh: "Don't tell me again. I've nothing to worry about."

"All right, Mrs. Grundy," said Neville.

"You don't believe I have any chance—modelling?" said Angela.

Neville said: "No, Angel. I don't. Paris is over-run with unemployed artists. Some of them very good ones, too. Unless you happen to hit on some trick——"

THE curtains of the small stage opened again. The children who had been noisily chattering at once became silent. A puppet in a sailor suit appeared—began to argue violently with one in a frock coat and top hat. They wrestled together until the sailor succeeded in beating off his opponent. The sailor then addressed the audience asking that he be warned in case of further annoyance and lay down and went to sleep.

From the wings protruded the long, red nose of another puppet in a gendarme's cocked hat. The small boy next to Angela shrieked wildly:

"Le v'la—le v'la—le v'la!" There he is!

The other children took up the cry. They howled like a pack of beagles.

"Le v'la! Le v'la! Le v'la!" they shouted, warning the sailor.

"There he comes!" Neville joined in deeply.

The small boy looked up at him open-mouthed.

"Bad fellows, gendarmes, aren't they, old top?" said Neville. Angela thought: "I've never seen him with a child before. He's rather a dear." She relaxed against his arm. He smiled down at her. "Anything ever as real to you as this—to these kids?"

Angela thought: "You're being real now. You're not always."

On the stage, gendarme and sailor, top hat and smock, pummelled each other and parted; came together only to pummel each other again.

"Has it any story?" asked Angela, laughing, while the children yelped with delight.

"Probably as much as you and me," said Neville. He slid his hand round hers while she sat absorbed watching the excited little faces in the audience. Presently the sailor was marched off to prison between two gendarmes, the curtains closed and reluctantly the children dispersed. Neville took Angela away. Overhead, leaves showed already near shrivelling gold of the autumn to come.

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National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4605972

HAPPY FAMILIES

By *Phyllis Hambledon*

Illustrated By FISCHER

"I CAN'T bear it!" sobbed Sally when she learned that Jane, her beloved governess, was going to leave when Daddy married Doreen Heneage.

"I can't bear it!" echoed Jane's heart. Not only was she losing the man she loved, but she knew that Doreen would never bring happiness to either Sally or her father.

"Of course Daddy loves you more than I do," said Jane comfortingly. "You're his little girl, not mine . . ." She broke off. Martin shot her a look of gratitude.

A Long Complete Story!

"YOU mean to say you've nothing for me at all, Grahame?" said Jane Paton.

Miss Grahame, of the Ladies' Employment Agency, looked up sharply. She had heard that tone of despair in other voices. But she had never expected to connect it with this former adored pupil of hers, whose impertinence had always been to her a source of delighted horification. Then she saw that the hand resting on the desk was painfully thin. Jane was wearing the coat of the spring before last. Miss Grahame turned the pages of the ledger hurriedly, in order to hide her dismay.

"There is a post here," she said, "but I don't think it would suit you at all. The father, a widower. One child aged eight—extremely difficult."

"I'd teach a class of difficult monkeys the Rumba, if I drew a salary every first of the month," said Jane.

"You mustn't talk like that!" said Miss Grahame quickly. "If you take this position, that is just the sort of thing you mustn't say! This Mr. Frome wants somebody who never says things out of the ordinary. He wants somebody who looks just like everybody else—only worse; the kind who is an old maid in her teens. There aren't many of them nowadays, and there's quite a demand for them. I'll give you particulars. He's rich, has a nice place in Surrey, goes up to town every day. You'd only see him at week-ends. But it's always difficult for a widower. I've tried sending him middle-aged governesses, but they went to sleep over the fire. Then I sent young ones and they made love to him."

"I DON'T fall in love with the obvious," said Jane. "If I take this place, Grahame, I'll never say anything I haven't read in the morning papers! I rather see this Mr. What's-His-Name's point, though he sounds detestable, and if that's the sort of governess he wants, I'm sorry for the child!"

"I don't think she's much more than an encumbrance to him," said Miss Grahame. "Funny, disagreeable little thing, the others said she was. But, honestly, Jane, I don't see that I can recommend you. 'Somebody without any sex-appeal whatever, who never expects a man to look at her—what's more, somebody whom the village will not expect a man to look at'—that's precisely what Mr. Frome told me to get him. It seems there's a vicar's wife who does a lot of talking about what a pretty young governess they have at the Manor at present. He's not standing any more of that, he says. Last time I saw you, I'd have laughed at the very idea of sending you, but somehow to-day—whatever's the matter, lovey? You're crying!"

"I'm not!" said Jane, sobbing violently. "I'm just s-sneezing!"

"There, dearie, don't carry on so! Was it a man?"

"Yes—an absolute washout, and I took six stricken months to find it out. And I've spent all my money until September tagging round with him. You do, you know. And now I'm on the rocks absolutely! I must have a job. I was an idiot. Behaved as if I were a yoyo, and he was pulling the strings." She saw Miss Grahame's look of disapproval. "I'm sorry! I mean, he trifled with my young affections!"

"They do!" said Miss Grahame with vigor. "Cheer up, Jane. There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. A sweet, well-brought-up, attractive girl like you will certainly find one. But I think you'd better not go down to Mr. Frome's place. I'll try and get you something else, with young society."

"Bother young society!" said Jane. "I want to go somewhere where I can be old and shabby and dowdy. Grahame, will you please recommend me to Mr. Frome, as a thoroughly respectable, modest, hard-working young woman, with a most unassuming personality?"

"Jane, how can you expect me to lie like that?" exclaimed Miss Grahame. "However, if you really insist upon it—I will!"

When Jane arrived at a tiny station a fortnight later, she wore a mackintosh and a fur. Her hair was unwaved and wispy. She wore last year's hat put on back to front. She dropped her suitcase, and thanked the porter profusely and nervously for picking it up for her. She lost her ticket, and found it eventually where she had first looked for it. She was, in fact, rehearsing her part with spirit. The Vicar's wife, Mrs. Bryant, ostensibly changing a book at the bookstall, hurried home to tell her husband that the new governess at the Manor would probably take the Young Women's Bible Class admirably; on the other hand, she would not be able to cope with the boys twelve to fifteen.

And the chauffeur, presenting an immovable countenance, thought: "Well, this one won't give much trouble, anyway. But if that's all Sally will have to talk to, heaven help her!"

Jane, however, knew nothing of all this. They drove through a pretty village. When she saw the Manor, she sighed with delight.

It was a dream place set graciously among lawns and trees. Far too good to belong to the sort of man her employer seemed to be. Jane was looking forward to seeing her new pupil. She thought they might be comrades in misfortune.

"Mr. Frome will see you in the library, miss," said the butler.

"Oh, heavens, another of 'em!" thought Martin Frome.

HE never felt at his brightest, interviewing governesses.

"How do you, Miss Paton," he said politely. "Had a nice journey?"

"Oh, very comfortable!" Jane assured him. "The trains are fuller now than they are in the winter, aren't they, but not half as full as they are in the summer."

That wasn't a bad effort, she thought.

"I generally travel by car," said Martin. "Er—I expect Miss Grahame has told you about your—er—work?"

"Oh, yes," chirped Jane.

"Sally has lessons every morning, but you can give her lessons in the afternoon, too, if you think she is old enough. The housekeeper knows the sort of things she has to eat, and so on. I often take her out on Saturdays when I am not playing golf or anything. If she wants clothes, just get them, and let me have the bill for them. She doesn't wash behind the ears as well as she ought to. But one thing I must insist on: any private rows you have with her, you must fight out yourselves. I cannot have you bringing nursery troubles to me."

"Is this his own kid," thought Jane, "or is he merely minding her to oblige the lady next door?"

Aloud she said:

"I quite understand, Mr. Frome."

"Well, I expect you'll get on all right," said Martin. "I'm away most of the time, of course. Hope you like the country."

"Oh, I do," said Jane ecstatically. "No horrid trams, or Belisha beacons. They do frighten me so. I love the country—all the little birds and the lambs. I saw five lambs coming from the station," she added brightly.

There was a ghost of a sigh from Martin.

"Well, you'd better meet my daughter," he said gruffly.

A moment later Sally came in. She was obviously a very clean, good little girl, who would be much happier being a very dirty, naughty little girl.

"Take Miss Paton upstairs, Sally," commanded her father.

Sally did so. Martin sighed with relief. Really, the Grahame woman need not have interpreted his demands quite so literally. His conscience began to prick. Perhaps he didn't take enough trouble over Sally. It was so difficult. He bent his head on his hands a moment. . . .

In the middle of a shining expanse of hygienic linoleum, Sally and Jane stared at each other. Jane, incidentally, gave as good as she got.

It was Sally who broke the silence.

"Are you clever?" she said abruptly.

"Not a bit," said Jane. "Are you?"

There was a glimmering smile about Sally's mouth.

"Not a bit," she said. "Are you nice?"

"Not very," said Jane. "Are you?"

"Not very," admitted Sally sadly.

"So we'll have to learn to be clever and nice together," said Jane. "Rather fun seeing which of us wins, don't you think?"

Suddenly Sally laughed. She had a lovely laugh. She thrust her hand into Jane's.

"The others all said they were very clever and very nice," she confided. "I think that I am going to like you!"

"And I think that I am going to like you!" said Jane.

"WHAT is the matter with Sally?" wondered Martin Frome, two months later. "She's gone good!"

At first the sudden cessation of trouble from the schoolroom had honestly worried him. He had wondered if Sally were being cowed. But since the kid looked fine and ate like a horse, he decided that Miss Paton was only being exceptionally tactful. It was the housekeeper to-day who had enlightened him.

"Miss Sally's so changed, we hardly know her," she had said to him brightly. "Reg'lar little ray of sunshine, she is now, bless her! It just shows, doesn't it?"

"I suppose it's the effect of an entirely placid and negative personality," thought Martin.

Just then a voice came drifting to him through the open window.

"You little mutt, how are you going to lick Helen Wills if you hold your racquet as if you were trying to catch a pancake in it?"

Martin blinked. Somehow the negative personality idea didn't seem so good. He looked unobtrusively out of the window. Jane was coaching Sally in the rudiments of tennis.

She wore a white frock for which she had blued a month's money last year, for the benefit of the Wash-Out, and the cut was still perfect. She was looking wonderfully well and vigorous, having put all that sadness behind her.

"Good heavens, the girl's pretty!" thought Martin.

The knowledge came upon him as a distinctly unpleasant shock. Here pretty governesses were taboo. He was indignant. How dared she? It was against the rules. And she looked as if she ought to be able to play tennis. In that case—after all, why not? He could play tennis on his own lawn, couldn't he? He went upstairs and changed into flannels. When he came out, he caused a sensation.

"Feel like giving me a game, Miss Paton?" he said as nonchalantly as possible.

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Not Yet

GO, leave me, for the time's not yet,
That I can love you, and forget.

One cannot live again the Past—
But, oh, its memories can last!

Can sting the eyes to tears of pain,
And agonise the heart again.

Like music echoing down the years,
Its far-off laughter and its tears.

The time may come, but, ah, not yet!
When I can love you, and forget.

—M. A. Black.

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CINQUO the GREAT

A LONG Complete STORY!

THEY swung crazily in mid-air as the flames from the fire leapt hungrily upwards . . . the Great Cinquo who was going blind and the sweetheart he was fighting to save.

Fear stepped back a pace, and some of the strain left his body. Somehow, behind the panic, his mind had held to the vital count. "Twenty—twenty-one—twenty-two . . ."

Illustrated by WEP

By FRANK HOWE

MIST still hid most of the houses that lay in the hollow, but the great field on the fringe of the town was flooded with sunshine.

It roared with a queer, fantastic life; a mushroom growth that had sprung into being out of the mists of the morning.

The circus was going up.

They had come streaming on to the field in the half-light of the dawn, vans and tractors and living-waggons, brave in their scarlet and gold paint. Sleepy-eyed tent-men had tumbled from their seats, and seized canvas and rope and wire, working with the fierce haste of those to whom time is precious.

Now the Big Top stood up, but roseless still, while under the shelter of its sides clustered booths and stalls.

Joe Pringle's wooden-fronted canvas shooting-gallery was up complete. First up for forty years was Joe's boast. Joe himself stood inside his booth, a weather-tanned, bow-legged, ugly little man, with bright blue eyes. Just now there was a look of comical disgust on his face.

"Cinquo! The Great Cinquo!—I don't think." The voice was good-humoredly scornful. "The great Blanko, more like. Look at it!"

He passed across the unbroken rifle-target, and spat contemptuously into the sawdust at his feet.

Charlie Cinquo—the Great Cinquo, trapeze artist and aerial gymnast—made no reply. He didn't even look at the black-ringed square of cardboard he held in his hand. He was staring away at nothing with an odd look in his eyes.

"Twenty year," Joe went on plaintively, "ever since you was a little nipper, and you ain't missed the black spot once. An' now, this morning—Aw, Charlie. Have another go. Halfway line for wimmen and children. Walk up! Walk up!"

Sunshine coming through the open doors fell across Charlie Cinquo's face. It looked a little hard and grey in the strong light. The hand that held the target shook slightly. He passed his tongue over his lips.

"THEY weren't blank cartridges, I guess?" he asked slowly.

"Who'd yer think I am?" Joe's tone was aggrieved. "An' the sights ain't crooked, nor the barrel bent, neither. No, Charlie, m'lad, if I didn't know you was dryer'n a lime-kiln, I'd say it was one over the eight last night. Look at yer hand. Charlie! You wasn't——"

"What?" the question came unwillingly.

"You wasn't hurt in that fall yesterday?"

"No. I wasn't hurt." The admission seemed oddly reluctant. "What's a twenty-foot drop to me?"

Joe nodded agreement emphatically.

"Very thing I says when they burst in last night. 'Young Jim's dropped Charlie,' they tells me. 'Twenty foot and a nasty fall.' 'Well,' I says, 'takes more'n a twenty-foot drop to put Charlie Cinquo to bed. I'll bet he's up on the ropes now, finishing his act.'"

Little lines creased themselves round Charlie's staring eyes.

"I—wasn't," he said heavily. "We—cut the last act."

A look of disbelief creased the face of the Five-Shots-a-Penny Man. He took a step forward and laid his hand on the other's arm.

"Say it again, Charlie," he pleaded. "Say it slow. Reckon I didn't hear straight. You wasn't hurt—and yet you wouldn't finish?"

Charlie Cinquo winced. Joe had said "wouldn't finish!" He supposed he'd have to get used to that.

"No, I wouldn't finish," he agreed dully.

Joe Pringle spat into the sawdust again and stepped away. Not to finish an act—unless you were dead—was the unforgivable sin.

"Then p'raps you'll explain, Charlie," he said politely.

The Great Cinquo lifted his head. It was a fine head, crowned with a wavy mop of tawny hair. It had glowed with the great lights spotted on it, high up in the roof of the Big Top, at towns and villages all over the world. There was defiance in its movement.

"You go to blazes, Joe," Charlie said—and walked out into the sunshine, blindly cannoning into a post as he went.

He stood for a moment outside, drinking in the thousand familiar sights and sounds of the circus, as though hungry for them. Then he moved off. Mud squelched under his feet as he crossed the field, for tractors and caravans had cut up the ground. He walked heavily, head down, dragging his feet a little.

"Charlie!"

Clear and fresh came the call, and, hearing it, a shadow passed over the man's face. Pain and panic showed in his eyes starkly for a moment.

He'd pretend not to hear. Just go plodding on with his head down.

"Hey, Charlie, I want you."

There was no escape, he supposed. He came to a reluctant halt and lifted his eyes.

"Can't wait, kid," he mumbled to the girl who waved from the steps of a nearby scarlet and gold living-waggon. "I've got business to attend to down in the town."

He stood looking foolishly at her; at the dark beauty of her hair in the sunlight; at the provocative, red allure of her mouth; at the clean strength of her youthful body.

FOR weeks past—no, for months!—just the sight of her had made his tongue halt and his hands grow clumsy. Always this was so now—except when her trim, taut body came hurtling through space from the flying rings. Then his arms were steady to catch her, and his brain ice-cold. But that was business.

"Come on over here, Charlie," she yelled, moving to make room for him on the steps beside her.

He stood obstinately still.

"Sorry, Lena," he mumbled again.

She was looking at him, he thought, curiously. Even to her, his partner, he had given no explanation of his refusal to finish the night before. He had broken from her questionings gruffly, and shut himself up in his living-waggon.

She stood up with a swirl of her short skirt and came down the steps towards him.

"Then I'll come with you," she said.

He started suddenly.

"No, Lena," he said hastily. "I guess I—you—well," he concluded lamely, "it's sort of private business. I'm going alone."

She looked a moment at the dogged obstinacy of his mouth. Then she tossed her dark head sharply.

"If that's how it gets you," she said, "it's all right by me. Where's Jim?"

He scowled darkly at her.

"What do you want Jim for?"

She laughed maliciously.

"Well—he's in on the act, too, isn't he? If you won't talk it over. . ."

She paused.

With an effort Charlie Cinquo stayed where he was. His mouth was a little more obstinate.

"He's still sleeping, I guess. See you later, when I get back," he said, and turned from her deliberately to cross the field.

He went down into the sleepy town that yet lay half-hidden in the morning mist, moving as though each step needed thinking about carefully.

"I don't get you, Charlie."

Colonel Murray, boss of Murray's Monster Menagerie and Circus, stood behind his "office" table. His face was bewildered. He seemed as though he didn't want to believe what he had heard.

"It's—easy, Colonel. Dead easy. Doctor made it seem simple as a straightforward dive, and as certain as doom. I'm going blind."

Charlie Cinquo's voice was flat. For an hour, walking the streets of the town after his visit to the doctor, he'd been saying just that, over and over to himself. Now it didn't sound so strange to hear himself saying it to someone else.

"Good God! Charlie!"

"Months back I noticed something queer. Sort of haze that came into my eyes. Just for a minute sometimes. Never while I was on the bars. Never—until last night."

He wished the picture of what had happened last night wasn't so clear in his mind as he told about it. The usual swing; the flight through the air; the sudden knowledge that he couldn't see the moving trapeze; the wild, momentary panic that had destroyed his sense of timing—one hope of salvation; the twisting, inevitable fall.

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The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

Filmy Fabrics Fashion the Sheer Joys of Summer!

They frivol gaily or go demurely tailored

SHEER materials are highlights in the summer mode. For dressy afternoon frocks there are silk sheers printed in exotic patterns, and dark, fine chiffons; for evening and semi-evening dresses there are plain and printed chiffons, organdies, nets, organzas, and sheer cottons.

For the first time sheers are tailor-made: there are black chiffon and net suits for late afternoon wear.

Bodices are shirred, draped, and ruffled. Some of these dresses have full, long sleeves, others short, puff sleeves. White chiffon makes classically-draped Grecian dresses with the skirts hanging in deep folds.

Two layers of chiffon over a taffeta or crepe slip look much softer than one layer. Sometimes the skirt consists of three or four layers. Two shades of chiffon in one dress are smart, the lighter color for the dress, the darker for the trimming.

Floral chiffons appear with dark or light grounds—the patterns should be large and distinct; bouquets of field flowers scattered on a black ground; big scarlet poppies on white; tulips in all shades of mauve to purple on palest green; red and white roses on a black ground.

Flowers matching those in the print are worn in a clump somewhere on the bodice. Skirts of these frocks are varied, a straight skirt has little fan-shaped pleated godets let in every few inches around the hem, another has two fan-pleated godets set in just below the hips at either side of the back. Flared skirts have circular or pleated flounces around the hem.

With rustle of taffeta or silence of softer silks

ORGANDIE and organza, plain and printed, are made up over taffeta or crepe slips. These frocks have skirts very wide at the hem, flaring from the waist or from below the hips. Low-cut, square necklines or off-the-shoulder decolletes like the one sketched on this page.

Velvet sashes or wide, tailored velvet belts are smart with organdie frocks.

Have printed organdie in preference to plain, as it does not show the creases quite so much. Do not have frills and flounces on a plain organdie dress unless you are very, very young. Black net is the most popular evening fabric abroad, made up over black satin or taffeta, worn with white, red, yellow, or pink flowers. Pastel-colored cotton nets are used for full-skirted evening frocks, worn over a tight-fitting slip of the same color. These have little pleated net capes accompanying them, and contrasting velvet or taffeta sashes.

To wear chiffon and net in the daytime it must be tailored-looking and dark in color. A black chiffon suit is sketched on this page. Simple one-piece dresses with pleated skirts and short sleeves have fitted jackets. They are made of black or navy chiffon or cotton net.

Silk sheers should also be restricted to plain styles—no frills. Printed sheers are cool and uncrushable; they have floral patterns or spots with dark or light backgrounds. The material is heavier than chiffon but lighter than crepe.

Black and navy-blue chiffon frocks or suits are particularly suitable to wear to the pictures at night. The matching slip beneath should be cut low with narrow shoulder straps, the sleeves of the frock should be rather full, the front bodice cut on the bias, the skirt pleated or cut on the cross. White flowers worn at the neckline and on the accompanying little black or navy hat. So that your brassiere or corselette shoulder-straps will not show through, make them of flesh - colored net.

Chiffon and net blouses are smart when worn with crepe suits. If the suit is pastel, have a dark chiffon blouse; if it is dark, a light blouse.

● *ABOVE at right: Model ensemble of black stiffened chiffon. The dress is made over a black crepe slip. White pique bow-tie at neck. Tailored, fitted jacket with rather full sleeves. This is a delightful evening cinema costume.*

● *NEXT this is a silk sheer, printed in black, pink, and green flowers. The dress is shirred all the way down to below the knees. The short sleeves are also shirred. Two little pockets carry out the same idea. Black velvet belt.*

● *ORGANDIE in a lovely print, showing huge white tulips on a royal-blue ground, fashions the frock at the right. Very full puff sleeves off the shoulders gathered on to elastic. Large bunch of red, white, and blue tulips at neck.*

● *A full-length evening coat of green organza or chiffon has the sleeves and skirt very full. A bow at the waist of red-and-white print matching the print dress beneath.*

● *CHIFFON evening dress in two shades of mauve. The lighter shade shows at the edges of the draped shoulder-scarf, which continues in a wide panel down the centre-back.*

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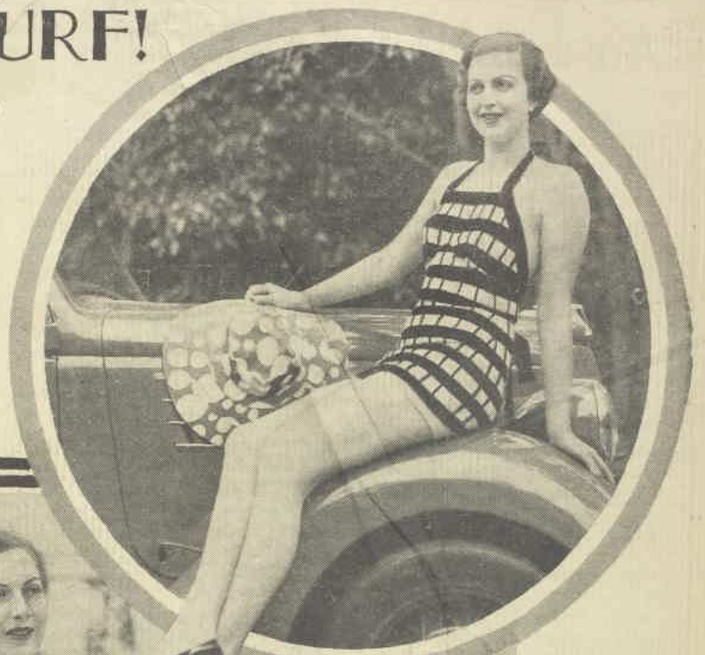
FOR THE SUN AND SURF!

• *AN appliqued white fish makes an amusing trimming to the vertically striped suntop on the left. The shorts are of Tyrolean design with patch pockets. Tartan silk is used for the second suntop and the matching beret. The slacks are the new length.*



• *STRIPES to the fore in the smart bathing suit shown above. A spotted hat in navy and white carries out the same color scheme.*

• •

• *ON the left is shown a horizontally striped wrap-over skirt and suntop. Black, green and white are the colors used and a white sash is used for a smart finish.*

• *ARABIC influence is noticed in the above surf cape with attached hood. Material used is spotted blue and white towelling.*

• • • •

• *AT THE RIGHT: Two models designed for sun-baking. Two shades of green are used in one, and the other, patterned in checks, is carried out in cinnamon and nigger brown.*

Photographs by the Australian Women's Weekly photographer.
Fashions by courtesy of Farmers Ltd.

Lotus d'or de Lenthéric

The Powder exquisite, the pride of Paris's foremost parfumeur — Lenthéric. Soft as swansdown, caressingly perfumed, Lotus d'or de Lenthéric fulfils the modern woman's demand for the perfect Face Powder. Lenthéric has created a shade specially for *you*. It is sold in a beautiful black and white refill box, which makes for real economy. Ask to see the Lipstick too. Women call it the 'touch of genius.'

Lenthéric
PARIS, FRANCE

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An Editorial

NOVEMBER 30, 1935.

PASSING SHOW OF EMPIRE

THE Royal Family —King, Queen, Princes and Princesses of the Blood — have again chosen their personal Christmas cards. A simple enough phenomenon in all conscience, yet one given world publicity year by year, not simply throughout the Empire, but wherever a pictured Press exists to serve a curious reader.

And the curious reader, year by year, is eager to discover the nature of those postcards because he realises that a complete set of these Royal greetings issued during the present reign would be a most revealing history of Royal personalities as they have reacted to the passing show of Empire. The contrast of those of His Majesty the King during the war years with those of these later days is a reflex of a temperament that, in turn, is a perfect reflex of Empire sentiment over that same period.

It is this "commonalty" of British Royalty that is the secret of the curiosity attaching to the postcards they annually select. Here is not simply a King, but a father; here, not so much a Queen really, as a loving mother, a devoted wife, and, chiefest of all, a very gentle woman; here again is not only a Prince of the Blood, but a young man with a purpose in life, the will and the energy to perform that purpose, a good fellow, and, above all, a loving and a devoted son.

Younger princes and princesses complete the Royal household, yet, more essentially still, complete a family circle which shares the sorrows or the joys common in greater or less degree with those of other families the world over.

And so they remind us of Christmas. Not that we are likely to forget; but there is none but will admit that our remembering of the Christmas season may take on a deeper, finer significance by reason of the Royal reminder. A season of coming together under the one roof, if not in the flesh then, of a surety, in the spirit. A season to reaffirm allegiances of the heart and renew bonds of duty. A season of a peace and a goodwill towards all, that begins with peace and goodwill in the home.

These are the lessons of a King's postcard of his own and of his family's rededication to the service of their subjects, and of a Queen's postcard of the sweet-smelling flowers from a country hedgerow.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Marriage Secrets

WITH recent memories of big Australian weddings that have been celebrated on the principle of "admission by ticket only," it is rather intriguing to read a high legal opinion that this practice is quite illegal.

It is argued that a certain amount of room must always be reserved for the public. Marriages "shall be solemnised with open doors," says an Act of 1836. Certainly the request of the minister that anyone who can show just cause against the solemnisation of the wedding should come forward, suggests that anyone with such intention is not likely to be a ticket-holder.

Lean Times

THERE has been a tremendous pother these last few weeks about the rightness or the wrongness of slimming. Professor H. Priestly, of Sydney University, started it with the alarming statement that there were more undernourished girls in New South Wales than starved children.

So Mae West should be less popular than, say, Joan Crawford. Yet, picture-house managers will tell you that it is the women who make Mae popular. Maybe, however, that is because these seekers of slimness see in Mae someone who does all the things they must eschew, and getting away with it—the exception that proves the rule.

Silent Sorrows

A VIENNESE wife has sought in vain for two years to secure a divorce from her husband on the grounds of his continued silence. She stated in court that she had tried every possible means to make him talk, but neither caresses nor insults affected him in the least.

Here, we should say, is the widower of the late unlamented Mrs. Caudle, and he cannot understand his luck. Whatever the truth of that, every normal woman will sympathise with the Viennese. A husband's first duty to his wife is to give her something to talk to: after a while, to talk about.

Concerning Little Willie

AS a result of the personal study of thousands of children, Professor Leo Kanner, of U.S.A., is certain that the only way to cure a naughty child is to isolate the cause of its misbehaviour and set to work on that. Judging by what most parents set to work on, the cost of the trouble is isolated usually within a very limited area.

Says the Professor: "Don't plead with the child. Don't surrender to it. Just leave it and thus establish the fact that it is wasting its time, as you are completely indifferent to it."

Which is all very fine; but moving away from Willie to a fresh home every day of the week is liable to get monotonous.

Shoppers Note!

RECENTLY in Sydney a man was fined by a magistrate for not crossing a city street intersection at right angles; this, despite the fact he produced a surveyor's plan to prove that to cross from one side of the road to the other at that point, and at right angles, was a mathematical impossibility.

On appeal, Judge Sheridan remitted the fine and substituted a bond; but he confirmed the conviction, and laid down the principle that, if on preparing to cross a street you find you cannot do so at right angles, you must go far enough back to enable you to do so. A pocket theodolite, a set-square, and a measuring tape must now be added to milady's already overcrowded peggy-bag.

Lyric of Life

Modern Mother Machree

"SURE, I love your new permanent wave and bobbed hair,
And the brows still left standing and pencilled with care;
I miss the dear face that was lifted for me——
Ah, who'd guess that, in shorts, dear, you're Mother Machree!"

Cash Value of Scenery

AT last it would appear that concerted Government effort is to be made in the direction of improving tourist facilities throughout Australia. Up to date we have more or less suffered visitors from overseas, with no great degree of gladness. "Take us as we are, or leave us," has been the official attitude.

With natural attractions ranging from tropic jungle to snow-clad plateaus 12 months of the year, we seem sometimes to have gone out of our way to hide them even from ourselves.

Now comes the realisation that the proper planned exploitation of natural scenery is just about the cheapest profit-maker available to a wide-awake Government. New Zealand woke up to this long since, and the handling of the overseas tourist traffic to the Dominion is as highly organised as the export of Canterbury lambs.

These last few years the British authorities, and, in particular, the shipping companies, have cultivated the sightseer to the point where Britain now exercises a virtual monopoly over the cream of the world's tourist traffic. Trade used to follow the flag; now it follows the tourist. The point to be borne in mind is that most of that trade must be sought in catering for woman's travelling waits and comforts. No woman could enjoy Kosciusko's most magnificent panorama in last year's model.

Invisible Guest

THERE has been a great to-do about the Federal Auditor-General's severe castigation of the Federal Government's methods of adjusting its accounts. At first sight it would appear to be just a battle of accountants, and of small concern to Australian women.

But the rights or wrongs of Mr. Cerutty's criticisms have a direct bearing on the humblest housekeeper's affairs. A great bulk of the taxation burden of the Commonwealth is borne by wage-earners on or about the basic wage, citizens normally not subject to direct taxation. They pay their scot in the hidden taxes of customs and excise and sales tax. At every meal table every day in Australia there is an invisible guest—the Government taxgatherer. He has a cup of tea out of every pot, a slice off every loaf.

Mr. Cerutty conceives it to be his job to find out whether this invisible guest is being overfed. He has been told to mind his own business. Most women will be grateful to find at least one high public official taking his job and their domestic troubles so seriously.

Woman Breaks Into Another Male Preserve

Wife of Australian Artist a Carpet-Designer

By ADELA SHELTON SMITH

A woman named Polly Evergood might be expected to do something unusual. She does. She is a carpet-designer.

Polly Evergood is the American wife of an Australian artist, Miles Evergood, who is visiting his native land after an absence of more than 35 years, and who will give an exhibition of his pictures in Melbourne next month.

MRS. EVERGOOD was born in New York, and when 15 began work as an apprentice designer in the Mohawk Mills, the largest carpet mills in America, employing about 10,000 workers.

MRS. POLLY EVERGOOD, wife of an Australian artist, who is one of America's foremost carpet-designers.
—Photo by Broadhurst.

Though America is the land of opportunity for women, carpet-designing is the one profession which men have tried to keep to themselves, and Mrs. Evergood says that women designers have had a long, hard struggle to gain recognition of their ability.

She worked for ten years before she was given any real opportunity to show her talents.

She pioneered the introduction of Oriental designs—chiefly Persian—into American carpet manufacturing. The mills first made faithful reproductions of Persian carpets and later the artists designed original patterns based on old Persian designs. These designs banished the old "roses and ribbons" patterns that had been walked on by Americans for so long.

The adaptation of patterns in carpets of priceless value to moderately-priced factory-made rugs made it possible for even the humblest homes to be carpeted in beautiful patterns and colors, similar to real Persian carpets in wealthier homes.

The carpet-designer works out her designs on architect's paper. As the mills she worked for boasted that they could supply a carpet to fit any room, every design had to be worked out meticulously to scale, allowing for a certain number of threads in the weave to every inch.

During her trip to Australia Mrs. Evergood has deserted carpet-designing to work on a new idea of her own—wall tapestries and curtains painted in oils.

Three-Quarters of America is Owned by Women

(From Our New York Correspondent)

It has been estimated that women own three-quarters of America's wealth, and hold one-quarter of its jobs.

A recent survey made by the Women Investors' Organisation in America reveals that women are the beneficiaries of 80 per cent. of the 65,000,000 life insurance policies now outstanding, aggregating more than 100,000,000 dollars.

THE survey also reveals that 65 per cent. of savings accounts—in the amount of 14,242,800,000 dollars—are in women's names.

They hold 48 per cent. of the stock of all railroad corporations, in the aggregate 4,800,000,000 dollars. Forty-four per cent. of public-utility securities are in the names of women, and the titles to 40 per cent. of all real estate (homes and farms) are held by them.

"It may be that the women do realise this," says Cathrine Curtis, the president of the Women Investors' Organisation, "when they are in the front ranks advocating more and more activities to be undertaken by political powers. It may be that they realise that out of their purses comes 80 per cent. of the 100,000,000 dollars annual tax on life-insurance companies, and another 80 per cent. of the 104,000,000 dollars collected in inheritance taxes. And that 40 per cent. of an estimated annual property tax of 5,000,000 dollars is paid by them.

"Furthermore, America's economic system, for good or bad, has provided gainful occupations for 11,000,000 women."

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MINISTERING to *Health* ...on the *Lower* SCALE!

Stirring Speech on Baby Clinics Brings Down the House

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

When Mr. Lyons called on me the other morning I was somewhat astonished.

I was shaving at the time, but he burst into the bathroom waving his arms about and shouting, "It's too much for me! It's too much for me!"

"Really, Mr. Lyons!" I exclaimed.

"Call me Joe," he said, sitting on the edge of the bath. "You know that trouble I had with Billy Hughes? He wrote a book . . ."

"Oh, yes. All about suctions, wasn't it?"

"Sanctions," said Joe. "Of course, I sacked him. And I want a good man to take his place. I've got my job cut out Prime Ministering without being Minister for Health and Repatriation and whatnot. I think you're the man for the job."

The new Minister for Health takes a pride in his job.

"MY gooners!" I exclaimed. You could have knocked me down with a feather.

"You can have two thousand a year to start, and then, of course, you can always make a bit on the side out of your stamp allowance. But you mustn't write a book."

"Two thousand a year for not writing a book sounds good to me," I said.

"Well," said Joe, getting up, "See you at Canberra."

And here I am. When I entered my Ministerial office I found a note on the table:

"Dear Lennie,—Be sure and keep an eye on the maternity situation (I blushed all over) and the blithering, blasted Repatriation Department. By the way, I laid a stone for the blasted ante-natal clinic. Please wrap a building around it, and oblige, yours truly, Willie."

A Busy Morning

JUST a brief note from Billy, but it went straight to my heart. I resolved there and then that the first mother I saw would be grabbed and hurled into a clinic.

I had a very busy morning on my first day. A returned soldier insisted on seeing me personally, and said he wanted to be repatriated.

"Bring me my repatriator!" I said to my secretary. "The big one with the bone handle."

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, grovelling slightly, "but Mr. Hughes took it away with him." He then made the sign which wards off the evil eye, and crawled out of the room backwards. I think he must have been with Mr. Hughes a long time.

I returned to the returned soldier. "The best thing you can do, my man, is to go to blithering blazes," I told him.

After I got rid of him, a rather pompous-looking chap presented himself and said he represented the Dr. Diddum's Desiccated Dillwater Proprietary Inc.

"I understand," he said, "that you intend to introduce a Maternity Bill?"

"Don't call me Bill," I said, testily. "Bill's gone. Call me Lennie."

"Ah, so you are not the Little Digger?"

"The Little Nigger? You mean Haile Selassie?"

"No! No! Anyhow, it doesn't matter. As a representative of Dr. Diddum's Des——"

"Don't go all over that again," I pleaded.

"Well," he continued, "we thought that perhaps you would accept a little present."

"You interest me vastly," I said. "Proceed."

"Of course, we should not expect, after such a friendly gesture on our part, that there would be anything—or—detrimental to our interests in the Bill. As a matter of fact, so convinced are we of your kind and noble nature that we feel positive that you will be a bit our way, as it were."

A Maiden Speech

"WHAT'S the amount?" I said sternly.

I wasn't going to be bribed and do eternal damage to my political honor for anything paltry.

"Thirty bob," he said.

"You're on!" I cried, shaking him by the hand. "Pay at the desk as you go out. You'll probably find a bit of a queue there later on, so you'd better hop in straight away. Next, please!"

I made £11/8/- the first day, which is not bad for an ordinary elector with no experience whatever.

The second day the House was sitting, and my secretary was getting me ready. "Got your speech, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, blast you!" I said, just to make it like old times for him.

"Got your portfolio, sir?"

"Yes, I've got my blasted portfolio. Do you think I'm a blithering lunatic!"

"Got a clean hanky, sir?"

I impaled him on a steely glance and proceeded on my way.

Of course, you know about my maiden speech. They got out a special edition of Hansard, then a Late Extra and a Final Sporting.

I won't retail it all again, but if you remember I rubbed it in pretty hard about the clinics.

Defining a Clinic

"IT is my life's ambition," I said, "to serve my country to an extent which will stagger posterity. Every child in this country should have a clinic of its own. Why should there be one law for the rich and another for the poor! How can you honorable members lie there snoring your heads off while the voice of Freedom bellows for clinics?"

"What is a clinic, anyhow?" interjected an Opposition member.

I turned on him in noble wrath. "Does the honorable blithering member mean to say that he can sit there, brazen-faced, and dare to inform the people of this great and glorious country that he doesn't know what a clinic is! A clinic, you moon-faced chump, is (I was a bit stumped here, for I'd meant to look it up in the dictionary, but had forgotten about it); a clinic is a clinic. And I make so bold to assert that while England's flag waves over her far-flung outposts of the Empire; while a drop of British blood remains in the veins of our countrymen, a clinic always WILL be a clinic!"

Frantic cheers from the gallery. Even the Opposition members were stamping their feet and whistling.

After the session was over, the Speaker came to me with tears in his eyes.

"Boy," he said, gripping my hand, "you were great!"

"Forget it," I said. "Do they take stamps in the bar?"

"Sure!" said the Speaker. "Come and meet the gang."

I think I'm going to like this place.

Why is she so Young for her years

BECAUSE she keeps in perfect health with the aid of her regular nightly Bile Beans.

Beauty is more than skin deep; bright eyes, a clear complexion and a sunny disposition all come from internal well-being.

Bile Beans tone up your digestive organs, keep the bloodstream pure and ensure daily, complete elimination of unhealthy fat-forming residue.

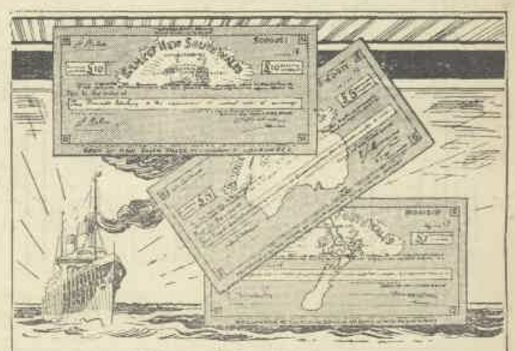
"A woman's as old as she looks," but don't forget there's no need for you to either look or feel your years if you take your Bile Beans nightly.

"The nightly Bile Beans have made me look and feel years younger. I used to be languid and weary most days in the week but now every morning I get up looking forward to another happy and busy day. I keep fit and active from morn till night."—Mrs. E. A. Ford.

"Bile Beans have built up my health so splendidly that mother tells me I look quite ten years younger. I am again able to attend to all household duties; I enjoy meals, and sleep well. The nightly Bile Beans have worked wonders."—Mrs. J. Clements.

BILE BEANS

1/3 & 3/- EVERYWHERE.



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For World Wide and Local Use

The Bank of New South Wales issues Travellers' Cheques as follows:—

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For visitors to Great Britain, Europe, America, Asia, etc.

IN AUSTRALIAN CURRENCY—
For travellers within Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, New Guinea and Papua.

IN NEW ZEALAND CURRENCY—
For visitors to the Dominion of New Zealand.

Bank of New South Wales Travellers' Cheques are especially convenient as they are accepted by the principal shipping and railway companies, hotels, stores, tourist bureaux, etc., throughout the world.

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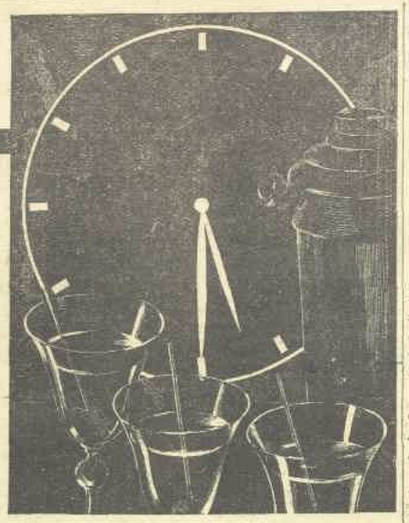

The Cocktail Hour

Men with the weight of business cares still clinging to them. Women, vivacious, skilfully changing over from the tempo of day to the quicker tempo of evening. As the cocktails loosen mental stiffness, the room fills with talk, jokes, smiles, laughter . . . thanks to a good hostess, good company, good cocktails, good Vickers.

VICKERS GIN

HAS BEEN FAMOUS SINCE 1750

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

"Here Lies a Most Beautiful Lady"

Fascinating New Blaker Novel

Richard Blaker is one of those English novelists who has built up, slowly, a reputation for himself. Without having achieved a blazing success with any single one of his novels, each of them has added to the number of his admirers, so that, to-day, he occupies a more important niche than many others whose names ring more familiarly on the public ear.

"Here Lies a Most Beautiful Lady" is his latest work. It was chosen by The Book Society as the novel for October, and fully justifies the choice.

THERE is a delicacy of treatment about this novel, all the more attractive and apparent because of the comparative rareness of the quality in contemporary work. It is not the false delicacy of a writer out of touch with life and unable to come to grips with real people and problems. On the contrary, Blaker's characters are very real; their problems are the ones we all encounter.

Hester Billinger is the main figure of the story, and a very beautiful one. The author has drawn her with a sympathy and understanding that make one feel that he has known in the flesh this creation of his.

There is nothing spectacular in this woman. She has the calm, placid nature that puts one in mind, irresistibly, of a hill-surrounded lake—a lake which, although unruffled on the surface, has depths that could never be sounded.

In fine contrast to Hester is her husband, John. This figure, also, is magnificently built up. John Billinger is the apotheosis of the man of action, the adventurer. Bluff, genial, overflowing with vitality, he storms excitedly through life, drawing Hetty in his wake, like an impressive, full-rigged ship drawing a lifeboat in tow. There is always the feeling, however, that in time of storm both craft, ship and lifeboat would be equally safe.

Nothing could point this contrast between the two major characters better than the reaction of each to the one love affair, outside their married love, that comes to them. When Bob Donaldson, a musician with all the poetry lacking in John, pleads with Hester to make her life with him, she, although loving him, refuses immediately. The depth of her feeling for her husband makes impossible even the mere consideration of such a desertion.

Years later, however, John finds himself in similar case: he is in love with Brenda Harrison. Here, again, the bond between husband and wife is strong enough to hold them together, but, unlike Hester, John cannot prevent himself giving rein to his love until the time comes when he is forced to flee from it, taking his wife with him.

The manner in which Mr. Blaker has handled this particular section of the novel is very able. From a situation in which John and Brenda are behaving, from a conventional standpoint, very badly—and particularly so in view of the sympathetic nature of Hester's character—he yet manages to extract them without blurring any of the finer qualities for which the reader must admire them. Hester, John, and Brenda—all three of them come through the crucible even better metal than they were before.

AS always, the author writes easily and unaffectedly; his style is so free from mannerisms that its superiority to the usual hit-or-miss manner of writing is likely to be overlooked. But, analyse it, study the manner in which Blaker has refused to heighten dramatic effect, as he could have, by vulgarising his writing in spots, and you will see how restraint in writing—just as in the handling of situations—has added to the delicacy of the work without in any way lessening the drama of the story.

Those who remember this author's fine war book, "Medal Without Bar," and, years later, "The Needle-Watcher," will be prepared for something good in this new book. They will not be disappointed.

(Heinemann. Our copy, Moore's Bookshop. 7/6.)

JEAN CAMPBELL, the Melbourne novelist, whose book is reviewed on this page.
—Athol L. Smith photo.

SHORT REVIEWS

"GREEK KEY PATTERN." Jean Campbell. When Greek meets Greek—they start a restaurant. Yianni, the young Greek in Jean Campbell's new novel, who comes to Melbourne in the early days to make his fortune, runs true to type in this regard. But Yianni is no ordinary cafe proprietor. He is an entrepreneur, a dreamer, and out of his success after early struggles comes the glamorous eating-house of Brown and Anthony. Miss Campbell sings the saga of this young Greek in a novel of well-balanced literary merit. The book is intensely Australian in atmosphere, and the balance of light and shade is maintained with a nice craftsmanship. Yianni's career and that of his Australian family moves and is interwoven into the picture of the progress of the Southern capital. The background is authentic, vividly so in parts, and the characters are faithfully drawn and real. The little, volatile Yianni, with his dream of money-making, dominates the story. Maudie, his loyal but commonplace wife, is a well-drawn figure, and there are many minor characters, both Greek and Australian. There are moments of deep pathos in the story, and gleams of humor interlaced throughout the plot.

Although published in England, "Greek Key Pattern" is a fine Australian story, and is refreshingly new in that it deals with a phase of Australian city life which has not often been touched before—that of the foreigner from the age-old countries building himself into the pattern of a good Australian in the new Land of the Golden Fleece.

Those who enjoyed this author's "Brass and Cymbals" will welcome her new book. (Hutchinson; all booksellers, 7/6.)

* * *

"FOUR GARDENS." Margery Sharp. To those who have a genuine love for them, gardens are the most soul-satisfying things in the world. To such people this book will make an instant appeal. They will appreciate the fact that Caroline Smith, its chief character, found in gardens a solace and a companionship that defeated all the hurts of life. Caroline had four gardens, and the establishment of each marked a crisis in her life. The first, made in a deserted country mansion in company with a youth far above her in social position, typified the dreamy, romantic period of early adolescence. A few rows of beans, grown in the tiny back yard of her home in early married life, was the second. Here Caroline lived and reared her two babies on her husband's small earnings at a boot factory. Henry Smith, her husband, was an ambitious young man. Before many years had passed he had acquired a pretentious home for his family, and a large garden. But this was the least satisfactory garden to Caroline. She wasn't allowed to "grub" in it as she wished, and life itself became complicated to this simple, unassuming woman. Her husband, though as loving and thoughtful as ever, devoted himself more and more to making money; her children were caught into the swiftly-moving currents of modern life. Then came the crash, and Caroline's fourth garden, made on the roof of a tiny flat in Shepherd's Bush. A comforting, satisfying garden this, when Caroline relaxed and dreamed.

The story is a very satisfying one, and though it is primarily in serious vein it has bright flashes of humor, somewhat ironic and cynical. The steady, unromantic type of love that exists between Caroline and her husband is something else that the author has portrayed superlatively. (Arthur Barker, 7/6.)

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Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It is just a short and easily-worded paragraph about A GAS EXPLOSION which appeared in an Australian paper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "He held up the light. . . ." will tell you what it is all about—and, for the rest, the wording is simple and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three.

Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:—"BRAN TUB," No. 32V, Box 4153X, G.P.O., Sydney.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6.

The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct, or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid.

Sealed Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with The Australian Women's Weekly, Sydney. A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and 6d. each additional entry. (Where postal notes are not obtainable, 1/1 in stamps will be accepted in lieu of 1/- postal note.) Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on Saturday, December 21.

£50 WON

RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 29

The winning competitors in this competition were:
Miss E. F. SMITH, 4 Leonard Av., Sth. Kensington, N.S.W.
Mr. G. CLEMANCE, 1 Riviera, Francis Street, Bondi, N.S.W.

Theirs were the only correct entries received, and the Prize of £50 in cash will therefore be divided equally between them, and will be posted on Friday, December 13.

SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 29

The pressure of so great a multitude of people was terrific, and a great number were trampled under foot, most of them being women and children. Wherever there was a hollow in the ground, this formed a perfect death-trap, and the loss of life was appalling.

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EMERALDS *are Definitely* Trumps

(From Johanna's Journal)

By.... Eleanor Lovat

DECIDED to wear the new green organdie to Nina's Garden Party to-morrow. Lacquered my nails seven times before getting a shade to tone. Definitely upsetting . Too, too devastated with all that has happened to-day. Am no longer a carefree, heedless girl, but a woman. A woman about to make her past.

But to return. Was definitely bored this morning at the thought of the Vicarage Garden Party. Had I but known! Felt better, though, after donning the green organdie. It does things to my eyes and hair. Makes the former a fathomless green, and the latter, well—being modest, I hate to say it—but, really, it does bring up the ash-blonde sheen wonderfully.

Arrived late. Thought I'd cut down the diet of Curates by half an hour at least.

Nina rushed to meet me. Out of breath as usual. And why will she wear that revolting shade of helio?

"Oh, Johanna!" she puffed, "I want you to meet my cousin, David, and his pal, Tubby."

Brightened considerably. David is smallish, square and fair. Tubby, tallish, thin and dark. Appears his name is Thomas Ullawater Brown.

"Starting in life with T.U.B. on one's suit-case is a tough deal for a chap," he told me. "I used to knock 'em down, and stand over 'em till they came across with a good old 'Tom.' But, in time—well, I mean to say—couldn't go on indefinitely, could I?"

"No, I suppose not, Mr. Brown," I said, with one o' those looks.

"I say, dash it all, Miss Johanna, have I got to knock you down before you'll call me Tubby?"

Began to like this lad. Went off for strawberries and cream with him. Took a long time to find them, somehow. About the last spoonful, Tubby remembered a wretched croquet final.

Decided I'd slip away. Met Nina at the gate.

"Johanna, you're never going home!" she said reproachfully. "Come along to Madame Conchita. She's telling fortunes here, behind the shrubbery. And if you would leave a donation for the Foreign Missions, I'd be so grateful. Madame's marvellous. She can see all your past life, just by glancing at you."

Murmured, "Heavens, I hope not!"—However, merely to oblige Nina, of course, went in search of the Conchita.

She turned out to be an authentic gipsy, even to the smell. She sucked a pear-drop steadily, clicking it against her false teeth at the end of every sentence. Effective punctuation, but hard on the denture, I should think.

Held out my hand. Felt a trifle thrilled. Must have been a presentiment!

"Young lady ver' lucky," she said. "Venus watch her (click). Plenty love. Much money (click). Young lady ver' clever. What you call it?—out of the ordinar' (click, click)."

Began to get interested. Conchita seemed to know what was what. She bent closer over my hand and frowned.

"Man here, ver' sore heart. He love young lady ver' much (click). He ver' un'appy. Think he too old for sweet young lady. He twice her age. He see her every day. He suffer much (click). Sometime he look at her and sigh."

Couldn't understand it at all, till the last sentence. Then it came to me in a flash. Of course—Dun! Must admit he often looks at me and sighs. He certainly is twice my age. And anyway, it is practically an understood thing that a guardian falls in love with his ward. So since Lola is married, and it couldn't be her, Dun must be in love with me.

The Conchita hitched the pear-drop well back, and asked if young lady would like to ask a question.

"Er—how long have I known him? The suffering man, I mean."

She peered into my hand again.

"Many, many years, dearie," she said. "'Bout twelve, gipsy think."

Did some quick mental arithmetic. Lola was ten and I was seven when poor Daddy died. That made it exactly twelve years since Dun took us to his house to be looked after by cousin Mary.

So that settled it. All clear as daylight. Dun was in love with me, but wouldn't tell me because of his age. Began to think it over. Realised that I was in love with him, too. After all—forty-one!—And no one looks nicer in plus-fours than Dun, no one.

Was very thrilled. Saw that the past years had been very empty, with no thought but of enjoyment.

A hundred little incidents and remarks of Dun's occurred to me. Why had I been so blind? Decided that I must set out to make him see how much I loved him. That I must make him happy, and forget his past agonies. Life was going to be real and earnest from now on.

Hurried away from Nina's determined to start at once. On getting home was slightly damped. Dun had phoned that he wouldn't be back till Sunday night or Monday morning. Is definitely difficult to start making a man see that you love him while he's away on a week-end trip.

Had to be content with writing it all down. No doubt Dun will want our children to know the wonderful details.

Went to the talkies, to see "Souls in Torment."

Tubby rang up this morning and asked me to go motoring with him. Wondered if it would be fair to Dun. Decided that, as he didn't know yet about me loving him, it was all right.

Had a divine day. We found a gorgeous hotel. Everything old-fashioned about it but the lunch, which was definitely snappy. Got home about dinner-time.

Am going to sit in the moonlight—that is, unless I can get hold of any of the crowd—and meditate upon how much I love Dun. He little guesses what happiness is in store for him.

Am very depressed trying to lift the cloud from Dun's life. It is not so easy as it seemed.

To-day I got up at seven-thirty (a.m.). Walked, with a sweet, encouraging smile into the breakfast-room just as Dun was tackling grilled kidneys. The shock made him upset his coffee all over the morning paper. Felt definitely hurt when he glowered at me as though it were my fault. However, forgave him when I remembered how much he was suffering, and offered to drive him to the station. He said he'd have to have his lawyer look over his life insurance policy first. Am forced to the conclusion that it would make Dun much happier if I had breakfast about 10 a.m., as usual.

Decided that perhaps the evening would be a better time. Raked out a black lace frock, brushed my hair back, and screwed on little pearl ear-rings. Thought I looked pretty good (the American translation, please), and definitely ten years older.

Certainly Dun gave me plenty of attention during dinner. Had hardly sat down before he launched into an argument as to whether the so-called civilised woman who screws jewels in her ears is more or less barbarian than her sisters in Africa who screw rings through their noses.

Sometimes wonder if Conchita can have made a mistake. It did seem to fit in too divinely well, though.

Told Tubby all about it after dinner, when he arrived to practise a new tango. At first he was very rude. Said Dun would be accused of kidnapping, and heaps of other foul things. I pointed out how sweet Dun had been to Lola and me all these years. Taking us in when we were left homeless, destitute (at least not exactly destitute, for there is Grandpa's quarter of a million—but for the sake of argument!), and how much he must be suffering now.

At last by about midnight I had talked Tubby round. He says he'll do all he can to help.

Am so excited can hardly write. Dun has practically proposed to me. Not just in so many words, but his meaning is clear.

For some days now he has been looking at me very peculiarly. If only he hadn't sighed frequently, as Conchita said, would have feared I was on the wrong track. However, I realised he was beginning to see that I loved him, and was wondering whether he should ask me to marry him or not.

Was not, therefore, surprised when he pulled me back as I was following cousin Mary out of the dining-room to-night.

Please turn to Page 48

Upon Retiring

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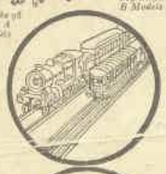

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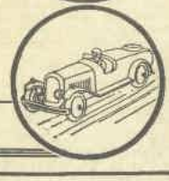

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MEN *and* ANGEL

Continued from Page 5

A TINY girl in scant pink frills tottering after a white terrier of doubtful ancestry stumbled against Neville's knee. He steadied her with one thin brown hand, tweaked a stringy curl.

"You like children, don't you?" said Angela.

"Didn't Horace?" said Neville adroitly. "Do you know what we need?" he told her. "We need to get out of this sun-baked town and talk about ourselves. There are things you don't know about me which I am almost ready to tell you. To-morrow afternoon we shall entrain——"

IN Paris it had been breathlessly hot. In the half-hour on the train dusty and airless and burning. But the terraces of St. Germain-en-Laye were cool. Layed by a murmurous breeze. And the trees of the St. Germain forest, for all their three hundred years, stood straight and tall like old soldiers on parade. Their million brave green leaves were just ageing into burnt-out gold. Below the terrace—two hundred feet below—the valley smouldered. Wrapped in a bluish heat-mist. Threaded by the tarnished silver ribbon of the Seine. Locked in by distant hills.

Angela looked up at the trees, looked down into the valley and smiled—not looking at Neville.

"So this," she said, "is Arcady."

Neville nodded and said: "I told you yesterday we needed to talk about ourselves."

Talking was all they had so far done, but she sensed they were drawing rapidly nearer some sort of conclusion.

Talmadge had said to her: "Some day you'll meet a he-man."

Neville was not a he-man certainly, but also he had small patience. Before too long, Angela suspected, she would have to take him or leave him. And she was not sure of her own ability to leave him. He had his ways of getting round a woman. To-day all cynic, shining foolery. To-morrow still cynic but a dark tenderness breaking through.

With one of his disconcerting transitions Neville said at that moment, casually:

"Go to the atelier this morning?"

"Yes," said Angela. "Nine to twelve."

"I shall expect to see you in next year's Salon."

"Don't, Neville, that's not kind."

The path beside the trees was deep in shade. At long intervals strollers went by in ones and twos. Women in thin summer gowns and flowery hats. Men, bareheaded. Neville carried his hat in his hand. He looked tired. Coming to a bench he dropped down on it suddenly.

"Sit here and let me look at you, Angel. I dreamed of you last night."

"What was the dream?" said Angela softly.

"We were sitting in the window of your flat," said Neville, "and the clock of Notre Dame struck four. Dark and still—lamplight on the river."

ANGELA thought: "I'm a little lonely, too, of course—which makes it easier for him to get at me." Since her bitter quarrel with Talmadge she had been lonelier than before. She said: "Do you know there are three churches chiming near the Ile every hour? First a very thin one, then a very ragged one, then Notre Dame with a full, round, booming voice."

"So that's all you care what I dream about you," said Neville. "What about street noises—taxis and such?"

"There are always the barges," said Angela.

"In my dream," said Neville pointedly, "it was night. There were no barges."

"And at that hour," said Angela, "you would not have been there."

He laid a hand over her two linked loosely in her lap.

"Do you know what I think of—going away from you at the naive strike of eleven, as you so provincially, darling, insist that I shall?"

Angela wanted to be witty; she wanted to be brittle and facile and gay. All that went out of her in silence. She said, despite herself:

"Well, what?"

"I look back from the middle of the bridge," said Neville. "I think I see you at the window, with your lily-gold hair loose on your lily-white shoulders." All at once his fingers were interlaced with hers, were burning and clenching and crushing them. Then, all at once, he was very quiet, and her hand no longer ached with the feel of him. He said: "'Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered'."

"Neville," said Angela.

When he was contemptuous and satiric and mad, he frightened while he drew her; but when he grew simple in passion he twisted her heart.

She thought: "If I don't keep hold of myself——"

She was not looking at him. She did not dare.

"Cigarette?" said Neville pleasantly.

Angela said: "Thanks."

He lit one for her, and they sat for some moments smoking in silence. When he began to talk again, he was quiet and reasonable, as he had been the day before watching the children in the Champs Elysees.

"Have you been homesick, Angel, since you came to France?"

Angela said: "Sometimes, in funny ways, at odd moments."

"Aren't we all?" said Neville sombrely.

"You mean—you, too?" said Angela. It surprised and touched her.

"From time to time," said Neville.

"Yet you hated home."

"So did you."

"You mean, here we are——"

"And yet here we are not," said Neville, "except as two comparative strangers sitting on a bench discussing an unhappy state about which one of them stubbornly refuses to do anything."

ANGELA stood up and dropped her cigarette on the path; ground it out with her heel.

Please turn to Page 16

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

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- *Above left, the Bra. Tie. Contrasting front set in with tucks. Made in Kava-Knit.*
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Britain's Beautiful Royal Bride

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER happily acknowledging the crowd's cheers when they drove away from Buckingham Palace.

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, formerly Lady Alice Scott, whose marriage to the King's third son was solemnised in Buckingham Palace Chapel on November 6.

A charming study of the Royal bride.

OFFICIAL WEDDING GROUP. Back Row (left to right): Miss Claire Phipps, Lady Elizabeth Scott, H.M. the Queen, the Duke of Gloucester, Duchess of Gloucester, H.M. the King, Lady Angela Scott, and Miss Moyra Scott. Front Row (left to right): Lady Mary Cambridge, Princess Elizabeth of York, Princess Margaret Rose of York, and Miss Ann Hawkins.

ROYAL GROUP on balcony of Palace. Left to right: Princess Elizabeth, H.M. the King, Princess Margaret Rose, Princess Royal, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, the Duchess of Gloucester, and H.M. the Queen, acknowledging the cheering crowds from the balcony of Buckingham Palace immediately after the wedding of the Duke of Gloucester and Lady Alice Scott.

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BAXTER'S WORM TABLETS

MEN *and* ANGEL

Continued from Page 14

"THINK what it would be like," said Neville—when she turned away, he followed leisurely, but there was poignant persuasion in his voice. "You needn't be lonely any more. I needn't, either. That's the answer, Angel. No more homesickness, then."

Angela walked faster. She walked faster yet. Breathing hard, Neville caught up with her. He said:

"Must you race like that?"

Angela stopped.

She said: "Oh, Neville, if you'd only leave me alone!"

"If that's what you want," said Neville, "you should have stayed at home. I was madly in love with you two years ago. You threw me out for a fool and a fathead. Then you came here to drive me mad all over again."

"I came here to work," said Angela coldly.

"I don't say the mud-pies weren't your honest intention, but the result remains the same."

They walked on in frozen silence. Presently Neville laughed. Ice shattered about Angela's heart. She said:

"Please be good. I do so love being with you, but if you're going to go on like this for ever——"

"Ne Dis Pas Toujours!" crooned Neville theatrically.

It was always the way, Angela thought. When you tried to set him and yourself straight, he eluded you like quicksilver.

They walked till the trees left off and beyond the terrace an old hotel came into view. A little knot of people stood in an embrasure of the terrace wall looking down across the vine-clad slopes below.

"Let's have one more look ourselves," said Neville. "It's nearly time to go."

He leaned on the wall beside Angela, his shoulder close against her own.

"Have I spoilt anything?" he demanded softly.

Angela shook her head. She was looking at the pretty dark-eyed girl who stood with her hand through the arm of a fair-haired, beaming young man in morning coat and bowler hat. Obviously honeymooners. The pretty girl was all in white—white dress, white shoes, white gloves, white hat.

She clung to the fair-haired man and whispered. Lips at her ear, he whispered back. They started off across the grass as if it had been the turf of Eden, and they its first blissful trespassers.

Watching, Angela felt Neville's arm round her. They stood alone in the embrasure.

"With benefit of clergy," said Neville, "and may God have mercy on their souls!"

Angela said nothing. She was thinking, not without envy, how happy the pretty girl looked.

BACK to Paris by train. Along with a sweating crowd, they climbed steep, grimy stairs and came out into a yellowish twilight that gave warning of approaching storm.

"Ought to have taken a taxi," Neville grumbled.

Angela wouldn't have him paying for taxis always. It was she who had insisted on the Metro.

She said now: "Don't be cross!" and slipped her hand inside his arm.

When he felt her hand, Neville hugged it against his side and stopped grumbling.

Neville and Angela went on up to the flat on the Ile St. Louis. A certain awkwardness hung between them suddenly.

Neville said: "Well, Angel, have you enjoyed your trip to Arcady?"

She nodded half-heartedly as she fumbled with her key.

Angela said later in her flat: "Isn't the sky funny? Is there going to be a storm, do you think?"

"Why won't you look at me?" said Neville.

Angela said: "The air is heavy. It seems to stick in your lungs—like cobwebs."

She thought: "We'll just have dinner—then I'll say I'm tired, and send him home."

She reckoned without her guest.

Getting dinner together was not an impersonal affair.

While they sat at table the sky grew darker and closer. By the time they had finished the wind died into nothing. Heat clotted the stirless air.

Neville said: "Come and sit in the salon window and watch the weather."

They sat facing each other, on the wide window ledge, with only a horizontal iron rod, elbow-height, between them and a five-story fall.

There was one lamp burning in the room behind them, the big squat lamp on the desk. Its pleated shade threw light in a circle towards the floor, and left walls and ceiling dim with the wide mirror above the mantelpiece lucent like a forest pool.

"You're so quiet," said Neville, "and so shining always—like a polished shield. What goes on behind your eyes and your tea-party smile?"

"I," said Angela, "still go on, I suppose."

It was after that it began to rain. Great heavy drops spatting with a languid fury on pavement and wall. The drops fell straight down. None came in the window.

"Queer how livid the dark is," said Angela.

"Storm's almost here," said Neville. He put back his head and sniffed the air. It was easy to see he wanted a storm, that he would love it when it came. So did Angela want it. She felt a prickling in all her nerves. Her hair tingled along her scalp. When she touched the iron window-bar a sharp quiver pierced her finger-tips.

"What time is it" she said.

Neville looked at the watch on his wrist. "Just past eleven. It was late when we started dinner. You're not going to turn me out——"

"I expect the rain'll soon be over," said Angela.

FROM behind the towers of Notre Dame, suddenly, lightning leapt across the murk. Suddenly thunder cracked and bellowed. River and trees showed for an instant acidly green, phantasmally clear. A ripple on the water, the tremor of a leaf, printed itself on the watching eye.

"Frighten you?" asked Neville.

Angela only laughed.

He said: "I might have known. We're so damnably alike, aren't we?"

Please turn to Page 18

Memories

THE glory of the autumn day
Touches me with a memory—
A pang subdued by years.
Like plaintive music far away,
So faintly sad it comes to me,
The glimpse of far off tears.

Can such vague feeling be regret?
So very far away it seems,
And yet—I scarcely know;
I feel no more the jar or fret,
I only know I drift in dreams
Into the long ago.

—Maud A. Black.

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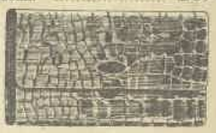

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Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by .... L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

"Did you see how pleased Mrs. Whatsis looked when I told her she didn't look a day older than her daughter?"
"No, I was too busy watching the expression on her daughter's face."

BURGLAR: You can untie the wife's gag as soon as I've gone.
HUSBAND: Not on your life. I'm going to get some sleep.

WIFE: Well?
HOMING HUSBAND: Notsh very!

MRS. 'ARRIS: Every time I look at you, Mrs. 'Iggins, I feel as though I'm doing the Government out of entertainment tax.

"Gosh, Bert! A stowaway!"

"I know, Mrs. Wills. Every mother has the same trouble with children sooner or later.

I've had a lot of experience and my advice is—give 'California Syrup of Figs' *'Califig.'* There's nothing like it for keeping the stomach and bowels in good order. It's so natural yet so sure. It acts on the bowels like fruit and does not create a habit.

So many Doctors recommend it and give it to their own children that I am sure it's the best, and you need to be sure when it is a question of the children's medicine Mrs. Wills.

I do know mothers who experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. They don't realise that they're courting danger.

Send for a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' from the chemist now and give Joan a dose at bedtime. She'll be as bright as a lark in the morning. Give it to her regularly once a week and she'll have no more trouble with constipation."

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say *'California'* and look for *'Califig'* on the package.

"California Syrup of Figs"
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"SEE that woman, she has just cremated her third husband."

"That's the way of the world. While some can't get husbands at any price, others have them to burn."

"WHO gave the bride away?"

"Her little brother. He stood up in the middle of the ceremony and yelled: 'Hurrah, Fanny, you've got him at last!'"

"YOU'RE not looking too 'appy, Mrs. Wiggins!"

"No, Mrs. Smith, it's this uncertain weather. One day it's 'ot and the next it's cold; yer never know wot to pawn."

OFFICER: Now tell me, what is your idea of strategy?

Private: It's when you're out of ammunition, but keep right on firing.

"I SEE that you have shut off all the gas in your house and are using nothing but candles. What is that for?"

"Merely out of curiosity. I want to see if it makes any difference in my gas bills."

MRS. CRABBE (after a lengthy, bitter oration): And what's more, let me tell you, I know what I am talking about.

Mr. Crabbe (eminent scholar): That's where you have the advantage over me, my dear.

THE teacher had told the class all about Diogenes, emphasising the fact that he lived in a tub for many years.

"I'll bet my dad wishes he was Diogenes," Tom said.

"But surely your father wouldn't like to live in a tub?" the teacher replied.

"Sorry, miss, I thought you said a pub."

What Did She Do to Win Him?

How a demure little wren of a girl was changed almost overnight into an attractive Bird-of-Paradise woman—how she who had been neglected by her young men acquaintances suddenly became a centre of attraction, and within a few weeks the radiant bride of the man she had loved in vain for years—this is the theme of a letter received to-day. Hundreds of other letters just as wonderful have come to us voluntarily from readers of our new, revolutionary book dealing not with sex, but with psychology.

"Fascinating Womanhood" shows how any woman who understands certain peculiarities about man's psychology can attract and win the love of practically any man she chooses.

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. . . . ends Nerves

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"depressed feeling" or

YOUR MONEY BACK IN FULL

● One of the most remarkable discoveries of modern medical research now holds out certain hope of permanent relief for thousands of men and women, who are at present going about nervy, listless, run-down headachy, never knowing what it is to be really fit. The discoverer of BIDOMAK has the whole of medical science on his side when he asserts that a basic cause of nerve troubles is the loss from the body of certain food-minerals, including iron, potash, lime, phosphorus and sulfur. He has formulated BIDOMAK to restore these minerals to the system. If he fails, you pay nothing; if he succeeds, the cost is only a few shillings, and you again feel fit and well; your energy is magnified; your brain sharpened to your edge, you eat, sleep and feel better. You regain self-confidence, and you are restored to a happy level where you'll glory in vitality.

Do You Suffer from these Disorders:
Nerves, Listlessness, Languor, Headaches, Nervous Dyspepsia, Anaemia, Loss of Confidence, tight nerved up feeling in the brain, Neuralgia, Nerve Pains.
A basic cause of these disorders is a deficiency of vital mineral elements in the nerve cells and fluid. This deficiency can be corrected by BIDOMAK. Get a bottle from your chemist to-day for 3/-.

"THANKS TO BIDOMAK!"
WE'RE WELL AGAIN!
These are extracts from letters, the originals of which may be seen at the offices of the Douglas Drug Co. They prove Bidomak's amazing restorative powers.

COULDN'T SLEEP!
Kaneville, S.A.
. . . I would toss and turn all night . . . after I had taken one bottle I began to feel better . . now sleep comes to me as soon as I retire and I wake up in the morning feeling fresh and ready for the day's work.
(Sgd.) Mrs. D.C.

TERRIBLE HEADACHES!
Walkerville, S.A.
I was ill for many months. My head ached terribly and seemed as though it would burst. I decided to take BIDOMAK and I can honestly say I never felt better in my life. I did not think it possible that I could have the good health I now enjoy.
(Sgd.) Mrs. O.M.

BIDOMAK CORRECTS BASIC CAUSE OF NERVE TROUBLES—BIDOMAK supplies to the blood stream and nerve tissues a plentiful supply of the vital food minerals we have mentioned above, and it supplies those minerals in a palatable, easily assimilated, *pre-dissolved* liquid form, so that they act amazingly quickly. They correct dyspepsia or indigestion and allow the body to make better use of the ordinary food supply. They increase the supply of red and white corpuscles, and charge the blood and tissues with an increased supply of revitalising life-giving oxygen. They create new, healthy nerve cells, and provide a full supply of healthy nerve fluid, at the same time removing poisons and wastes from the tissues. They create a storage of energy and nerve force. Get Bidomak to-day. 3/- for a big 13oz. bottle at any chemist or store.

Bidomak
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So many nerve sufferers have obtained immediate relief from BIDOMAK that if you do not benefit by taking it we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase on return of the nearly empty BIDOMAK bottle to the Douglas Drug Co., 52 Carrington St., Sydney. Thus we guarantee you positive relief or you PAY NOTHING.

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TANGERINE . FLAME . NATURAL . BLUSH

MEN *and* ANGEL

Continued from Page 16.

RAIN fell in swishing, roaring floods. Through the rain lightning stabbed with blinding ferocity. Thunder broke like cannon-fire.

"Have you ever seen it strike?" asked Angela. She sat with her face upturned to the riven sky—smiling.

"There'll be houses struck to-night," said Neville. "There'll be cellars flooded." He put his glass away. He put away hers. He came back and sat once more facing her, watching her as she watched the storm. "This room, to-night," he said; "you and me alone in it—and all that divine devilry loose outside—worth a hundred years of ordinary living, isn't it?"

Angela went on smiling in silence.

He said: "You don't know how white your throat is by lightning—or perhaps you do."

"Perhaps I do," said Angela.

Forked fire, shattering thunder stopped her breath. She said: "I'd like to run along the Quai with the rain beating on my face—shouting: throwing up my arms."

In the heart of the storm was strange release for her, and Neville's being there did not hinder—helped, rather. Because in some hidden way she had always known that she and Neville were akin. Things that woke his personal devil woke hers. Things that bent down his defences left her helpless.

Staring up into the wild glare of lightning which came at ever briefer intervals, she said: "When it's like this—I want to be a Valkyrie."

"Galloping up to the sky," said Neville.

"On a great white horse."

"With me across your saddle-bow."

Thunder drowned their words. They looked at each other in ecstatic silence.

Neville said something she could not hear. When she did not answer he stood up, dropped to his knees before her, and put his arms about her, drawing down her face to his lips. They kissed while the world outside the window burned with unearthly flame, while the earth and the waters under the earth shook with sound.

When he let her go Angela put her hands up over her face. She had frightened herself.

"Darling!" said Neville.

"No," said Angela; "no, no!"

He took her hands down very gently.

She said: "I must be mad!"

"Both mad!" said Neville. He kissed her palms and, turning them over, kissed the tips of her fingers lingeringly.

"I knew," he said, "it would be like this."

NEVILLE didn't explain. With her hands trembling in his hold, he didn't need to!

Angela said: "I think the worst of the storm is over." She fought to keep her voice quiet.

"Darling!" said Neville again.

"It isn't raining so hard. You'll be able to go——"

"And the wind has shifted, and to-morrow will be fair and warmer. Darling," said Neville, "let's get married."

At Angela's look of stunned amazement he began to laugh. "I told you," he said, "we were both mad." He laid his head on her knee and, almost without knowing that she did so, she slipped her fingers through his hair. "After all—why not?" he said.

Angela struggled back to a semblance of self-control. She said: "Because you hate the very thought of it."

"But I love the thought of you."

"That doesn't make any difference. You'd be miserable."

"But such delicious misery."

Hard to be aloof and stern when at the mere touch of her fingers his eyelids dropped.

She stiffened her faltering soul. She said: "If there were not half a dozen other reasons—I don't care for a hole-and-corner marriage, thanks."

Neville said: "What the devil are you talking about?" He sat back on his heels and looked at her incredulously.

"Don't pretend," said Angela, "that you don't know quite well what I mean. Your friends the Morgans——"

She waited till a heavy peal had died away. The storm was wearing itself out. As she had said.

"You mean to say you think——" began Neville.

"I think you feel you've put me in a false position——"

"My good girl, you're mad! What possible difference could it make what people think?"

But her shot had told. She could see it in his uneasy flicker of a smile. She couldn't say: "The Morgans are not the only ones. Talmadge too——" She had never told Neville what Talmadge had said to her that wretched afternoon. She said now: "No difference at all. So why be chivalrous and knightly over nothing?"

"I can assure you," said Neville suavely, "that my intentions were never so honorable as you suggest."

Then she clinched the argument: "And besides," she said, "I don't know if I love you."

"I'll be damned!" said Neville. Less in prediction than by way of simple comment. He got up and dusted his knees. Sat down in the window again.

"WELL," he said, "I seem to have lost my cunning in offers of wedlock. I assure you I have not always been thus rudely received." His rueful grin could not quite conceal an authentic if unreasonable hurt.

"I don't mean to be horrid, Neville," said Angela.

"Still—the answer is 'No'?"

She nodded slowly.

"Wouldn't like to think it over later?"

Angela said: "If I said 'Yes,' you'd probably fall out of this window from shock." She smiled into his moody eyes.

"Jumped or fell, eh?" said Neville. He leaned back against the window-frame folding his arms and looking at her a trifle tiredly. As if they had been in some sort of conflict and she had beaten him. "Tell you what," he said, "marriage or no marriage, there's something between us that there's never been between me and any other woman—nor will ever be between you and any other man.

Angela said nothing.

"Is that true or isn't it?" said Neville.

"Perhaps," said Angela. She thought: "Yes, it's true. That's why I was afraid——"

The thunderstorm was over. Only the floods still fell with monotonous bent.

"It's very late," said Angela. "You ought to go."

"Not yet," said Neville. "It's so quiet and sweet here—so dark and dank outside."

The room was cool with the fresh chill of the rain.

"Some day," said Neville, "one of us may need the other badly—and that day the other has got to be there."

Angela said: "We will—you know it." She thought: "I'm like the frog in the well that climbed up one step and fell back two. I said I wouldn't marry him, yet here I am promising——" She let him move nearer till he could touch her cheek with his, touch her lips. He was very tender with her. Time flowed past them, while they sat there, like the waveless flow of the river beneath the window. They talked almost in whispers though there was no one to hear. The rain stopped, and they talked on unaware. Heart to heart, as they had never been before—as they might never be again. Wrapped in a strangely innocent intimacy.

IT was the bell of Notre Dame that brought Angela to her feet at last. Roundly it struck through the stillness One. Two. Three. Four.

She caught both Neville's hands, pulling him up. "I never dreamed——"

"I did," said Neville. He smiled his down-at-one-corner smile. "And I see to it that my dreams come true."

Angela pushed him out on the landing and locked the door behind her. From the nearest mirror a palely radiant nymph looked back at her.

To Be Continued

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And, of course, cold "Ovaltine" is much more than a refreshing summer drink. In addition to its delightful flavour, it is supremely nourishing and sustaining.

Prepared from malt, milk and eggs, "Ovaltine" is a perfect tonic food. It provides all the nutritive elements necessary to create energy and to ensure perfect fitness of body, brain and nerves.

At a time when appetites respond only to light, dainty foods, "Ovaltine" becomes an essential part of the daily dietary. It makes the lightest meal complete in the nutriment necessary to replace the strength and energy which you expend so freely during these active summer days. But, be sure it is "Ovaltine". There is nothing "just as good."

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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

So they Say

READERS, NOTE!

The "So They Say" page is your page. Any topic you care to write about is welcome, as long as it is interesting — and provocative. Letters should not exceed 120 words.

BRIGHTER BEACHES

IT is a constant source of surprise to us English to find how dull the beach places are out here. The baths, cafes, comforts, are very indifferent compared with the splendid facilities in England and on the Continent.

Particularly am I referring to the music. In England holiday-makers may sit and listen to the best music by first-class orchestras at the promenade concerts for the sum of 2d.! On the Continent there are "beer-gardens" with the same musical, sociable atmosphere.

Surely Australians, who are a pleasure-loving people and good spenders, could do something to supply this want for those who do not bathe continuously, and who are not interested in jazz and amplified "popular" wireless music?

£1 for this letter to Mrs. E. Johnston, Kaniva, Vic.

❖ ❖ ❖

IMMORTAL BATTLES

SOME people have been agitating for a change in the teaching of history in our schools. The progress of nations, omitting all battles, is advocated.

I condemn the proposal. Pride in country should be fostered this way in our children.

What English youth is not the better for learning of the exploits of Nelson and Wellington? Has not the Battle of Bannockburn fired the Scottish youth for centuries? Should not young Australians be taught to reverence the immortal Anzacs?

Jim Braham, Cawongla, Kyogle, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

IF I HAD A MILLION—

RE the article in The Australian Women's Weekly: "What Would You Do with a Million Pounds?"

Like the majority of dream millionaires, I would travel the world, commencing with an Australian tour.

A large part of my million would be invested in an Australian film company. I should like to have more than a financial say in the business. I would study the industry from all angles. Money would be spent to bring experienced overseas stars here, as well as experienced producers, directors and scenario-writers. Australian girls and men would be given the opportunity to follow in the footsteps of these experienced artists. I would establish a school to teach scenario-writing.

Those in genuine distress would receive help, and doctors engaged in research work would be given funds.

I would buy beautiful model gowns to wear.

But I would get the greatest happiness and joy in giving my family all they desired.

Miss M. Kerin, c/o Mrs. W. Hamlyn, Lynway, Wandoan, Qld.

❖ ❖ ❖

TELL-TALE PENCIL

AN art master told me that he can judge his pupils' characters from the way they sharpen pencils.

The artistic individual usually makes a long, tapering point; the business-like person a short, stubby one; those who sharpen a pencil inwards on the thumb are secretive; the untidy, happy-go-lucky person hacks away in careless fashion and makes an irregular point.

Which way is yours?

Mrs. F. Bennett, Forest of Kulips, via Meadows, S.A.

❖ ❖ ❖

SAD-FACED DANCERS

I ATTEND a great number of dances, and it always puzzles me when my fellow dancers are rotating round the ballroom why they have that strained expression on their faces. Don't they enjoy their dance? Is it that they are not sure of their steps? Or haven't they the knack of creating happy small-talk to make their partners really enjoy the dance? Judging by their faces they certainly take their pleasures sadly.

Miss G. May, 47 Evans St., Waverley, N.S.W.

"Kicking Over the Traces" at Holiday Time!

RE D. S. Elliott's letter on "Holiday Fun" (9/11/'35). People have different views as to what to do with their holidays. Some prefer peace and quiet, and others noise and rowdy fun, but each is having a good time in his or her own way.

If we lived our home-life and holiday time in the same way, we would not need any Christmas, Easter, or annual holidays at all! We all need a change, whichever way we take it.

O. Gladwin, 42 Throsby St., Wickham, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Means Complete Freedom

WHY people on holidays act differently than when at home is very easily explained: Holidays mean freedom, and who wouldn't act differently, given complete freedom for a few weeks? And when in high spirits, one does not always consider the pros. and cons.

Miss E. Bere, Grange Rd., Grange, Brisbane.

There's Bad in Them

I AM another who fails to understand why people think holiday time is a time for absence of restraint, and that conventions should be flung to the winds.

If new environment so changes a person in a short while, it is evident that, given the same opportunity during everyday life as they have at holiday time, those people would occupy an entirely different place in the opinion of associates and friends.

Laura Harvey, 51 Short St., Brisbane.

Renewed in Spirit

PEOPLE on holiday do change. They become renewed in spirit in a new environment, and leave their work and worries behind them. Being care-free, they live as they would like to live, spending their hard-earned savings with abandon and joy, seeking pleasure that is denied them at home—and sometimes being unorthodox! Thus they enjoy a real change in everything, and when they have returned home, pick up the threads of life again with renewed health and vigor.

Mrs. F. Cowmeadow, Box 16, Warner's Bay Rd., Charlestown, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Change From Work

IN what does a holiday consist, if not in enjoying oneself, in doing just what one likes, when one likes, and as long as one likes? The right and wrong of the mode of enjoyment should be a matter for the consideration of the holiday-maker, and not for a looker-on. Are not holidays a time for forgetting the worries and stress of the rest of the year? Don't they get away from home and work to give themselves a certain amount of change by way of rest and enjoyment, which naturally brings about an outward change of personality? Besides, who wants to spend a holiday according to someone else's code of enjoyment!

Miss L. A. Sterne, Dragon St., Warwick, Qld.

Happy Medium

IT is because of the sense of a freedom they feel is theirs when they leave their everyday surroundings that people, whilst on holidays, act so differently from the way they do at home.

For twelve months they have had to stop and consider what people will say if they do this or that. It is a wonderful feeling to know you can please yourself entirely for a little while. Of course, there is a happy medium in all things.

Mrs. E. R. Price, Box 231, Renmark, S.A.

Water "Spoil-sports"

SOME people are never happy, unless they are continually pushing one under the water, or pushing one off the diving board. It is unpleasant, especially if one is not expecting it. It quite upsets enjoyment when these water pests are around, and sea water is not a very refreshing drink. Besides, it is definitely dangerous.

Miss R. Gillett, Hay Street, Kadina, S.A.

What You Must Do To Win Success in Life

THE formula for obtaining success in any walk of life is available to any person who studies sincerely and thoroughly without avarice or over-ambition what they wish to do.

One must make up one's mind what one wants — then go for it with both hands, all the time endeavoring to deserve the honor of knowing success.

It is well to remember the old proverb, "Success is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fail." Tenacity of purpose, perseverance and solid groundwork are necessary. Success depends always on the individual. Know yourself, and do not aim too high for your capabilities.

Leslie Barnsley, Box 8, Bowral, N.S.W.

Make It a Real Christmas This Year

CHRISTMAS will be with us in a few short weeks, so let us make it a real festival. Let us have old-style family gatherings, as they did in our grandmothers' day. And let us change the usual all-the-year-round home with gay streamers, balloons and decorations. Then, for only a little extra trouble and a few pence, we will bring the gay festival right into our homes.

D. Bell, "Airlie," 74 Trenerry Crescent, Abbotsford, Vic.

Be Original

NO human being ever yet made a success trying to be somebody else, even if that person was a success. Success cannot be copied, cannot be successfully imitated. It is an original force. Women should not be afraid of being original—even eccentric. They should not try to be a copy of their grandmother, or their mother, or their friend. Every woman is born to do a certain work in an original way. If she tries to copy some other woman, or to do some other woman's work, she will be a misfit, a failure.

Mrs. T. Gattie, Glendevie, Tas.

Recipe For Success

MISS A. FISHER asks for a recipe for success!

Ingredients: An indomitable will-power, common sense, pluck, self-confidence and ability.

Method: Decide the line of action; marshal the ingredients, and proceed—fighting all opposition—to the winning post.

Warning! Remember, success does not always lead to happiness.

Olive R. Gerring, Manning Street, Taree, N.S.W.

Must Have Genuine Urge

I DO not think there is any formula for success.

Some people are not afraid to venture; to take risks; to do things without first waiting to think it over. They are eager, anxious, confident and brave.

Others would like to do these things—but always they are afraid. They think of all the things that may cause them to fail—and then just forget their one purpose. The person who has the desire for success usually manages to achieve it in some form.

R. M. Skerry, 342 Beach Rd., Parkdale S11, Vic.

Seize Opportunity

I SHOULD say success comes to those who recognise opportunity when it presents itself, and who grasp it ere it passes. Nor should the small ones be scorned, as they may be stepping stones to great things. So my advice is: grasp each opportunity as it comes along. It is something that cannot be put off, as it rarely comes a second time. By doing this I think you will find success.

Mrs. T. W. Hennessy, Yeddenba, West Kempsey, N.S.W.

Does Slang Make or Mar a Language?

SURELY Miss Moseley must know that much of the "dull," correct English of to-day was the joyous slang of yesterday. The English language is a beautiful, alive thing, which grows by the addition of slang words.

Slang keeps our tongue alive, so let us use it by all means. But we should take care to use only that part which has some merit—either through meaning or melody. In this way our mother tongue will become even more expressive than it is at present.

Miss K. V. Robinson, 23 West St., Hurstville, N.S.W.

Let's Be Barbarous

YES, Audrey E. Moseley (9/11/'35), let us speak slang and, while we are at it, let us do the thing properly, and adjust our lives to our speech. Let our courage extend to our meals, when we can use our fingers in tearing our food apart. Let us do away with table etiquette altogether, it is just as unnecessary as correct speech. Let our savageness extend to our clothes, also, so that we wear the scanty and bizarre attire of the about-to-be-civilised savage. Slang is a language made up largely from the dregs of speech from various countries—so we'll be cosmopolitan, anyway!

E. Waugh, The Cedars, Towradgi, Corrimal, N.S.W.

Mild Slang Is Good

IT is very pleasant to listen to a speech or lecture given in the "King's English," and yet how weary we would feel to hear and speak nothing but "dictionary" English in our usual conversation.

I think the use here and there of a mild slang word should not be criticised. It seems to create a more human atmosphere. To my ears, badly-spoken English is worse than slang.

Mrs. Robson, P.O., Tighe's Hill, N.S.W.

How Dull!

RE Audrey E. Moseley's letter admiring the use of slang (9/11/'35). I quite agree with her when she says she admires people who speak slang. There is nothing so dull and lifeless as people who always use the most perfect English. The slang words used in Australia are often both very witty and nearly always express what they are meant to much better than the correct and proper English words of the same meaning.

M. Hamilton-Lewis, 99 Dover Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

DIGNITY IN DIVORCE

THE Consul for Norway, in a most interesting talk on his country, stated that in Norway divorce could be arranged by mutual consent. It impressed me as being a most dignified solution. When two decent, respectable people find themselves totally unsuited to each other, it does not seem just to me that they should be subjected to the indignities of publicity which are such a feature of divorce proceedings. Many sensitive people endure lifelong unhappiness rather than face the ordeal.

We are married by mutual consent, and are not asked to reveal our reasons. Why, then, if we mutually desire divorce, must we be subjected to such sordid unpleasantness?

E. Robertson, Arthur St., North Ryde, N.S.W.

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ARE OUR GIRLS SNOBS?

IS the Australian girl becoming a snob? When away from her normal environment, say on a holiday cruise, she seems to develop an accent that is altogether different from her normal intonation. Returning north from a holiday, on a vessel plying between Australia and the Orient, I was struck by the number of young girls amongst the tourists who pitifully attempted to reproduce the accents of Mayfair. The spectacle would have been amusing were it not so fraught with tragedy. They apparently do not realise that there is no more pleasing accent in the world than the unaffected and natural tones of the educated Australian business girl.

Mrs. L. M. Murphy, Badu Island, via Thursday Island.

❖ ❖ ❖

CARING FOR PENNIES

"TAKE care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves," is an old but true saying, and I prove it each week to my satisfaction.

How many housewives check over their bills or keep a strict tally on them? When settling my accounts I frequently find there is some error, and usually I come out on top.

This week on two separate occasions in two different shops, on purchasing shoes for my boy and girl, I found both places had made an error in the docket—and in favor of themselves. The adjustment meant 11d. in my pocket. This week alone I can honestly say had I not kept a strict check I should have been 1/6 poorer!

I wonder how many readers watch these things?

Mrs. A. M. Poynter, 9 Malcolm St., Granville, N.S.W.

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POSTAL ADDRESS ..... Please write clearly.

.....

Listen-in to my "Keyboard Kapers" sessions from 2-UE: Sundays, 5.30 p.m.; Tuesdays, 7.45 and 8.20 p.m.; and Wednesdays, 8.20 p.m. Also from 2-SM, Mondays, 9.30 p.m.

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KEEP HEALTHY

keep young

CONSTIPATION

is often the cause of

PREMATURE OLD AGE

Constipation is a POISONER. It clogs the body with impurities, weakens stomach, liver and kidneys and makes you look old before your time. But there's one remedy that will make you feel, look and ACTUALLY BE BETTER—Beecham's Pills. They purify, regulate and cleanse the system, tone up the internal organs and free the digestion from the noxious products due to a sluggish system. Try this simple way to health TO-DAY.

Beecham's Pills

The World's Medicine.

HOW to PLAN *Your* FORTUNE

. . . *from the* STARS

October-November People Have the World at Their Feet

By JUNE MARSDEN

People born in October-November have great possibilities.

They have the world at their feet once they learn to control the great forces within them. They are intensely magnetic, and seem to attract exciting events and big temptations. They live boldly, bravely, enthusiastically—but sometimes rashly.

They should plan now for late 1935 and all 1936, for it should prove an important period in their lives.

People born between October 24 and November 23 belong to the vital sign of Scorpio. If born under this sign the following applies to you:—

YOU are secretive and reserved, despite a seeming frankness of speech and manner. You are practical, intelligent, vital, capable of accomplishing great things in life once you learn self-control.

You love a battle and can plan so far ahead that competitors usually find themselves beaten before they have made a start.

That's why many excellent soldiers, policemen, politicians, promoters and competitive writers or advertisers come from this sign. You accept anyone else's accomplishment as a challenge which spurs you on to prove you can do it, too, and probably do it better.

YOUR key words are "I DESIRE." Everything you do has a basic quality of this element. You want a thing, when you want it, and this enthuses you to put up a battle royal to attain it. But make sure your desires are worthwhile, for you can become your own worst enemy.

Scorpio children need special training. The live, love and hope so intensely that disappointments and setbacks seem like the end of the world. They must be taught that difficulties and experiences make them worthy of success and happiness in life.

THE LOOKING GLASS

CAPRICORNIANS, those shrewd and capable people born between December 22 and January 20, usually have an active and rather "hoppy" walk. Their cheekbones are high—and, unless they are inclined to plumpness, their skin tends to sallowness and wrinkles. Their eyes are piercing, and quick to sight a bargain or a fault.

The diet should include hot, invigorating foods, attractively served. Capricornians love a good meal, but not an expensive one.

MISS JUNE MARSDEN.

The Daily Diary

ARIES PEOPLE (March 21 to April 21): You began a good month on November 23. Make especial use of the influences prevailing on the 26th, 27th, and a.m. of November 28.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Good on Thursday afternoon, Friday and until sunset on Saturday. Thereafter "sit tight."

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Live quietly for preference, but use the 1st and 2nd of December for absolute necessities.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Live quietly during last three days of November, but plan for December 3.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Plan ahead for four weeks. A good period, especially the 26th, 27th, and early November 28. Begin new interests.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Time to sit back and live quietly. 28th, 29th and most of 30th best.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Very fair on the 1st and 2nd of December. Set things in order.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Work hard on December 3.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): A good month ahead, especially on good days. Plan ahead. Utilise November 26, 27 and early 28.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Very fair on last half of 28th; through 29th, and until 6 p.m. on November 30.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): The new month starts well for you. Plan affairs on December 1 and 2.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Very fair on December 3.

BUT MRS. JONES WILL *NEVER* DEVELOP

Washing-day droop

Look at Mrs. Smith. What an effort she makes of washing-day. And what a tragedy her figure is! Washing-day droop at its worst . . . the result of wearing herself out rubbing and scrubbing clothes the old-fashioned way—wearing the clothes out before their time, too, you may be sure.

Don't risk losing YOUR figure . .

CHANGE TO RINSO

Be like bright, young Mrs. Jones. Let Rinso cut out washing-day drudgery in your home. Use enough Rinso to make a good lather, sprinkle it into the tub, add hot water, pop the clothes in, and turn your mind to something else. In an hour or two they'll be all ready to rinse and hang out—or you can soak them overnight if you prefer. And when they're on the line — what a thrill! Such whiteness—such clear bright colours — truly delightful to see.

4.132.5

Rinso

RINSO IS SO EASY TO USE

sprinkle straight into the tub.

A LEVER PRODUCT

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What Women Are Doing

Study and Travel

DR. RITA STANG, the Government Supervisor of Infant Health in West Australia, sails in the motor ship Tarn on December 4, to do a post-graduate course in England, Germany and, possibly, in Italy before settling down to her work.

She plans a ten weeks' cruise from the Canary Islands to Rio de Janeiro, around Cape Horn to Robinson Crusoe's Island and Peru to the West Indies and Spain. On her homeward way to Australia she will come via Russia, Siberia, China and Japan.

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How Denmark Reacted To Oxford Group Party

MRS. L. C. PARKIN, who has recently returned to the North Adelaide Congregational Manse after seven months' holiday with her husband in England, tells of how she was reprimanded in the House of Lords for daring to sit on a ducal bench!

She considers, however, that her most amazing experience was the week at Oxford, when twenty nations were represented in a huge Oxford Group Movement house-party in July. At the final service, 5000 people congregated in the Lady Margaret Hall quadrangle. The movement has developed in a practical rather than emotional way during the last few years, Mrs. Parkin said.

She added that, after a team had recently visited Denmark, the Income Tax Office had had to engage many new clerks to deal with the conscience money that poured in.

The same day that she visited the House of Lords with her husband they heard Sir Samuel Hoare address the Commons on the war in Abyssinia.

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Giving a Fillip to the Fruit-canning Industry

MUCH good work has been done in stimulating the fruit-canning industry through the activities of the president (Mrs. Judah Green) and members of the Leeton branch of the Country Women's Association. The branch's appeal, made to housewives to use more canned fruit, was stimulated by the "backing" it received from the 300,000 members of the C.W.A., and there has been an increase of 45 per cent. in the production figures since the publicity campaign began.

Mrs. Green was in Sydney recently, and preached the gospel of "canned fruit" per medium of talks at the Feminist Club, the Millions Club, Metropolitan Group Conference of the C.W.A., and over the air.

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Her Seventh Voyage As Nursery Governess

JUST completing her seventh voyage with the Orient Shipping Company is Miss Sheena Macfarlan, who is now nursery hostess on the Orion. Before she joined this luxury liner on her maiden voyage to Australia, Miss Macfarlan spent the summer on shorter cruises. She received her training in physical culture at Dartford, and is a skilled masseuse.

Miss Sheena Macfarlan.
—Noel Maitland.

Some years ago Miss Macfarlan was teaching dancing, physical culture, and swimming in girls' colleges in Auckland and Christchurch, and last January, when she was on the Otranto and the ship called at Auckland, she had a happy time renewing friendships.

Miss Macfarlan's home is in Scotland. She has a flat in London where she spends time between voyages.

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Centenarian Who Thought She Was 98

AT the reception on November 20, given by the Mayor of Port Adelaide to old inhabitants of the district, at least one guest was so important he offered to send a car for her. She is Miss Eliza Bridgman, who celebrated her 100th birthday nearly three months ago. But her marvellous cake nearly had only 98 candles on it, for it was only a couple of months before her birthday that her 88-year-old brother decided to look up the family records in the archives, and found his sister was about to become a centenarian!

Miss Bridgman still loves picnics and parties. She has a service record of 50 years with one South Australian family.

Radiologist Home After Study Abroad

DR. BARBARA WOOD, resident radiologist at the Melbourne Hospital, has returned home after eight months abroad.

She says that radiological work in Australia compares well with what is being done abroad, but Australia is not so advanced in the technique and experience of the radiology of the skull and brain.

Dr. Wood made a special study of this work at clinics for neuro-surgical treatment in London and Stockholm.

She also visited many modern hospitals in England and Europe, and was greatly impressed by the radiological equipment at the Middlesex Hospital, London, which has been endowed with a gift of £50,000 for the purchase of equipment alone.

Went Abroad to Study Art And Came Back Engaged

THERE was big excitement among the friends of Miss Nancy Goldfinch, daughter of Sir Philip Goldfinch, of Sydney, when she returned to Australia in the Oronsay after two and a half years abroad.

She went abroad to study Art, but the big news she brought back with her was of her engagement to Mr. Kenneth Hargreaves, of Sloan St., London. The engagement did not happen till after she had left England, and Mr. Hargreaves followed the Oronsay by plane in order to make sure of his fiancee before she got too far away.

While in England Miss Goldfinch studied at the Chelsea School of Art, and one of her pictures, "Kensington Gardens in Summer," was shown in the spring exhibition of the Royal Society of British Art.

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Something New in Musical Programmes

MISS ETHEL HOLDEN, Sydney violinist, achieved a successful musical venture in Sydney by giving a recital composed entirely of first performances. This meant a considerable amount of research to find items of artistic worth and at the same time provide a programme with sufficient balance. The compositions selected dated from the early seventeenth century to contemporary work.

Miss Ethel Holden

Miss Holden has studied with Mr. Cyril Monk, and was assisted at her concert by Mr. Frank Hutchens, Miss Ruth Scott, and Carl Gotsch.

To Retire After 37 Years Of Teaching

MISS B. A. ROGGENKAMP, of Brisbane, after having been associated with St. John's Cathedral day school for 37 years, will retire on December 12. During her long connection with the school, 3776 children have received tuition from her. Twenty-nine names were on the roll when she first went to St. John's, and the number has increased to 210. Before Miss Roggenkamp took that position she taught at the Dunellin school, and at Annievale school, Roma.

Miss B. A. Roggenkamp.
—Ruddle's studio.

Miss Roggenkamp was made a Fellow of the Geographical Society of Australasia this year. She is a member of an old Toowoomba family, her father, the late Mr. Martin Roggenkamp, having been widely known throughout the Downs.

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Studying Work of Y.W.C.A. In Rural Areas

MISS A. M. BENTHAM, of the national staff of the Y.W.C.A. in Australia, is paying her first visit to this country. Formerly she was general secretary to the association in New Zealand. Miss Bentham came over to Toowoomba from her home in Auckland to participate in the week of intercession for the work of the Y.W.C.A., and the reconsecration of the women's movement.

While over here she will see the effects of the Y.W.C.A. work in rural areas, particularly the work of the motor caravan which Toowoomba inaugurated recently.

Digs For Prehistoric Specimens in Palestine

MISS NANCY DE CRESPIGNY, B.A., who has just returned to Adelaide for a holiday before setting off to look for prehistoric remains in Palestine, has chosen a fascinating career. This girl has already "dug" in Palestine, and is eager to be there again in April, being well prepared with an anthropology diploma, gained at Cambridge recently when she was attached to Newnham College.

Last year she was in Ireland with an expedition of American students from Harvard University, and looked for mesolithic flint implements used by men who lived before the dawn of history. The successful collection which she helped to make has been shared by museums in Ireland and America.

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Had a Busy Time At Church Centenary

AS wife of the Moderator of Tasmania (Rev. Malcolm McQueen), Mrs. McQueen had a very busy time during the celebrations held to mark the centenary of the Presbyterian Church in Tasmania. The commemoration took place in Launceston, and to Mrs. McQueen fell a big share of the arrangements for entertaining the large number of visitors from all parts of the State and the mainland.

Mrs. McQueen is very well known to Presbyterians. Before her marriage she was Miss Russell, and was a native of Evandale (Tas.), where her father, a Presbyterian minister, resided for 31 years.

On leaving Tasmania she went to live in Victoria, but returned to her home State when Mr. McQueen took charge of Chalmers Church, Launceston, about four years ago.

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To Talk To Us About America

MRS. HILDA CARNEY HOGAN, of Melbourne, wife of a Virginian, who recently returned to her native country after having lived for some years in Norfolk, Virginia, has been invited by the Australian Broadcasting Commission to give two talks over the national network on December 3 and 10, entitled "Glimpses of the U.S.A."

Mrs. Hogan
—Lafayette.

She has travelled a great deal in North and South America, as well as in Europe, and knows America from Cape Horn to Lac St. Jean, some hundred miles north of Quebec. In the first talk she will give her impressions of the American's attitude to Australia. Her second talk will deal with the American negro, of which race she has made a special study.

The Brain Behind the Daffodil Queen's Campaign

THE brain behind the campaign of the Queen of the Daffodil, Miss Rosemary Lyon, who represents the Benevolent Societies in the Lord Mayor of Melbourne's appeal for non-medical charities, is that of Mrs. Julia Rapke.

Mrs. Rapke, who is a gifted speaker, has addressed thousands of tramway and shipping employees, who have planned many functions for the cause. She has encouraged her helpers to hold every kind of money-raiser—bridge parties, dances, picture nights, band concerts, golf gymkhanas, etc., and was even toying with the idea of a moonlight trip down the Bay.

After the competition is over, Mrs. Rapke, who is nearing the end of her second year as president of the Victorian Women Citizens' Movement, will make plans for the end-of-the-year party she will give for members on December 9.

Mrs. Rapke's other interests are many and varied. She is State vice-president of the Federation of Women Voters, and recently entertained Miss Ruby Rich, and arranged for her to address Melbourne women. She sits regularly on St. Kilda Court bench as a J.P., and at the Children's Court as a special magistrate, and in between times does some broadcasting over National stations.

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Artist Who Specialises In Child Portraits

ALL Australians, especially women and children, know the work of Betty Paterson, the Victorian artist who is holding an exhibition of her pictures in Melbourne.

Miss Betty Paterson.
—Ronald Toler.

Miss Paterson's search for child models frequently takes her on visits to foundling homes, where she makes large series of sketches to be utilised afterwards in her studio for pictures. She has illustrated a number of books, and portrait commissions of the very young occupy a lot of her time.

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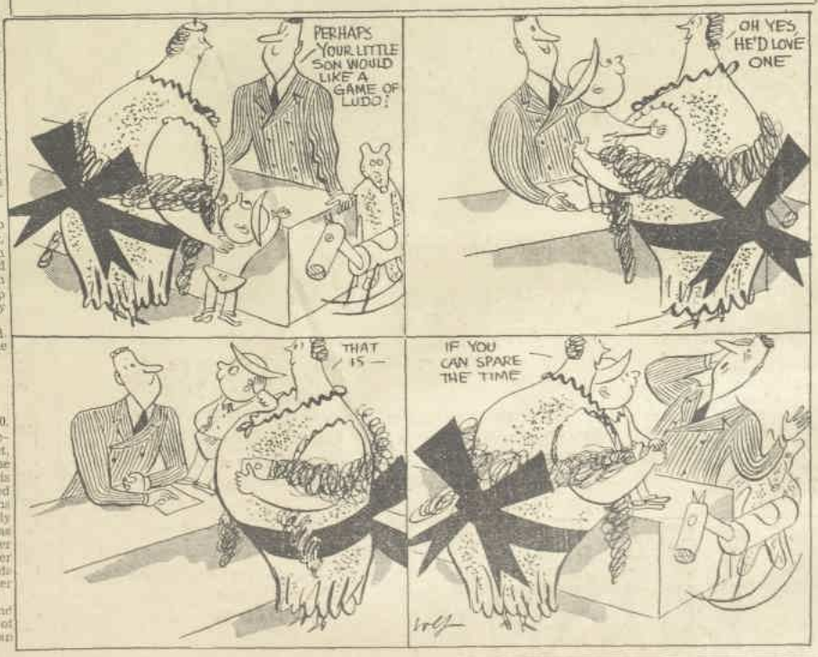
Melbourne Plans Its Annual Anzac Festival

THE Victorian branch of the Anzac Fellowship of Women plans to hold the annual Anzac festival on Anzac Eve. The proposed festival is the outcome of a desire to link up the younger generation with the story of the past during the last week of April.

We celebrate the day dedicated to St. George, the patron saint of England, Shakespeare's birthday, the Landing at Gallipoli, and the landing of Captain Cook in Botany Bay. The festival committee desires to arrange annually, as is done in Sydney, a series of competitions bearing upon the cycle of British history, and winning entries will be a feature of the festival.

The president of the Victorian branch is Mrs. T. W. White, who was decorated for her voluntary war work in London, mostly connected with bringing prisoners back from Germany and Turkey. The honorary treasurer, Miss Jessie Baje, also went abroad to do voluntary work, and is still interested in the Red Cross, and is the first and only woman on the Board of the Melbourne Hospital. The secretarial work is in the hands of Miss Mildred Veal, B.A., Dip. Ed., who, as head of the preparatory school at Merton Hall, understands what will appeal to children.

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY -- By WEP



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Mr. Bernie Lyons

The only Scientific Treatment that has brought permanent relief to thousands who have been suffering not only from RHEUMATISM, but from SCIATICA, NEURITIS, INSOMNIA, BLOOD PRESSURE, CHRONIC HEADACHES, CONGESTED LIVER, NERVOUS BREAKDOWN, STOMACH TROUBLE, SLEEPLESSNESS, etc.

This will be Mr. Lyons' last course of treatment in Sydney, as it is necessary for him to keep numerous appointments throughout New South Wales country towns.

HERE IS DEFINITE PROOF:

- Mrs. J. A. Hatton, Glencoe, N.S.W.: "Accept my gratitude for the wonderful cure your treatment made of my leg, when suffering with Varicose Ulcer."
- Mr. Armstrong, of Frogmore, Burrowa, a severe case of SCIATICA: "This treatment (Manipulative Surgery) has saved me from the life of an invalid."
- Mrs. Roberts, Lower Boro, Braidwood, suffered with Headaches: "I would like to be able to take every sufferer in New South Wales to undergo a course of this treatment." Mr. Roberts was also successfully treated for Rheumatism.

All consultations are free, and no case will be treated unless success is assured. Call, write, or 'phone 85442 for appointments for interviews.

NURSE IN ATTENDANCE.

Messrs. LYONS Manchester Unity Buildings (Ground Floor) 187 ELIZABETH ST. SYDNEY

MARJORIE NEELD, formerly of Fuller's Grand Opera Co., who has secured a contract of £50 a week to tour America.

AUSTRALIAN *Chorus Girl's* LEAP to FAME

Bathroom Song Secures Marjorie Neeld £50 a Week Contract

At the beginning of the year Marjorie Neeld, a young Australian soprano, was in the chorus of Sir Benjamin Fuller's grand opera company.

Now she is a highly-paid star visiting the United States as soloist with Jack Hylton's famous dance band.

How the transformation came about is—as Miss Neeld herself expresses it in a letter to her teacher, Roland Foster—"just like a fairy tale!"

GIVEN a chance to prove her capabilities in Australia as a soloist in the important part of Gilda, the heroine of Verdi's "Rigoletto," Miss Neeld was brilliantly successful. But the opera season came to an end, and when Sir Benjamin's company was disbanded, no further engagements came the young singer's way.

But that upset her only momentarily. She suddenly made up her mind to join a friend who was sailing for London in a few days, and see what she could do over there.

Arrived in London armed with a few letters of introduction, Miss Neeld began the customary round of visits to managers and agents, and received two offers of engagements at a few pounds a week. While considering these—but here is the story in Miss Neeld's own words:

"Madame Arcana came to stay the week-end at the boarding-house I had gone to. She heard me warbling in the bathroom, asked to be introduced, and, after hearing me properly, ridiculed the idea of any small engagements.

"From that moment she whisked me around from one place to another, meeting lots of important people, obtained contracts from the B.B.C. and His Master's Voice, and in less than a week Jack Hylton had made me an offer of a two years' contract.

Luck and Pluck

"ON Madame's advice, I signed for one year, with the option of a second—six months at £50 a week, six months at £60, and £70 if he exercises the option.

"We are now on our way to America for 13 weeks' broadcasting, travelling first-class on the world's most luxurious boat, the Normandie, a real floating palace.

"My name has been changed to Magda Neeld. It's just like a fairy tale, isn't it? Aren't I lucky?"

And lucky Miss Neeld certainly is. But she deserves it all for her pluck in going abroad without any of the usual preliminary publicity attending a local singer's departure.

From the happenings of the last few years, it would seem that the less fuss that is made about a singer's prospects of fame and fortune, the more likely she is of being successful.

Miss Neeld has made a wonderful start from a financial standpoint, and, having had a satisfactory screen test with the band before leaving England, she has excellent prospects of further success on the films with her beautiful voice and charming personality.

ERASMIC introduces

AN EXQUISITE *Beauty Ritual*

TO PROLONG YOUTH'S LOVELINESS

IN beauty care, simplicity is luxury. They have proved this in the gilded salons of Paris, London, Vienna and New York. With half the world's wealth to lavish on complexion beauty, they can offer no more than Erasmic's simple treatment, followed faithfully, will surely bring you . . . a skin that is clear and glowing to look at—soft and velvety to touch!

Face Powder 1/- *Box*

★ **ERASMIC FACE POWDER**

. . . in an alluring fragrance that blends sophistication and romance

There's an exciting suggestion of "yesterday-and-to-day" . . . . crinolines and sleek, shiny roadsters . . . . about the perfume of Erasmic Face Powder. It clings around you, lasting for hour upon hour, and keeping everyone guessing what it is and where you found it. In texture, Erasmic is for the woman who chooses her face powder with care. It is silky-smooth, light, yet not too light to cling . . . and it contains not a vestige of any but the safest and best ingredients. *See* and *try* the four lovely shades, each flatteringly true to the skin-type for which it was blended.

Vanishing Cream 2/6 *Jar*, 1/- *Tube*

★ **ERASMIC** *Vanishing* **CREAM**

To prepare your skin for Erasmic Face Powder, apply a light, smooth film of Erasmic Vanishing Cream. This exquisite, satin-textured cream leaves a beautiful, protective base over which rouge and powder go on smoothly and the lovely petal-dull finish remains for hours.

Cold Cream 2/6 *Jar*

★ **ERASMIC** *Cold* **CREAM**

First for cleansing to the depths of each tiny pore, second for bringing back the supple softness of youth, massage nightly with Erasmic Cold Cream. Slap on generous quantities of this rich, frothy cream, give it time to gather up all the day's grime and stale make-up, then wipe it off gently with tissues. Next, with this perfect ally, make war on tiny lines and coming wrinkles, by patting it lightly into forehead, neck and chin. If dryness is your enemy, leave Erasmic Cold Cream on all night for its fragrant softening oils to undo the havoc wrought by wind and weather.

Treat Beauty seriously . . . choose

ERASMIC

Sold at all CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

FACE POWDER VANISHING CREAM COLD CREAM

S7.10.3

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FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

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KNOWLEDGE *by* NUMBERS!

Education Sacrificed to Examination Results

By R. J. H. MOSES

School's out until the New Year.

But 16,000 youngsters from 14 to 18 years are to remain in exquisite suspense for the next month or so until the results of their annual examinations are out.

In effect, and with small exaggeration, theirs is the state of mind of a man in the dock awaiting the return of the jury which will decide whether he be released to the world outside or sentenced to another term of imprisonment within the four walls of an institution.

SURELY there is nothing educational in this. Yet we must admit that the existing system of Intermediate and Leaving Certificate Examinations directly tends to make mental prisons of our schools—so many treadmills of knowledge.

AS long as a school is graded in the public and official mind by the number and quality of the examination passes it secures from year to year; so long as a master or a mistress is judged by the manner in which he or she contributes to that mass success, so long will the ends of true education be defeated. And the ultimate effect will be the production of a nation of Babu bureaucrats.

It is a system for the mechanisation of knowledge; a system which, in the nature of things, can have little sympathy with or even tolerance of individual needs, much less of individual temperaments. Many schools, public and private, boast of "individual tuition." But this means no more than teaching one boy or one girl at a time, which is really not individual tuition in the true sense of teaching down or up to the readily ascertainable peculiarities of any one girl or boy. Impressing on a youngster the sweet reasonableness of the binomial theorem in a private study instead of in the crammed classroom has no virtue if the binomial theorem can mean nothing to him then or ever after.

BUT it is a system admirably adapted to the public examination tests, because these tests in their present form are tests not of learning but of teaching. Not of a child's capacity to assimilate, but of his or her ability to remember, photographically, blackboard demonstrations, or, parrot fashion, ex cathedra

MR. ROSS THOMAS, N.S.W. Director of Education.

expositions of second-hand explanations and criticisms of set texts.

They are tests again, which every examinee regards, rightly or wrongly, as efforts to discover not so much what he does know as what he does NOT know, as efforts to trick him. And there is justification. Take this question from the English Paper at the recent Intermediate (The victims would be round about 14 or 15 years.)

(a) Analyse the following passage, showing the principal and subordinate clauses, together with their relationship to each other; and

(b) Parse the underlined words—

My only hope lay in the possibility of their going to sleep; and never can human eyelids have been watched with more persistence, though of course furtively, than were theirs. Now and then it seemed as if fortune were at last to be on my side, for one nodded and then the other, but never both together. Again and again I fumbled to break off a scrap of the pie, only to desist in a panic as I caught, or imagined that I caught, a waking eye turned upon me.

Having tried that on your own mental piano, ask yourself wouldn't a more useful demand be: "Turn the accompanying passage into ordinary, everyday English."

In fact, the only question in this particular paper we would have felt at home with was 3 (d):

Why did Atalanta lose her last race?

That's easy. We backed her.

BUT seriously, it is a matter for much genuine disquiet to imagine the perturbation in the minds of so many hundreds of juvenile minds for the next little while as to whether they have cleared these absurd hurdles and mazes. Fortunately, these young Australians are, in the great majority, healthy beyond the average, otherwise we should have annual waves of child suicides, such as prevail in certain of the examination-ridden countries of Europe.

The recent determination of the New South Wales education authorities to hold periodical "intelligence tests" is an excellent idea. A much better test of departmental intelligence, however, would be to discover the official reaction to the question

"Are the children in your care there to be educated or just turned into examination fodder?"

Newest Craze in Beauty

By Air Mail.

A NEW trend in beauty doesn't come as suddenly as a new fashion. It creeps on you by degrees. It has been reported from time to time a growing feeling for more natural, healthy make-up, for warm shades as opposed to deep ones, for a glow rather than a brilliance in colour. Now almost every smart face you see is bearing testimony to this trend, and the newest reports from beauty makers bring added evidence in the form of new warm shades of make-up.

On of the most recent of these is the make-up series from Le Charme. There is a warm shade delicate rather than deep, natural and flattering. There are lipstick, dry rouge, a smooth cream rouge (Le Charme rouges are famous for their enduring qualities) powder, foundation cream, and a brand new cucumber vita cream (it contains vitamin "D.") This amazing new discovery feeds the underlying tissues through the pores of the skin. It penetrates to the vitamin-hungry cells beneath the surface. Wrinkles and lines fade away as the new healthy skin grows lovelier and younger.

Le Charme foundation cream is one of those beauty creams that smell and look so luscious that you want to taste it and it goes over your skin with velvet smoothness. Cream rouge blends into this cream like a dream and its effect is exceedingly flattering. It is claimed that with Le Charme any woman can look at any time, radiantly beautiful. All Le Charme preparations are available at various leading Department Shops and progressive Chemists.

If not obtainable at your local store send direct to

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"Varex" is a simple, inexpensive home treatment. No resting required. Only one dressing per week. Write for free booklet: Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymock's Building, George Street, Sydney, and Collins Street, Melbourne.

Woman's WORK IS NEVER DONE!

What! In this modern age?

Tell her about Gas Coppers, Mother!

Little hands may ache from scrubbing, and little backs may sag from bending to stoke an imaginary fire . . . but Mother knows better. With a modern gas copper to replace the old fuel copper, Mother gets her washing done in record time, without heat, soot, grime, danger of fire . . . and above all, without drudgery. A gas copper may be secured for a deposit of 10/- and monthly instalments of 5/-.

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£165 MUST BE WON

1st. £125 — 2nd. £25 — 3rd. £10

£5 will be paid to the competitor sending in largest number of entries.

Closing Date: MONDAY, DECEMBER 16th

Initial Entry Fee of 1/-. Each additional entry 6d. each.

£125 will be paid to the competitor who sends in a coupon giving the correct solution of the Crossword puzzle given below, or, in the event of no correct solution being received, the prize will be awarded to the competitor having the nearest solution to the correct one.

In the event of a tie the prize of £125 will be equally divided between those competitors whose coupons contain the fewest errors.

Second and third prizes shall be treated in like manner. ALL PRIZES MUST BE WON.

CONDITIONS

FILL IN coupons in ink and your name and address in Block Capitals. You may send in as many diagrams as you wish. Extra diagrams may be obtained at the rooms of the I. & W.S. & S.A., 293 Queen Street, Brisbane; The Australian Women's Weekly, Shell House, Ann Street; or Macs Casket Agency, 289 Queen Street (next G.P.O.). If diagram not available, solutions on plain paper will be accepted. Mutilated or altered coupons will be disqualified. All entries to be addressed to

CROSSWORD No. 6, INCAPACITATED and WOUNDED SAILORS and SOLDIERS' ASSOCIATION, BOX 527H, G.P.O., BRISBANE.

No entries received after the 16th December, 1935. Results will be published on the 28th December, 1935. A Sealed Copy of the correct solution has been lodged with the Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly. Keep a copy of your solutions for checking purposes when results appear.

No. 6 Crossword Clues

All words in Chambers' 20th Century Dictionary.

ACROSS

1. Rings out.
6. Drinks slowly
9. Revolves.
11. Present.
12. Employ.
14. Conveyance
16. Coverings.
17. Labour.
18. Mineral water
21. Wrap.
23. Makes unmusical sounds.
24. Name for a female
26. Prefix.
28. Appointed.
31. Rest.
34. Consumed.
35. Girl's name.
36. Fall.
39. REDE (actual)
40. Enlist.
42. Corrected.

DOWN

1. Stone fruit.
2. Contesting place.
3. Behold.
4. Robe.
5. Otherwise.
6. Resting place.
7. Father.
8. A handle.
10. Open (contr.).
13. Undermines.
15. Trundles.
19. Anxieties.
20. Custom.
21. Horse.
22. Pronoun.
25. A measure.
26. An animal.
27. Put in.
29. Shelf.
30. Yield.
32. A.A.E.P.
33. A quadruped.
37. Radical (abb.).
38. Enclosure.
41. Non intoxicating (abb.).

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 5.

Name ....

Address ....

(If Both Coupons used, send P/N 1/6.) P/Ns to be made payable to the I. & W.S. & S. Association, and crossed.

Name ....

Address ....

(If Both Coupons used, send P/N 1/6.) P/Ns to be made payable to the I. & W.S. & S. Association, and crossed.

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Your first appetising cup of Bovril gives you real invigoration; you feel it while you are drinking. When you take *daily* Bovril you find that this regular invigoration is raising the whole tone of your health—giving strength and energy, and, should infection threaten, a more active resistance to disease. Build up your strength with *daily* Bovril.

BOVRIL

OUR *Christmas Book* OFFER

First Shipment of "The Treasury of Knowledge" Arrives

"The Treasury of Knowledge," the valuable book which The Australian Women's Weekly is offering to readers as a special Christmas attraction for boys and girls, is a veritable goldmine of information.

The fourth token for the book appears on page 55, and readers who have collected the necessary four tokens will be able to participate in the first distribution, which will commence on Thursday, November 28.

THE first shipment of "The Treasury of Knowledge" arrived by the S.S. Oronsay last week, but only a limited number of copies are available, and readers who would like to get their books early should forward their completed vouchers, together with 5/6, plus 1/- to cover insurance, postage and packing, without delay.

Personal delivery of the books may be taken at the offices of this newspaper at 321 Pitt Street, Sydney, on and after Thursday, November 28.

In the course of the next couple of weeks, the rush of Christmas mails will considerably interfere with the delivery of book parcels, and the Postal Department has appealed to The Australian Women's Weekly to assist by expediting distribution of this book before the peak period of letters and Christmas cards begins.

Here is a wonderful opportunity for every parent to purchase a present for a boy or girl at a price within the reach of all, with the assurance that "The Treasury of Knowledge" will not only be thoroughly appreciated, but will prove of inestimable value in enlightening them on over 200 different subjects. These include the wonders of the universe, the marvels of science, and the achievements of men and women in the realms of Art and literature.

Although "The Treasury of Knowledge" is a veritable encyclopaedia its contents are presented in such a simple form that any normal child of ten years or upwards can understand it.

Full particulars of this marvellous offer will be found on pages 28 and 29.

STRIKING in its smart simplicity is this evening gown worn by Gladys George, M.-G.-M. player. It is navy-blue with a white stripe, with white cotton fashioning the vestee.

Pears' SOAP Nail Brush FREE

For only 6 Wrappers from PEARS' Transparent Soap

What a sensation this offer will cause! A beautiful little Nail Brush absolutely FREE. Not just an ordinary nail brush, but something extra special with firmly fixed pure black bristles, zylo backed. You'll love the dainty colours.

HOW TO GET YOUR FREE NAIL BRUSH

You need only 6 wrappers from Pears' Original Transparent Soap. Cut out the oval panels and take them to LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET, (OPP. TOWN HALL), SYDNEY.

If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, attach the panels to a piece of paper bearing your name and address (IN BLOCK LETTERS) and the number of oval panels enclosed, and post to GIFT DEPARTMENT, A. & F. PEARS LTD, BOX 4310YY, G.P.O., SYDNEY. Do *not* enclose a letter.

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Trust your skin loveliness to the purity of PEARS

Way back in Grandma's day, there was only one soap mild and gentle enough to care for lovely complexions—Pears. And it's the same to-day. Pears still remains apart from all soaps . . . its transparency tells of its mellow maturity.

A. & F. PEARS LTD.

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"DON'T BE A JOB HUNTER!"

Start your own business on our capital. No hard times; no lay-offs; always your own boss. Hundreds average £5 to £10 a week profit—year after year. We supply stocks on credit. Over 80 Home Necessities. Selling experience unnecessary. Wonderful opportunity in own pleasant, dignified, profitable business backed by world-wide industry. Write Rawleigh Company, Department NS-130U, 60 Rawson Street, Brunswick, N10, Victoria.***

Wireless Waves Cure Colds and Catarrhs

LONDON, January 26, '35.

That Ultra-Short-Wave wireless has at last mastered the common or garden cold—that bugbear of medical research—was the claim made by a Harley Street Specialist, according to the Sydney "Sun," 9.2.'35.

There is nothing more distressing than those violent head colds and constantly recurring catarrhal attacks so many are suffering from.

The claim made above by the Harley Street Specialist has been verified in Sydney by the Thermo-Ray Institute in Macquarie Street. Many cases of chronic catarrhal conditions have rapidly improved after a few applications of the Ultra-Short-Wave Thermo-Ray treatment. Many patients suffering from continued attacks of Hay-fever and other nasal inflammations have been cured.

From week to week we will give a description of different types of complaints treated by Short-Wave Therapy.

Should you require information regarding any ailment you may be suffering from, our medical officer will advise you if this treatment will benefit you.

The Thermo-Ray Institutes, Ltd., with its Headquarters in Macquarie Street, has secured the services of a fully qualified medical staff, and the Dutch Scientist who invented the Thermo-Ray Apparatus. Please address all letters: Thermo-Ray Institutes Ltd., Box 1012-H, G.P.O., Sydney, or 'phone BW-5142.***

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ROEBUCK ... *for Wooden* BUCKJUMPERS

Unique Industry in Sydney Suburb Patronised by Royalty

Two hundred years of family tradition lie behind a unique Australian industry which is being carried on in an unpretentious factory in Norton St., Leichhardt, Sydney.

Here the old-established firm of F. Roebuck and Sons manufactures those rocking-horses which are the delight of children for whom a real horse is as yet a dream of the future.

Here is the factory, also, which turns out the graceful, if inanimate, thoroughbreds which make the merry-go-rounds so attractive to the youngsters. As far as can be ascertained this is the only factory of its kind in Australia.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH and Princess Margaret Rose on a rocking-horse which was secured by their great-grandfather, King Edward VII, for their grandfather, King George V, from John Roebuck.

THE Roebucks come of an old English family which first gained prominence through its connection with the manufacture of cutlery in Sheffield. Another ancestor was the first to introduce into Scotland the process of smelting iron ore by the use of coke, while Dr. John Roebuck, M.D., was the associate of James Watt, inventor of the steam engine.

That the friends of Dr. Roebuck had their own special ideas of his greatness is shown by the inscription on his tomb in England, which is still carefully preserved:

"Underneath this tombstone rests
No Ordinary Man
John Roebuck, M.D."

Two hundred years ago John Roebuck, a great-grandfather of the present head of the Sydney firm, opened a little factory in Euston Road, London, for the manufacture of rocking-horses. A specimen of his earliest work, a miniature horse carved out of English beech, has been handed down from generation to generation in the family, and is now a treasured heirloom of the firm.

John Roebuck, founder of the Australian business, came to New Zealand in the middle of last century, not to seek fame and fortune, but to fight as a soldier in the Maori wars. When peace was declared he emigrated to New South Wales and, following the tradition of the family, commenced the manufacture of rocking-horses in a small shop in Newtown, in the year 1865. John Roebuck seems to have been a trifle lucky. He came to Australia on the sailing ship, Wairarapa, which, on her next voyage across the Tasman, foundered with the loss of 350 lives.

Forty years ago John Roebuck transferred his business to Norton St., Leichhardt, where he worked on until his death five years ago, at the age of 85.

Stanley Roebuck is now carrying on the business with his two sons, who have both become experts in the family trade.

A recent job, of which the Roebucks are very proud, was the manufacture of a life-size model of a racehorse for the Australian Jockey Club. This is the unfiery steed on which Colonel Farr instructs young jockeys in the secrets of how to become a Jim Pike or a Darby Munro of the future.

The Roebuck rocking-horses have found their way into many thousands of homes throughout the British Empire, but the proudest moment in the history of the family was when the late King Edward VII accepted one for the present King of England, when he was the infant Duke of York.

This rocking-horse has been in the possession of the Royal family for nearly 70 years, and is now used by the Royal Princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.

BEWARE... of vitamin deficiency!

Neil Hamilton, in "The Keeper of the Bees," dramatically shows how! Guard against all risk of shortage by a delicious addition to your daily diet. Eat oranges... or drink orange juice... regularly. Orange juice is one of the richest sources of vitamins and mineral salts lacking in most cooked foods. And, oranges are now at their cheapest and best. Keep some always in the house.

Inserted by the Fruitgrowers' Federation of N.S.W. Bligh Street — Sydney

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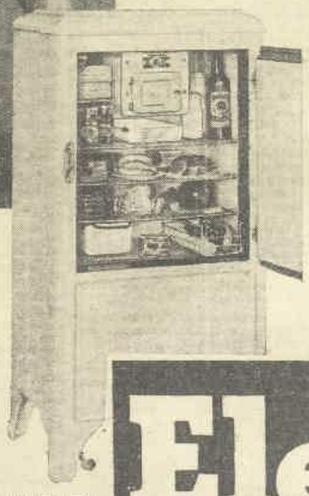

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*

★★ *Two stars—good films.*

★ *One star—average films.*

No stars . . . . no good.

★★ A CUCKOO IN THE NEST

Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, Yvonne Arnaud. (G.B.)

DON'T miss it; it's one of the funniest comedies we've had out here for many a long and dreary day. The situations are farcical, the dialogue good—not a dull line in it—while, as for the players, even hot admirers of this great team of comedians will be pleasantly surprised.

Ralph Lynn and Yvonne Arnaud present their familiar faces, but Tom Walls steps into a character part. And is he good! As the bibulous major, Ralph's father-in-law, he's one of the funniest things the screen has served up. In gesture, make-up and little tricks of expression, he's perfect.

Lynn is the self that is expected in every picture starring him. Travers' witty dialogue suits him to perfection, while his clowning as he tries to make a bed for himself under the wash-stand of a country hotel bedroom would make a cat laugh.

The charm and poise that are Yvonne Arnaud's are an enjoyable addition to this film, as is, too, Robertson Hare, as the curate, with his "Have a care, sir; have a care."

At any rate, what's the use of writing any more about it. A packed house on the opening night laughed from the time the picture commenced until it ended. That's the final test. And nobody laughed louder than I did.—Mayfair; showing.

★ RECKLESS

Jean Harlow, William Powell. (M.-G.-M.)

THE author of this story is, apparently, obsessed by the idea that when a man meets with a disappointment in love he immediately flies to the bottle. Powell, as Ned Riley, drowns his sorrows when blonde Jean Harlow, the object of his silent adoration, marries Franchot Tone. It is not too convincing a portrayal of a drunken man, but that's not the author's fault. Later, when Franchot's first love, whom he deserted for Jean, marries in her turn, he, too, becomes decidedly alcoholic. His display is better than Powell's, and, just to round things off neatly, he finishes the bout by shooting himself. It makes fine prohibition propaganda.

Leaving the subject of drinking we arrive at Miss Harlow. She is as blonde and as beautiful as ever, but why must she sing? Or dance? There may be an audience for her kind of voice and the floating about the stage that makes up her dancing, but it leaves me cold when it doesn't make me hot under the collar.

Powell, except when indulging in a debauch, is his usual very capable self. Tone is good, also. The weakness of the film is the story. Not many will like it, while the climax, showing a dauntless Jean Harlow quelling a theatre full of hissing, antagonistic people by sheer force of personality, takes a bit of digesting.—St. James; showing.

★ MY OLD DUTCH

Betty Balfour, Michael Hogan, Gordon Harker. (G.B.)

AFTER getting off to a good start, this picture maintains its pace for half the distance, only to become half-drowned in a flood of tears long before the finishing-post is in sight.

It is not the traditional "Old Dutch" story, the Chevalier one, but it follows the original in sentimentality if not in detail. Even Betty Balfour's make-up, as age comes creeping on her, is as unconvincing as was that of her predecessor in Chevalier's old silent film.

Hogan and Gordon Harker do the best work in the film; the former in particular. Even when the exigencies of the story force him to totter around like an old-age pensioner suffering from St. Vitus's dance, he manages to get a semblance of reality into what he is doing. Harker is—well, Harker. Soon, however, he'll have to learn a trick to take the place of that under-the-breath swearing of his. His lip movement is funny the first half-dozen times you see it, but the novelty wears off.

The younger members of the cast are just middling. Taking it all round, the picture is fair. A good job could have been made of it if big chunks had been carved out of it, if hackneyed situations had been ruthlessly vetoed, and if the pathos (or bathos) had been laid on less thickly.—Mayfair; showing.

★ CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI

Warner Oland, Irene Hervey. (Fox.)

CHARLIE CHAN has set foot in more and more varied quarters of this vale of tears than even those celebrated gentlemen, Mandrake the Magician and Brick Bradford (themselves no mean travellers, mark you!). After having foiled criminals in nearly every other section of the globe, the celebrated Chan has now turned his attention to Shanghai, bringing in his wake the inevitable discomfiture of some, at least, of the forces of evil who, according to romantic novelists, infest that notorious seaport.

It must be said of Warner Oland that he is, above all things, consistent. He gives us a Chan who still abounds in utterances that resemble newspaper headlines when they are not too blatantly the conception of a tenth-rate European writer trying to express himself in the idiom of the Orient. He still presents a Chan whose blandness is only a cloak for an astuteness which is always a jump or two ahead of the criminals he is combating.

But don't let this discourage you. There have been lots worse mystery stories than this. The yarn hangs together well; there is plenty of action; and, if you guess the denouement before it arrives, well, that's your fault. A lot of people won't.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ MAD LOVE

Peter Lorre, Frances Drake. (M.-G.-M.)

THIS must be the open season for mad surgeons. Just as all hands begin to pull themselves together after "The Raven," Peter Lorre is let loose as Doctor Gogol, another unbalanced genius, who is sent completely nuts (in film language) by the violence of his unrequited love.

"Mad Love" is a very Grand Guignolish effort. The tone of it is set by the opening sequences, which take place in a small Parisian theatre which goes in for nothing but plays of horror.

Following on a torture scene, which acts as a kind of appetiser for what is to follow, we are presented with a train smash, an execution by guillotine, a perfect plethora of operating theatre glimpses, a murder, and, finally, a magnificent outbreak of insanity on Doctor Gogol's part, under the influence of which he tries to commit a very pretty piece of strangling, and is only prevented by a knife in the small of the back.

All this, of course, is helped along by some passionate love outburst, and by comedy, where necessary, supplied by Ted Healy and May Beatty. Lorre's acting is good, but whether you will consider it good enough to justify the picture depends on whether or not you like this kind of thing. If you do, go by all means.—Cameo; showing.

★ SHADOW OF DOUBT

Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Bruce. (M.-G.-M.).

AN ingenious enough murder mystery which leads to two further killings before it is solved. Speaking of the solution, by the way, very few will pick the killer until the film is right on its last couple of hundred feet.

So much for the story; it is always unfair with a picture of this type to give too much away. Now for the actors. As is usual with M.-G.-M. productions, they are all capable.

Constance Collier, as Aunt Melissa, supplies the greater part of the comedy. Without being in the front rank of those who can play the rich, unpredictable society lady, no longer of uncertain age, she is up to the job of producing laughs.

Taking it all in all, a show you can see without feeling, afterwards, as if you'd like to commit mayhem on the manager of the theatre.—Cameo; showing.

★ MEN OF THE HOUR

Richard Cromwell, Billie Seward. (Columbia.)

CHEERS! Hollywood is realising, at last, that journalists are not the only daring fellows who risk life, limb, and reputation (only most of 'em have none of the third) for news.

This is a story of the men who go out for the newsreel stories—camera men. It is chock full of action, and will provide a pleasing change to those who are tired of the perpetual gangster stories, murder mysteries, horror pictures, musicals, and tenth-rate comedies that are showered upon us.

All the members of the cast are well up to the calls made upon them by the scenario. The love interest is safe in the hands of Billie Seward, as Ann Jordan, with Richard Cromwell assisting when his trials, tribulations, and misadventures as a news-cameraman permit. Wallace Ford, in the part of Andy Blane, a big-shot camera man, is O.K.

A picture that all the family, from the kids up, will be able to enjoy without that dull feeling that they've seen it all before.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

A NEW AND CHARMING STUDY of Norma Shearer, M.-G.-M. star. The role of Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet" will give this young actress an opportunity to show what she can do in classical comedy.

HOLLYWOOD *Highlights*

Nowhere is rumor and gossip so rampant as it is in Hollywood. Some of it is of interest only to members of the movie colony, but some has an interest for that huge public to whom the doings of the stars are as absorbing as any novel could be.

The highlights of Hollywood gossip that follow are sent exclusively to us by our special correspondent, who is in close touch with all the personalities of this glamorous picture-world.

From Our Hollywood Correspondent

THROUGHOUT the hectic Barrymore-Costello-Barrie affair, with its dramatic and humorous, and sometimes ugly aspects, the lovely and gentle Dolores remained dignified and aloof.

Her statements to the Press were few and reserved; and when she appeared in court she showed no rancor, but only sorrow. Sad-eyed, she told the Judge of the incidents that led to the divorce. Claims of cruelty and intoxication had been withdrawn. She merely stated that her husband deserted her on August 28, 1934, and that she had not seen him since. Before leaving for New York he had telephoned her, saying, "Good-bye and good luck."

ONE of the most talked-of women in the world: Mae West characteristically posed.

A Publicity Seeker

THE errant John had his wife's permission to visit their children, John, jun., 3, and Dolores, 5, and during his brief stop-over in California spent ten or fifteen minutes with them. The rest of the time he took refuge from reporters and hordes of curiosity seekers in the home of brother Lionel. John needed the rest badly. The task of eluding the purposeful young Elaine evidently had tried him sorely.

Miss Costello won 850 dollars a month alimony, and 163,000 dollars in securities. Barrymore keeps 100,000 dollars in securities, and three parcels of real estate, and his yacht, Infanta.

No longer does the great lover of the screen refer to Miss Barrie as "Ariel." "She is a charming young lady," says John, "but is a publicity seeker." And that seems to sum up the situation so far as his erstwhile protegee is concerned.

THE dazzling and glittering Mae West may be seen racing about Hollywood in her new chalk-white motor with white-uniformed chauffeur to match. This chaste white setting may be evidence of Miss West's sense of humor. She is said to be the cause of the present wave of purity censorship of the movies.

She recently displayed the kind of courage that is glorified in films. Threatened with death or disfigurement by acid, she was commanded to deliver large sums of money at a certain place. Acting under instructions from the district attorney's office, she herself carried out the directions of the extortionists, with the result that seven men were captured by the police.

"Klondike Lou" is Miss West's next picture, with Victor McLaglen taking the opposite role.

Film Juliet

THERE is much discussion as to the suitability of Norma Shearer in the role of the famous Juliet. General opinion is that she will score another triumph. She is the youngest on record to portray the role on either the stage or screen. Fourteen-year-old Juliet is usually played by middle-aged women.

Miss Shearer remains the woman beautiful. Her slender figure, exquisite grooming, and what has been called her "tubbed and scrubbed" look render her a joy to the eye. Women will be interested to know that she has abandoned the practice of darkening her eyebrows. Inspired by old Italian paintings, she feels that the paler shading over the eyes is more flattering.

Doug. in France

FRIENDS of Douglas Fairbanks, the elder, will be amused at an incident reported to have taken place in the Casino at Cannes. The story goes that Fairbanks, having dinner with Lady Ashley, was so displeased with the dish of lamb chops served him that his waiters and the head waiter were all treated to a hearty round of abuse. Lady Ashley pleaded with him to desist, but, all efforts failing, she leaned over, slapped him on the mouth, and tossed the offending chops away. Thereupon, Fairbanks smiled ruefully, and with a gracious apology ordered another dish

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REDUCE *but don't diet*

Announcer John Harper tells you how to do it

Listen in to 2KY every afternoon this week from 5 until 5.15

BERLEI LIMITED SYDNEY LONDON AND AUCKLAND

MISS VICTORIA FORTH, a talented young Sydney dancer, who will appear in a German classical dance at a garden party in the grounds of Scarba, Bondi, on Saturday, November 30, in aid of the funds of that home.

ST. GEORGE *for* *Up-to-date* KITCHENS

Helping Housewives to Help the Revenue

St. George County Council, with headquarters at Kogarah, is about to initiate a social service for women on a scale never before attempted in Australia by a Local Government body.

This county council consists of representatives of four Sydney municipalities, Kogarah, Hurstville, Bexley, and Rockdale, and was constituted twelve years ago for the purpose of supplying the four municipalities with electric light and power.

SOME ten months ago the county council was fortunate in securing the services of Mrs. Gardiner, a young woman of wide experience and remarkable ability, to take charge of its home service department.

Mrs. Gardiner has made a life study of everything appertaining to the use of electricity in the home. It has been her life dream to establish a model all-electric kitchen, embodying all the conveniences that the use of electricity has made possible.

The county council has now given Mrs. Gardiner a free hand and the result of her efforts is apparent in the model demonstration kitchen now attached to the Council Chambers, which will be officially opened to the public on Friday next.

Beauty and Comfort

MRS. GARDINER'S idea is that before building a home womenfolk of the district should bring along their husbands and their architects to see this model kitchen. They will then be able to form some idea of what real comfort in aesthetic surroundings can be incorporated in a kitchen at reasonable cost.

Adjoining the kitchen is the laundry, also fitted with every device to make laundry work simple, even to the ironing board which folds up into the wall when not in use.

After the model kitchen is opened on Friday next, it is intended thereafter to give demonstrations in cooking, and in the use of electricity in the kitchen two or three times a week. It is hoped that the auditorium attached to the kitchen will be a meeting place where the housewives of the Illawarra district can meet and exchange ideas.

Apart from the localised service, whenever a cooking range is installed in any home in the district Mrs. Gardiner personally visits the home and instructs the housewife in its use.

SUNLIGHT SOAP OFFER *to continue!*

Result of Huge Demand

FREE BATH TOWELS and PILLOWCASES WILL STILL BE AVAILABLE DURING 1936

Thousands have asked for the Sunlight offer to go on . . . so we make this sensational announcement. Your Sunlight Soap wrappers will *still* bring you beautiful white Bath Towels and embroidered Pillowcases in 1936! Keep saving Sunlight wrappers!

How to get your Free Gifts

SAVE 34 WRAPPERS FOR A BATH TOWEL 46 x 23 inches, a beautifully thick, soft white towel, genuine British Admiralty make.

SAVE 27 WRAPPERS FOR A PILLOWCASE, 31½ x 21 inches, popular *housewife style in fine* pillow cotton with hemstitched finish and dainty embroidery.

Cut off the required number of wrapper tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (opp. Town Hall), SYDNEY.

If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, post wrapper tops with your name and address written in BLOCK LETTERS, number of wrappers enclosed and gift required to: "Sunlight Department," Lever Brothers Limited, Box 4318YY, G.P.O., Sydney. DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED

L191.27

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Send stamped, addressed envelope to obtain a free illustrated booklet and confidential particulars of my Matrimonial Correspondence Club. Make acquaintances all over Australia.

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Here's £100 to spend for Christmas

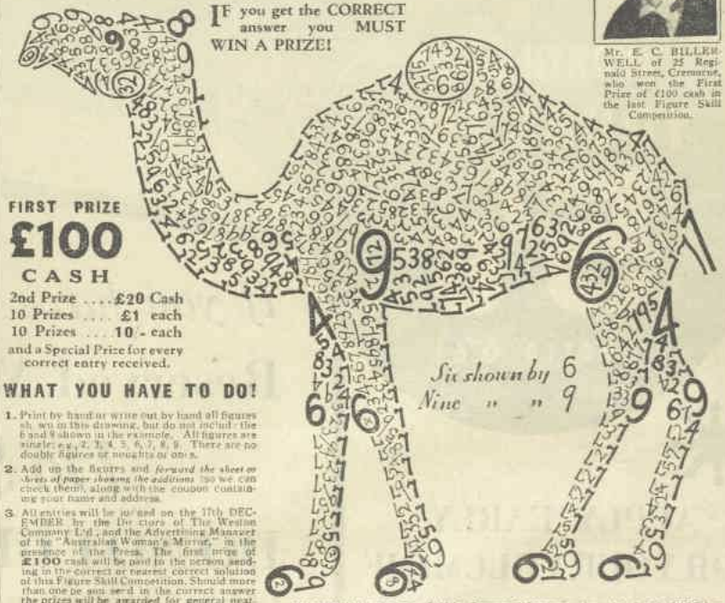
THE COMPETITION YOU LIKE—there is no catch! There is no guesswork! If you add up the figures correctly you have a fair and equal chance to win £100 cash quickly because every entry is carefully checked by reputable judges, in the presence of the Press.

ADD THEM UP!

Get to work NOW. Eleven people have already won £100 each in past Figure Skill Competitions which have been conducted over the past seven years and which are noted for fairness in judging and promptness in paying Prizes. ENTRANCE FEE 1/- (postal note) and self-stamped, addressed envelope for results must be sent.

IF you get the CORRECT answer you MUST WIN A PRIZE!

Mr. E. C. BILLERWELL of 25 Reginald Street, Cremorne, who won the First Prize of £100 cash in the last Figure Skill Competition.



FIRST PRIZE **£100** CASH

2nd Prize . . . . £20 Cash
10 Prizes . . . . £1 each
10 Prizes . . . 10/- each
and a Special Prize for every correct entry received.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!

1. Print by hand or write out by hand all figures shown in this drawing, but do not include the 6 and 9 shown in the example. All figures are single figures, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. There are no double figures or noughts or ones.
2. Add up the figures and *forward the sheet or sheets of paper showing the additions* so we can check them, along with the coupon containing your name and address.
3. All entries will be judged on the 17th DECEMBER by the Directors of The Weston Company Ltd., and the Advertising Manager of the "Australian Woman's Mirror," in the presence of the Press. The first prize of £100 cash will be paid to the person sending in the correct or nearest correct solution of this Figure Skill Competition. Should more than one be sent in the correct answer, *the prizes will be awarded for general neatness* of figures presented in the simplest manner. Second prize will be awarded to the next best solution, and so on, until all the prizes are distributed.
4. School teachers, commercial artists and draughtsmen and first or second prize-winners in any of the previous Figure Skill Competitions are debarred from entering.
5. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition.
6. One person may forward any number of entries on plain paper, provided each entry is accompanied by A POSTAL NOTE FOR 1/- AND A STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS.
7. Send all entries in the same envelope.

SPECIAL CASH PRIZES FOR YOUNG & OLD

£10/10/- A special prize of £10/10/- cash will be paid to the best correct, or nearest correct, entry submitted by entrants over 60 years of age. Competitors over 60 years please state age on coupon.

£5 EACH BEST BOY AND GIRL UNDER 15.

Two special cash prizes. £5 will be paid to the boy and £5 to the girl sending in the best entry. Competitors, who must be under 15 years of age, please state age on coupon.

ADDITIONAL COPIES of this Competition may be obtained FREE by writing to the address on the coupon and enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope.

Closing Date: This Competition will close at 6 p.m. on Monday, the 16th December, by which time all entries MUST BE RECEIVED.

Results: Results will be posted to every competitor immediately after the judging. Main prize-winners notified by wire on the 17th December.

The Secretary, "Figure Skill" Competition, Box 4120WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Age

The total of all figures in the above drawing is

ENCLOSED IS A POSTAL NOTE FOR 1/- AND MY PAPER SHOWING THE ABOVE NUMBERS ADDED UP, together with *A STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING MY NAME AND ADDRESS.* I certify that this is my own work and I am eligible to compete in accordance with the conditions, and I agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and legally binding.

NAME

STREET

TOWN STATE

Please write plainly and state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY'

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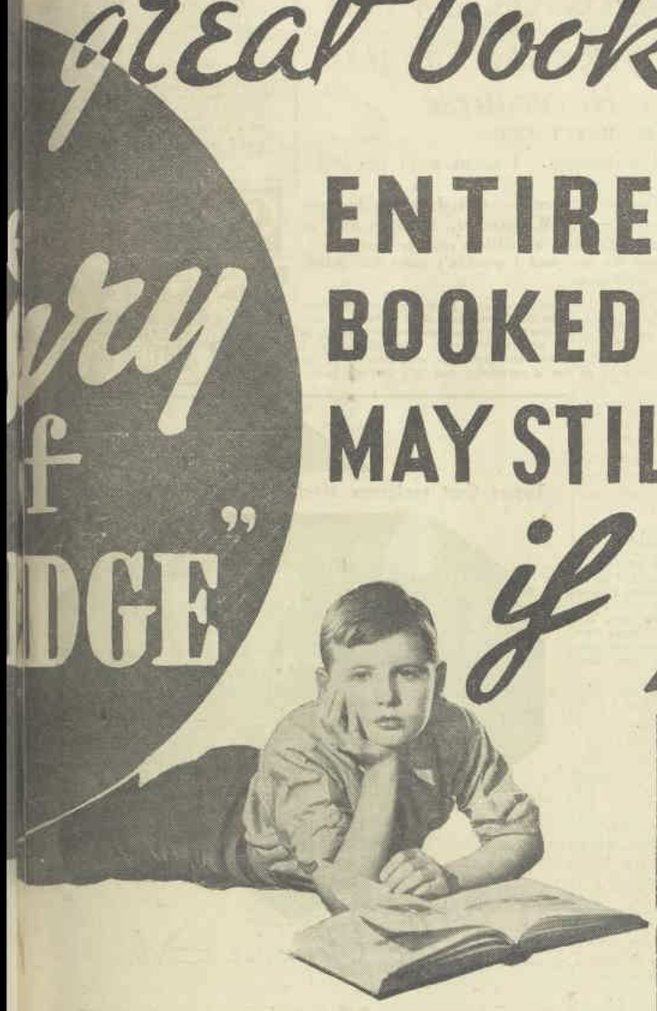

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HOW TO QUALIFY

Cut out the token (Series K) from the right hand top corner of the inside back page of The Australian Women's Weekly, and paste it on the first of the four spaces provided in the voucher. Do this for four weeks with tokens cut from four consecutive issues. No other tokens but series K will be accepted in this offer. You may commence to qualify with Token No. K1 or any subsequent token. Having collected four tokens of Series K, write your name and address on your Voucher. Bring in 5/6, with your Voucher properly completed, and you will be immediately handed your volume of "THE TREASURY of KNOWLEDGE."

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Send in your Voucher, Address Label, four tokens and a postal note for 6/6, which includes 1/- to cover cost of packing, carriage, insurance, etc. DO NOT SEND STAMPS. Write your name and address on the back of your postal note and make it payable to The Australian Women's Weekly. For your protection keep a record of the number of your postal note. Then send the postal note, with your Voucher and address form to: The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4108WW, G.P.O., Sydney, and your volume will then be despatched.

THE WOMEN'S WEEKLY "TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE" BOOK OFFER!

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Here is a specimen token similar to the four of series K you have to cut from not more than 4 separate weekly issues of The Australian Women's Weekly. Tokens appear each week in the top right-hand corner of the inside back page.

USE GUM, NOT PINS

1	2
3	4

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for the "TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE"

Send this Voucher to The Australian Women's Weekly as soon as completed in accordance with the directions below (at left).

To Book Dept., Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt St. (Box 4108WW, G.P.O.), Sydney.

Please give me the book as applied for.

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WRIST WATCHES Cameras, Ma-Ma Dolls, Fountain Pens and many other valuable prizes, also cash commission, for selling small parcel of tested garden seeds. Send for parcel and big illustrated catalogue of presents. SEND NO MONEY NOW, only name and address. Write to-day.

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Men or women earn good incomes selling Gilmour Products. Highest Quality Essences, Spices, Medicines, Soap, Insecticides, Foods, Ointments, Toilet Preparations, etc.—NECESSITIES ALWAYS IN DEMAND—sell to friends and neighbours—NO RISK—no capital needed—we can finance you to buy at manufacturer's low prices—advertising, sales training, everything supplied—PROVED SUCCESS—full time pays £5 TO £10 WEEKLY.

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If you have bad luck in the Lottery, games, gambling, love, business, you should carry a pair of Mystic Brahma Highly - Dynamic Loadstones. These loadstones are carried by occult Oriental people as a powerful charm—one to prevent bad luck, evil, and misfortune, and the other, to attract much good luck, love, happiness, and prosperity. Posted by return mail, price 4/6 the pair. Posted 3d. extra. Money refunded in 7 days if not satisfied.

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THIS POWERFUL POCKET MICROSCOPE

having all the power and definition of the more expensive instruments, can be used for a myriad purposes. Indispensable for testing cotton, wool, food crystals, etc. besides many interesting things as examining insects and animalcules. Requires no skill to use. Complete with object glasses, packed in a neat case to carry in the pocket. Only Two Shillings, including postage to any address.

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This always useful outfit comprises an Everlasting Glass Nib Fountain Pen, once used you will want no other, three tablets of Magic Ink, blue-black, red, green and violet, a pencil with rubber, and a handy Memo Pad. All for One Shilling and Threepence post free.

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UNBREAKABLE. About 27 inches High.

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Reproduction of a French creation in fine, fast colours on cloth that won't tear. Intended to be stuffed. Grandma's Model Doll never fails to please. Will outlast a dozen expensive Dolls. Price only 2/6 posted, and for the next 30 days one Baby Doll given free.

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You need not be a "wallflower" or "outsider" any longer, for I GUARANTEE to make you a graceful, finished dancer, almost overnight. My amazing Home-study Method NEVER FAILS. To celebrate the New Season 1000 copies of my big instructive book, "Dancing Made Easy," are offered FREE to readers of this paper. Just send name and full address (including State) and book will be forwarded absolutely FREE by return mail.

PROF. DUMONT, F.S.A., Studio D, 192 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Recommended Holidays

The Australian Women's Weekly recommends the following trips to its readers. In all cases, except where mentioned, the price is INCLUSIVE, providing for fares, sightseeing, and accommodation.

Leave Sydney Dec. 24th or 31st by car for Orange via Jenolan Caves and Bathurst. One week's stay in Orange. Return Jan. 1st or 8th by car.... £5/10/-

Leave Sydney Dec. 25th, Myall Lakes, Port Stephens, Tuggerah Lakes, Barrington Tops by car. Plenty of excursions, splendid fishing, all accommodation, Shoal Bay. Return Sunday, Jan. 4th. Inclusive price £11/18/-

THE ENTRANCE—Special! By car via Hawkesbury, Mooney-Mooney, Gosford Look-Out, Terrigal, with 8 days' accommodation and return by car. Leave Nov. 30th, Dec. 7th, 14th, 21st, and Xmas Eve £4/4/-

Hobart, leaving Sydney Dec. 4th, 11th, 18th, reaching home Dec. 16th, 23rd, 30th, etc., etc., 13 days in all £15/10/-

TO COLOMBO and return with full accommodation during stay and fascinating motor tours, etc. Leave Sydney Dec. 21st, returning Jan. 29th. Boat calls Melbourne, Adelaide, Fremantle.. £50/5/-

First class, April 10th to 14th, Easter cruise to Lord Howe Island and return. Other accommodation at £10 .. £8/-/-

Leave Sydney Dec. 17th for wonderful holiday on Day Dream Island, Barrier Reef. Ideal Xmas trips. All cruising included. Return to Sydney Jan. 6th £25/6/-

FOR ALL LOCAL HOLIDAYS AND GUEST HOUSE ACCOMMODATION

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

RADIO HOUSE 300 PITT ST., SYDNEY TEL. MA4496

BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES!

How to be Really Popular on a Racecourse

By BETTY GEE

I wish I owned racehorses. I mean good ones like Jaccuse.

Look at Willie Curtis. Since he started racing Jaccuse he has owned two hotels — in William St., Sydney, and at Punchbowl. They say he's won a million on the horse.

Well, £10,000 would do me, and I wouldn't want two hotels either. I'd be satisfied with one.

But nobody envies Willie Curtis his good luck. He's popular because he's frank about his chances. Of course, without egotism, I might claim that it's because I'm easy on the eyes of any man who tells me.

But tell me he does, early in the day, and I can get the right odds. I simply couldn't help getting 5 to 1 about Jaccuse. You would have thought Willie didn't know his horse was a good thing the way those books threw defiance at us punters.

Dickie Grumbled

I was winning. I had £1 on Jeanne d'Arc, so I slipped in for my £15 to £3 about Jaccuse, and then found Dickie and forgot all about my £3 already on and told him to put £2 on for me. He grumbled, but I said I had it from the owner that Jaccuse simply couldn't lose, so he did what I told him—asked him, I mean.

But he got only 4 to 1, and was lucky to get that, because it started at 5 to 2.

Jaccuse won, but it was by only a whisker, and I was all het up over the finish. Dickie said I looked like somebody who had the housekeeping money at stake, but he didn't know that I had £5 out, including the two he put on. But I would have lost only three if Jaccuse had been beaten.

Yes, I had something on poor Dickie, and he didn't know it, the poor dear. But he did the right thing by me. He had a good win and gave me 5 to 1 for the two he put on for me, but that was only my due, wasn't it, considering I got the tip? All he did was to put up the money to bet.

Talked Out of It

Just the same, I had a terrible thing happen to me in the Novice. I fancied Dual Ratio, because I'd seen the name in a story somewhere or other. But when I mentioned it, Dickie said, "What chance has that goat got? He's been beaten at Menangle and has been bleeding twice after track gallops in the last fortnight."

I "did" £3 on Bulletin instead, and after the way the books were "belting" it about I should have been slapped, and Dickie too, for putting me off the winner.

Well, after tipping you all Architect a week ago, you'd have thought I could have held my next bridge "At Home" at the Australia. But listen to this!

Not that I missed it. I never drop a horse I like (except Dual Ratio), but the way the books treated Architect you'd have thought they'd just seen somebody saw one of his legs off. He opened at 2 to 1, and just before the start debonair Ernie Vandenberg was offering 4's to 1. But I was a little lucky. Joe Matthews snapped up four £50's off him, and I know that if Joe puts £50 on a horse you can borrow money on the prospect like a royal routine in an impolite poker school where they bet on certainties.

So I decided to take the risk, but only for £2. Of course it won. Just went to the front and said "ta ta" to the field.

Says the Butcher

Don't think I came off scatheless in the other races. Water Waggon cost me £2 because somebody told me that a man at Rosehill, who's known Tommy Haylen, the owner, for 25 years, and never had more than £5 on a horse, had put £25 on him.

To finish up, I put "the purse" on Autoland because I saw a nice-looking gentleman popping it on in large piles. And he was beaten by a head and a head into third place. Could you imagine anything more tragic?

The butcher says Verquette is the best horse the bush has sent down for a long time, and gave me the tip about him for Moorefield next Saturday, and I don't care what happens, I'm going to be on Bonnie Royal. Our Chinaman, I mean the vegetable one, gave it to me for a certainty, and he's terribly lucky.

OVERNIGHT RELIEF FOR CONSTIPATION

When the bowels become clogged with a mass of poisonous stomach waste, sick headache with all its attendant misery, belching of sour stomach gases and general discomfort, are sure to follow. You need a mild and gentle laxative, one that will carry off the congested mass without upsetting the stomach or griping the bowels.

TAKE CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

A dose when retiring will afford grateful relief next morning without unpleasantness or discomfort

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DON'T NEGLECT A CUT

DALZO STICKING PLASTER

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Both in their early thirties — yet this woman is as well cared for, as fresh and as confident as when they were married ten years ago.

She is a member of the "Younger Set" in more ways than in the literal sense. She is modern, progressive, she "goes with the times", and is willing to scrap the old for the new.

She cares for herself as well as for her home and her clothes. She knows that a clear complexion is more important than a polished sideboard, more important even than a new gown. She concentrates on essentials, determined to preserve her attractiveness as long as possible, and therefore welcomes Hedley's cleansing cream, powder base, astringent and face powder, the most modern products of their type available.

Ingredients formerly only used in the most expensive Continental and American Beauty Salons have been included in these new—refreshingly new creations.

Rapidly replacing older and now obsolete cosmetics there is a definite swing in favour of

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Skin Food ... 2/6 Powder Base . 2/6

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Distributing Agents for N.S.W.: HABERS & CO. LTD., 49 Clarence Street.

R. & K. Powell Advertising

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Aides Ponsonby and Holford much interested in Manoora Manoeuvres Ball? Ponsonby will star in humorous mannequin parade, and Holford to judge eloquent eye competition.

Wrong River Crossings

CAPTAIN BILL CRELLIN and vivacious wife to be transferred from Sydney to Duntroon. . . . Not long since Mrs. Crellin did amazingly sudden motor trip to old home at Toowoomba with brother taking turns at wheel. . . . Couple did quite a lot of night travelling and found punt men somewhat irate when routed out to take them across northern rivers only to find that crossing had been made at wrong point. . . . Captain and Mrs. Crellin very popular, and will be much missed.

❖ ❖ ❖

New Zealanders most appreciative of baritone Clem Williams' broadcasts. Popular artist leaves next week for further tours of North and South Islands. Mrs. Williams is one of Sydney's best accompanists.

❖ ❖ ❖

Castle-like Home

PARTY at castle-like home of Mrs. Edmund Resch, Darling Point, scene of much gaiety on Friday. . . . Energetic committee responsible for outsize gathering in aid of District Nursing Association. . . . Fifty young girls in shorts and shirts played in tennis competition with prizes for best efforts given by hostess. . . . Musical programme in ballroom of high order. . . . Mrs. E. W. Fenner, Mrs. C. W. Rundle, Mrs. Daisy Sale, Mrs. C. E. Fawsitt and Joan Rundle among those congratulating themselves on afternoon's success.

Hostess Made Savories

LADY SNOWDEN and daughter Jean both sported large shoulder sprays at cocktail party given by them at Overseas League rooms on Friday. . . . Jean had, prior to party, donned workmanlike apron and made all savories. . . . Many guests arrived after Orion party. . . . Captain Ponsonby chatted with two Queensland visitors, Mr. Skevington, recent arrival from England, renewed old acquaintances. Oswald Cheeke, Joan and Bunty Broadway among guests.

Billiards-cum-Supper

MRS. JOHN KEEP and Mrs. Gordon Allard arranged dance at Prince Edward Yacht Club in cause of charity on Saturday. . . . Only friends invited to purchase tickets. . . . Jolly Millers added to air of informality. . . . Lovely white frock worn by Mrs. Bruz Eyres, who has just returned from Europe. . . . Gathered round billiards-cum-supper table were Major and Mrs. Bill Wellings, Beryl Stanton in beige lace and chiffon, the Mick Bardsleys and Keith Younger couple.

❖ ❖ ❖

Mrs. Yaldwin and daughter Carlie arrived in town during week-end. Queensland visitors motored from north, and Queen's Club, Sydney, headquarters.

❖ ❖ ❖

Z-Y-X's Party

THOSE whose names come at end of alphabet had jolly party on board Orion on Thursday. . . . Many sightseers appeared to have gleam in eyes as cabins-de-luxe were inspected. . . . Much talk of early booking in air. . . . Tact used by stewards at end of afternoon to indicate to die-hard visitors that party now at end. . . . Monty Walker couple, Mrs. Archie White and Eileen, Mrs. Keith Younger, Dr. and Mrs. Glan Satchell among those on ship.

Portrait of Sir John Harvey

EVER since early days of Cranbrook, Sir John Harvey has taken keenest interest in school doings... Famous Judge has been chairman and president of council since inauguration, 1917... Sound judgment and enthusiasm have been of inestimable benefit to school... Cranbrook School Parents and Friends' Association having oil painting made of Sir John. Harold Abbott artist chosen for work... Picture is to hang in school hall and will be splendid inspiration to young Cranbrookians.

The Baby's Name

JAMES BROGAN and wife, formerly Gretchen Landahl, tripped all way from Lane Cove to Ryde for christening of baby, Margaret Helen. . . . Rev. Stubbins, who officiated, had performed christening and marriage ceremony for young mother, and had also officiated at grandmother's wedding. All ceremonies took place at old historic church of St. Anne's. . . . Margaret Stokes, school friend of Mrs. Brogan, promised to attend to baby's future instruction in matter of catechism.

"Busman's Holiday"

FLYING Officer F. S. Gardner, R.A.F., has had adventurous furlough. . . . Commenced proceedings by "busman's holiday." . . . Traversed distance from Singapore to Australia by air. . . . Was recently attached to aircraft carriers, Eagle and Hermes, in Chinese waters. . . . No doubt wary eye kept open for denizens of Bias Bay during manoeuvres. . . . Flying fan now on way to England by Orion.

Professorial Holiday

PROFESSOR AND MRS. DAKIN sail by Monterey next trip for twelve months' tour abroad. . . . Three months to be spent in America. . . . Professor will renew friendships with academic friends at Berkley University, California, where open-air Greek Theatre is feature of grounds. . . . Then to Harvard, Seattle, Chicago, and New York. . . . Californian fisheries to be thoroughly inspected as Professor's expert knowledge of fish, edible and otherwise, well known. . . . England, Norway, Sweden, and Germany to be visited before return. . . . Mrs. Dakin will collect all data in connection with women's colleges throughout wanderings. . . . Only son, Harvey, at present coping with third-year med. exams, will board at St. Paul's College during parents' absence.

Bandits, Revolutions, Pirates?

BANDITS, revolutions and pirates hold no fears for Elaine Moffitt. . . . Sailed for China on board Kano Maru during week-end. . . . Marriage to Lionel Le Gay Brereton to take place immediately after arrival. . . . Future mother-in-law accompanied prospective bride. . . . Farewell party given for travellers by Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Moffitt at Gordon prior to departure.

MRS. A. E. GRACE choosing flowers for indoors from her wonderful garden at Vaucluse Road, Vaucluse. The garden runs down to the water's edge and is ablaze with flowers.

—Women's Weekly Photo

Chatter Discouraged

CHATTY parties decidedly discouraged at G. & S. performances. . . . Quite a few loquacious ladies frowned upon at Saturday's performance of "H.M.S. Pinafore," with curtain-raiser "Box and Cox." . . . Florence Austral makes ideal member of audience. She occupied box with husband John Amadio and Beatrice Tange and laughed heartily at witty sayings behind footlights. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones were accompanied by Mrs. Stokes Hughes, and Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Kelly occupied first row of dress circle.

Home For Christmas

SEATON ABSELL, of Colonial Sugar Refining Company, Fiji, is keeping promise and sending wife home for Christmas in Sydney. . . . Young couple married at Shore Chapel twelve months ago, and have made home at Labasa, three days from Suva. . . . Mrs. Absell, formerly Lilian Totolos, only child of Mr. and Mrs. T. Totolos, of Cremorne. . . . Parents will be on wharf to meet incoming Monterey next week. . . . Seaton Absell follows on next ship for Sydney holiday.

Auburn-haired Bride

SAFE to predict that Harold Flett and brand new bride will not miss chances of treading light fantastic during honeymoon in New Zealand. . . . During pre-wedding days of couple in Sydney they were first on parquet floor when dance bands struck up. . . . Harold, who is son of Sir John and Lady Flett, of London, as one might guess from enthusiasm, is excellent ballroom performer. . . . Bride, formerly Isabelle Lorigan, auburn-haired New Zealander. . . . Her mother crossed Tasman for wedding ceremony on Saturday.

Lapstone Party

IN a gorgeous black evening gown scattered over with lilies, Mrs. George Stenning danced with husband at first of Lapstone Hotel's opening nights under new management on Friday. . . . Extensive improvements to caravanserai include glass walls emulating Bertilini's Hotel in Naples, with mountain scenery in lieu of Mediterranean. . . . Modern lighting effects with changing colors added to romantic glamor of ballroom.

❖ ❖ ❖

Mrs. S. R. Stafford is laying in store of tropical clothes for tour of East in near future. Dr. Stafford will accompany her to Singapore and then return to Australia.

❖ ❖ ❖

Tanned Complexion

MOST of Joan Sayers' weeks at sea evidently spent on sun-deck. . . . Tanned complexion shown to advantage by sophisticated gown of turquoise blue worn at Romano's on Saturday. . . . Four-inch shoulder straps, short train and cowl neck features of frock. . . . Joan Waddell also trod a measure, but "well-knowns" scarcer than usual at popular resort.

Have You Noticed—

Extremely long curls worn by Australian film star, Peggy Maguire, and sister at present visiting Sydney? Locks much longer than Joan Crawford's.

Jane Anne

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HORDERN BROTHERS

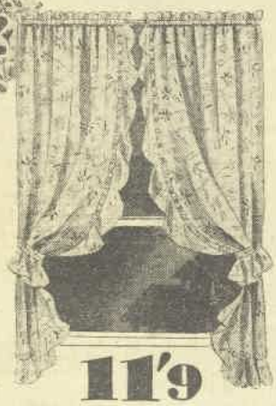
39/11
37/11

Genuine Saxony
LACE
BEDSPREADS
RICHELIEU EMBROIDERY

Exquisite in design, these Bedspreads add a delicate charm to the Bedroom. For Three-quarter Bed. Usually 39/11. NOW 37/11
Also Double Bed. Usually 42/-. NOW 38/11

English CRETONNES

Delightful Furnishing Cretonnes of good quality. 30 and 36 inches wide. Designs include pretty Chintz, Florals and smart Moderns in all sorts of colourings. Selling fast . . . shop early. To-day's value, 1/11½ to 2/6 yard. All One Price, yard 1/-
Per dozen yards 11/9
Illustrated are just three of many designs.



100 Ready-made
FRILLED
CURTAINS

Just the thing for your Xmas Guest Room—to make it fresh and pleasing! Dainty Printed Voile and Net Curtains in charming Colourings. 1 pair of Curtains, 2 yards long, Frills, and Tie Back to match. PRICE, set 11/9

A NEW FACE
for an
OLD FRIEND!

LOOSE COVERS COST SO LITTLE

Do you feel you need a new Lounge Suite, but must let it wait for awhile? Why? Loose Covers make the most wear-worn Chairs and Settees look equal to new . . . at such little cost! Prepare your home for Xmas visitors. Let us skilfully tailor Loose Covers . . . and your friends will admire what they think is a new Suite! Book your order early and they'll be ready by Xmas, or order now for later delivery if desired.

HERE'S A SAMPLE OF THE SAVINGS YOU CAN MAKE!

Purchased at a big discount—finest quality English Cretonnes! Delightful designs and colourings—Floral or Modernist. An average Chair Cover in this material would cost usually about 65/-. With reduced price of material and making you'll only pay 39/6 about

We are showing really serviceable materials to cost even less! Now, can you let this pass?

BACHELORS, *Beware of* 1936!

Leap Year Proposals May Regain Their Old Popularity

In the good old days any year divisible by four was a handsome one for the women. It still is—in its way. But what a nightmare Leap Year must have been for the men.

The mere mention of the words now causes some of our shy young eligibles to shift uneasily from one foot to the other.

Bachelors, beware! It is nearly 1936! The question is, will girls use it to propose to their male friends?

SOME people seem to be under the delusion that leap year customs are out of date, and are now treated only as a joke.

But there is still the girl who joyfully boasts that in 1932 she won seven pairs of expensive gloves and five pairs of stockings, silk from top to toe, by proposing to 12 different men. The rest of her victims, she declares, also refused to marry her, but they have not handed over their presents yet.

The odd thing about this leap-year custom of women wooers and blushing males is that nobody seems to know when it began, or how. There are no records of its beginning, but it was regarded seriously a few centuries back, when first Scotland, then France, Genoa, and Florence legalised the custom, and imposed heavy fines upon men who refused to marry women who wanted them. Here are the words of the Scottish Act:

"It is statut and ordaint that during the rein of hir mais blissit Megeste for ilk year known as lepe yeare ilk mayden ladye of both highe and lowe estate shall bae liberte to bespeke ye man she likes albeit he refuses to talk hir to be his lawful wyfe he shall be mulcted in ye sum ane 100 pundis or less as his estait may be; except and awis gif he can make it appeare that he is betrothet ane ither woman he then shall be free."

Curiosity Aroused

BUT do girls make use of leap year to-day? Next year being 1936, the following ideas on the subject may be of help to the eligible male.

A society girl, a University girl, a shop assistant, and a sports girl have all given their views. Here they are:

THE SOCIETY GIRL pondered the question but momentarily: "Do I think I'll propose to anybody during 1936? It's hard to say. Mr. X. would probably love to give me a pair of gloves, anyway, but, on the other hand, he might take me at my word.

"I wonder if women would really be as awkward at proposing as men—if they would stammer and get horribly sentimental? Somehow, if they had the proposing to do, I don't think they would. They would be more quiet and business-like about it.

"Yes, now my curiosity is aroused. I think I will have a try, but I shall have to pick my victim carefully. No, no, it won't be serious, nor shall I prostrate myself at his feet or write him love lyrics!"

If a Man is Shy!

THE UNIVERSITY GIRL (she was no blue-stocking, either) blushed when asked, "I could never bring myself to do it," she said firmly, "not for all the money in the world. Some girls might do it for a lark, but the very thought of asking a man to marry me, whether I meant it or not, unnerves me. Even if it were only a joke, I should never be able to look the poor man in the face again."

THE SHOP ASSISTANT smiled, and found she was not capable of deciding the question for herself. After a serious conversation, punctuated by laughter, with two friends, she returned, saying: "Elsa and Dorothy think the same as I do. If we thought a man was keen, and too shy to propose, we would do it, or at least would make it easy for him to do it.

"We all think a girl can help a man so much if she only thinks about it a little, and that there is no need for a proposal to embarrass him unduly. If the girl had any feeling for him at all, she would see that it didn't.

"But if he really were too shy, it would be very easy for the girl to lightly point out to him that it was leap year, and what about it? I know I would!"

THE SPORTS GIRL (a tennis enthusiast) just smiled. "Aren't proposals—formal ones, I mean—rather things of the past?" she asked. "Why, look at Fred and me—everyone who knows us knows we will get married as soon as we are in a position to do so. Yet we are not actually engaged, I suppose. If I proposed to him during Leap Year he would think I was having a joke with him, yet he has never proposed to me . . . not properly, I mean. It is just an understood thing between us that we will get married."

So now, men, you know what to expect! At least you may think you do.

Delicate parts can be permanently harmed by the rough scraping of razors. Razors both coarsen the skin, and make the hair grow thicker and stronger. Fastidious women never use razors.

Like magic Crème La-ne-ta dissolves away unwanted hair, discourages re-growth, and leaves the skin velvet soft.

At Chemists and Stores, Tubes 1/- and 2/9. Send P.N. for 2/9 for large tube to Cosmetics Company, 238a George St., Sydney, post free.

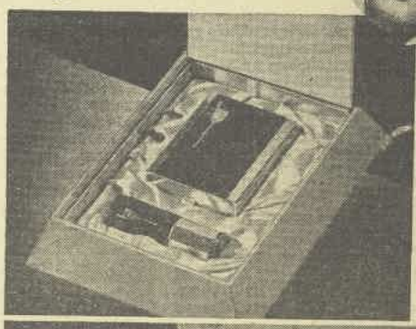
CRÈME La-nē-ta
REMOVES UNWANTED HAIR

FLY-TOX
Will Quickly KILL FLIES
MOSQUITOES
COCKROACHES

● Insects deserve no mercy; they are germ-laden, and a menace to life and health. Protect yourself from them. Spray genuine Fly-Tox regularly. Refuse all substitutes. F.1

GIFTS
that create Loveliness

Marion Davies, Warner Bros. Star, uses Max Factor's.



Top: Max Factor's smart new compact, and Super-Indelible Lipstick.

Left: Attractive Set of Max Factor's Make-Up in stunning black and gold box.

MAX FACTOR'S Make-Up is used by the Stars of Hollywood because it heightens the charm of each individual type of beauty. That's why these exquisite cosmetics are the choicest gift you could select! Follow Max Factor's Color Harmony Chart for correct shades. Max Factor's preparations are obtainable separately or in lovely gift boxes, all imported directly from Hollywood. Sold at leading stores.

Max Factor's
OF HOLLYWOOD

JAMES & ANDERSON, Representatives for Australia. Sydney Shop: C4, The Promenade, Her Majesty's Arcade.

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ROYALTY *Indulges in* BABY WORSHIP

King and Queen Visit Their New Grandson

By Air Mail from our London Office

The first visit the King and Queen made after their return to London from Sandringham was to Belgrave Square to see their new grandson, Prince George of Kent.

The King wore a silk hat and black overcoat, and the Queen was dressed in a brown ensemble with a sable cape.

THE Duke himself took them up to the blue-and-white nursery where the Queen at once held out her arms to receive the lovely fleecy bundle which the nurse was holding for her inspection.

The fortnight-old Prince strongly approved of his grandmother, for he looked up at her with wide-open blue eyes, and then snuggled down further into his shawls with a contented sigh. He was wearing a tiny pale blue knitted suit and one of the beautiful white shawls which the Queen herself had knitted for him.

Proud Host

FROM the nursery the King and Queen went to see their daughter-in-law, who is making a splendid recovery. They thought she was looking amazingly well, but Her Majesty warned the Duchess to "make haste slowly," and not to attempt to do too much when she was allowed to get up and walk about.

The Duke of Kent was a very proud host when, a few minutes later, he entertained his parents at afternoon tea in the drawing-room. This was the first occasion on which he has been host to his father and mother in his own house.

Earlier in the afternoon the King and Queen were met at St. Pancras station by Lord Trenchard. This was the last public appearance of this very active Chief of Police, for he has been relieved by Sir Philip Game, the former Governor of New South Wales.

MISS DOROTHY HOLMES, one of four talented students from the Convent of Mercy, at Smithtown on the Macleay River, who gained her A.Mus.A. at the recent Sydney Conservatorium examinations. She secured honors in singing and theory. The other successful students were Daphne Garland, Mary Reilly and May Fleming.

CONSTIPATION ENDED FOR EVER

Woman Finds a Permanent Remedy

With perfect frankness a woman correspondent writes:—

"I have suffered from constipation as long as I can remember, and taken all sorts of things—which in some cases seemed to do good at first, but afterwards to have no effect. Then I thought I would try Kruschen in my tea every morning, and I have done so for over a year. I am pleased to say after the first month I had no more trouble with constipation, and I have felt very fit."—(Mrs.) G. M. S.

Kruschen is the surest, safest, and most sensible way to keep your inside regular in its most important daily duty. You will find that your system never becomes hardened, but always submits to Kruschen's gentle and friendly power of persuasion. There will never be any need to increase the "daily dose."

And while Kruschen will be keeping you free from constipation, it will also be putting into your body the six mineral salts which Nature ordains as essential to health.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years.

FAMOUS DRESS DESIGNER *Weds Lawyer's Daughter!*

Charming End to Romance of Britain's Youngest Duchess

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Correspondent in London

Two weddings of singular interest have just been celebrated, one in Paris and the other at Westminster Abbey. The first was that of Mr. Roger Worth, the famous dress designer, who, at the Church of St. Philippe du Roule, was married to Mademoiselle Annette Collet, the daughter of a well-known Paris lawyer.

THE bridegroom designed his bride's wedding gown, which was of a white clinging material and cut on classical lines, with a soft tulle veil that framed her face. Invitations to French weddings are amusing to us, for the parents of both bride and bridegroom issue them, so that each guest has two to answer instead of one.

The second notable marriage was that of the Duke of Roxburghe to Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes, the only daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Crewe.

By this brilliant Abbey ceremony, Lady Mary became Britain's youngest duchess.

As both the bridegroom, aged 22, and the bride, aged 20, are godchildren of the Queen, Her Majesty attended the wedding reception at Crewe House. It was one of the largest London has seen for years; and so great was the interest in the youthful romance that, at the Abbey after the ceremony, when the Duke and Duchess emerged, the police had to link arms to keep back the crowds that tried to mob them before they drove away, escorted to Crewe House by a guard of honor of Household Cavalry.

The fourteen bridesmaids and the impish little page—Lord Primrose, the small son of the Earl and Countess of Rosebery—were all dressed in scarlet and gold. The bridesmaids carried scarlet bouquets and wore gold leaves in their hair.

The bride wore a chalk-white gown with a spreading tulle veil and an orange blossom wreath set far back on her head. The frock was slightly ruched up in the front, and had a long train which Lord Primrose managed to tread on more often than carry.

The young people have known each other since babyhood, and the tenants on the Duke's estates, many of whom attended the wedding, are delighted to welcome as their Duchess a charming girl whom they have known since she was a tiny tot.

FOLLOW YOUR STARS
To Success
By JUNE MARSDEN

This new and remarkable book on Astrology is the key to your future success and happiness.
"Follow Your Stars" is packed full of surprises. In addition to many amazing anecdotes, Miss Marsden presents much valuable (but non-technical) information regarding characteristics, vocations, marriage and business partners, health, propitious times, and so on.
"FOLLOW YOUR STARS" CAN MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE.
It is the book everyone is waiting for. The first thousand copies sold out before completion. Beautifully bound, it makes an ideal Xmas Gift, at a popular price, 5/6, postage 3d. extra. At all booksellers, or direct from,
ASTRAL PUBLICATIONS — Box 3135P, G.P.O., Sydney.

Christmas Gifts

MANICURE SET, containing Nickel-plated Nail Nipper, File and Nail Scissors, complete in Leather Case. Size overall, 5in. when closed. 16/6.

C8—Fine Leathered-covered Case, containing 2 finest quality Xylonite Handle Razors. Price, 31/6.
C9—Fitted with 2 finest quality Black Handle Razors, 27/6.
Post Free for Cash With Order.
W. Jno. Baker Ltd.
3 HUNTER ST., SYDNEY

RIGNEY'S

FROM RIGNEY'S NEW FROCK SALON

A—
A charming style in Seersucker that suggests "quality." The pleat at back and front of skirt gives a simple note of smartness, while the buttons and buckle tone so well with the fabric. The white background features contrasting designs in—Lemon/Brown, Blue/Yellow/Green, Red/Blue/Green, Green / White, Red / Black / Yellow. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W. Price 19/11. Post Free.

B—
Delustred Flat Crepe Frock, guaranteed British Fabric, with Paris chic—just that little extra touch of smartness that is so necessary to the "well-dressed." The lattice yoke . . . underlined with net—and the new shirred sleeves—are most effective. And the shades? You may choose from Peach Pink, Blue, Green, Maize, Navy, Brown and Black. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W. & W. Price 32/6. Post Free.

POST FREE 11/6
SANDALS
that are different

Foot flattering, colorful, cool macramé Sandals in two delightfully different designs, and the price is only 11/6. Post Free anywhere in Australia. Colors are white, black, beige, red and white, green and white, navy and white, maize and white, lemon and white, black and white. Mail orders please make a second choice.

Be original—Give Sandals This Xmas!

11/6 POST FREE

The House of Perfect Footwear
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IT'S AN ILL WIND —

Snowy whiteness follows wherever PERSIL oxygen-charged suds go chasing up the dirt. PERSIL suds are active. They don't require rubbing like ordinary lazy soap suds.

REFUSE IMITATIONS! THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSIL!

Persil

PERSIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY LIMITED

THE SIMPLE WAY IS THE PERSIL WAY

If you want relief from cooking—if you want to be freed from pleading with children to eat what's good for them—serve Kellogg's Rice Bubbles.

This delicious cereal is ready to eat. And it's a joy to watch the children when you pour on the cold milk or cream and those toasted bubbles of rice snap, crackle and pop! Enjoy a plate yourself. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles come oven-fresh in the sealed inner WAXTITE bag.

Sealed inside in the WAXTITE bag

Kellogg's RICE BUBBLES

Made in Australia by KELLOGG (Aust.) PTY., LTD., Sydney

DREAMT of *Becoming an* OPERA STAR

Woman who Found She was Wanted for Radio Work

Etta Field, who has been heard as the woman announcer on the night sessions of 2GB for nearly five years, is still another radio personality who hoped for success in another sphere, and found her real work in radio.

Gifted with a splendid dramatic soprano voice, Miss Field dreamt of being a grand opera star. Her mother never tired of telling her of her great-aunt, Madame Springfelt, who sang at the Riga Opera House, and whose remarkable beauty won her an army of admirers. She aspired to carry on the family tradition, but it was not to be.

WHAT a house that home in Auckland must have been! There were three pianos, and it was not unusual for one of her brothers to be practising the violin, her sister the piano, another brother the flute, while she, herself, practised trills and roulades and essayed top notes that she hoped were to make her an opera star.

Her first public appearance was on the steamer on which she travelled from England to New Zealand. (Etta Field, by the way, admits to being a Cockney, for she was born within sound of the Bow Bells.) She was six at the time, and so nervous she couldn't be heard beyond the first row of seats.

So awed was she at the moment that she didn't wish to sing again! But sing again she did, and after a few years' training in New Zealand she made her debut with a number of choral societies.

A couple of years later she starred throughout the principal cities as "The

MISS ETTA FIELD

New Zealand Dramatic Soprano," and was paid what seemed the amazing salary of £25 a week.

Then, in 1921, she came to Sydney, on the advice of Verbrugghen, for further study, appeared with the State Conservatorium Orchestra, and went on to London. Success seemed within reach when illness overtook her and she was forced to return to New Zealand.

On her recovery she visited Sydney again, hoping to appear at the picture theatres. But Al Jolson, in "The Jazz Singer," had reached Australia before her, and Sydney was too thrilled by the talkies to listen to a flesh and blood singer.

Then a friend, who was in the habit of playing practical jokes, rang her up one midnight and told her there was to be an audition at 2GB next day. She told him to go to bed and stop joking.

Next day he rang again to assure her he was serious.

As a result of the audition she was engaged to conduct a women's session. She had listened-in only twice before, once to hear Melba's farewell appearance in "La Boheme" at Covent Garden, and on the second occasion when Chaliapin made his broadcast for which it was said he was paid £2000 for 20 minutes.

Now she is planning a holiday trip to New Zealand, and hopes to fulfil a singing engagement in Auckland. But it is only an interlude in her radio work, for Etta Field cannot imagine life away from the microphone.

2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, November 30.—11.0: Hall of Song. 7.45: Darby and Joan. 9.30: Carroll Gibbons. 11.0: Jack Davey.

SUNDAY, December 1.—2.45: From the Masters. 6.40: Women's Weekly story. 7.20: N. B. Friend—An Excursion to the Stars. 7.40: Dr. Cole—Efficiency in Memory. 8.15: Harmony Isle. 8.45: George Edwards in "Reckless."

MONDAY, December 2.—11.45: Dorothea Vautier—People in the Limelight. 8.45: Wings of the Dragon. 9.30: Charm of the Orient. 9.45: Edmund Breese in Memories. 10.0: Trial of John Donald Merrett.

TUESDAY, December 3.—8.5: Pick and Pat Minstrels. 9.15: Australian Helmsmen, with George Edwards. 9.45: Jack Lumsdaine and Cyril James.

WEDNESDAY, December 4.—6.30: To-night's the Night, featuring Russell and Morgan. 8.0: Kingsmen. 9.0: Easy Chair Music. 9.15: Short Stories of the Air.

THURSDAY, December 5.—8.12: Fashions of the Moment. 9.30: Strange as it Seems. 9.45: Cyril James—Shipmates.

FRIDAY, December 6.—6.58: Castles in Music. 9.15: The Radio Rascal. 9.30: A. M. Pooley.

What a Fright you'll look to-night! Why don't you use that amazing "Cooltan" Cream that gives a gorgeous Honey Tan—without freckling, peeling, redness or pain?

Amazing Sun Tan Cream Proves its Value in England and America, as well as in South Seas. Gives *Thrilling Tan* in 2 Hours—Ideal for Kiddies, too!

COOLTAN is easily the most perfect way of getting a gorgeous Sun Tan, while giving definite protection against Sun Burn and Freckles. It intensifies the sun's tan-ray action, but absorbs the burning power. No sallow tan—instead, a thrilling, honey-to-bronze tan—at your command. No dye or risk. NO GREASE!

What a Famous English Journal says—

"Dress and Beauty" is one of the many overseas journals that praise "Cooltan". In its Special Summer Number it says: "Oh! and before *I get off sunbathing, my secret, let me tell you about Kathleen Court's Cooltan Cream. All the Australians use it, and you know what a lovely swatin brown they are . . . The beauty of it is it's not greasy. You go all honey-colored and you don't grow hair or look like an over-dressed salad.*" Now get a tube of this famous Summer Cream—as good for country-folk as on the beaches. Makes sunshine friendly and beautifying. New price for giant tube 1/6d. at all good Chemists and Stores, or direct from Kathleen Court, Australia House, Sydney.

COOLTAN *For Father, Mother, SUN & DAUGHTER*

THE GIFT THAT SUITS THE TIME OF YEAR...

Blue Ribbon

EAU DE COLOGNE

Bottle of Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne, in silver gift box, 12/6. Others, 21/6 and 30/- each.

ITS refreshing fragrance is as welcome as a cool breeze! See the full range of Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne preparations at any store or chemist's. Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne is highest in quality, but moderate in price.

Bottle of Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne, with silver screw top, 6/-. Others 2/6 to 12/6.

SPECIAL OFFER

For Watch Bottle of Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne, send 1/- in Postal Notes or Stamps for Postage and Packing to:
W. J. Bush & Co. Ltd. Dept. 017, Box 1181J, G.P.O., Melbourne

Name _____

Address _____

Toilet preparations by

POTTER & MOORE

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY—LONDON

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HARRY GOLLAND, 10, and his brother, Norman, 9, of Los Angeles, both have six toes on each foot, and the latter has six fingers on his right hand. After school hours the youths sell magazines. Neither wears shoes unless it is absolutely necessary to do so. When selling their magazines on down-town streets they attract curious throngs who always give them some small coin after gazing at their extra allotment of toes and fingers.

"Friends ask for my Sponge Cake Recipe. My success is due to Fountain Self Raising Flour"

NEED MONEY?

Operate a successful business of your own, earning from £3 to £20 a week, starting in spare time at home. No peddling or house-to-house selling. Numerous guaranteed money-making plans to choose from. Send stamp for full particulars to

HOME ENTERPRISE BUREAU,
Box 2740LL, G.P.O., Sydney.

LET'S MAKE SWEETS

We'll start with Creamy Coconut Ice—it's delicious made with Copha, and as it's so inexpensive we can have as much as we want. We rather think it's useless attempting to make some now for the Christmas parties. Copha Coconut Ice would never be left unscathed for so long. Still, if you do possess a very good hides-hole, it's worth while making an effort, people seem to eat so many more sweets at Christmas time.

CREAMY COCONUT ICE
(Pink, White, Chocolate)

1 lb. pure Copha (melted)
1 lb. icing sugar (sifted)
½ lb. fine desiccated coconut
2 whites of egg
1 teaspoon essence of vanilla.

Mix together the sugar, coconut, egg and vanilla. Then stir in the hot (but boiling) Copha, and mix well.

Line a cake tin with greaseproof paper and spread in it one-third of the mixture.

Colour half the remainder pink and spread over white layer.

Mix a teaspoon of cocoa with the rest and spread over pink layer. Stand in a cold place to set.

There's a grand recipe for Christmas Cake in the Copha Recipe Book, Christmas Pudding, too, and lots of exciting dishes. It's a good idea to get this recipe book before starting to use Copha in your own favourite recipes. Then there's the Copha Vegetable Cookery Folder—it tells you how to cook your vegetables so that they will lose none of their natural health-giving mineral salts. In the old method of water boiling most of these salts are just wasted, but the Copha Health Cookery method makes sure you get the full benefit of the valuable salts and incidentally gives the vegetables a much nicer flavour. This leaflet and the Recipe Book are free and post free from:—

Edible Oil Industries Pty. Ltd.,
Department WW,
Box 3825EE, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

DON'T... FORGET

Entertainment by metropolitan concert party in aid of the Deaf and Dumb and Blind Institution, December 17, St. James' Hall, Phillip St.

☆ ☆ ☆

Annual graduation ceremony of Kindergarten and Preparatory Teachers' College, Conservatorium Hall, December 2, 8 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

Luncheon in honor of Miss Helen Twelvetrees, Arts Club, December 2.

☆ ☆ ☆

Christmas cake competition in aid of Sydney Day Nurseries, closing date December 4. Information from general secretary.

☆ ☆ ☆

The annual display by pupils of the women's section of the Langridge School of Physical Culture, at the Conservatorium, December 2, 8 p.m.

☆ ☆ ☆

The monster children's party, Grace Bros., November 30, 10.30 a.m., in aid of N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children. Information from Miss Norah Frost, MA1232.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Gilbert and Sullivan musicale at the Arts Club in aid of Christmas cheer for Dr. Barnardo's Boys' Home, Picton, and Girls' Home, Ashfield, December 10.

☆ ☆ ☆

Exhibition of Lionel Lindsay's water colors, etchings and woodcuts, David Jones' Men's Store, George Street.

☆ ☆ ☆

St. Margaret's Hospital Car drive to Palm Beach on Saturday, December 7. Cars leave 21 Macquarie Place at 2 p.m. Ring BW3061 for reservations, and particulars.

☆ ☆ ☆

Bridge party for Dalwood Home at the Arts Club on Thursday afternoon at 2 p.m., to augment the funds of the Gilbert and Sullivan Ball to be held on the Nieuw Holland, on December 17.

☆ ☆ ☆

The opening of Nursery School, December 6, 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. at Nursery School Training College, 308 Dowling Street, Woolloomooloo.

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HAPPY *Families*

Continued from Page 6

"I—you" gasped Jane.

"Yes. Why not?"

"Oh, of course, why not?" said Jane wildly. "Rough or smooth?"

She spun her racquet in order to hide her embarrassment. She had never thought of Mr. Frome exactly as a man, merely as a person who paid salaries and bills. Here he was behaving like an ordinary male of thirty-five.

She had already modified her opinion of him. He was attractive, in a sort of pathetic, motherless way that made you want to do things for him. The maternal instinct is a snag, thought Jane.

But she wasn't thinking of the maternal instinct when she tried to beat him at tennis. Martin, too, had made up his mind that Sally's governess should not lick him. But he had to fight pretty hard for his victory. The set ended with a volley over the net, and the clashing of their racquets. They met face to face, and burst out laughing.

"That was grand," panted Martin.

"Wasn't it?" said Jane.

"Let's have a return. Oh—hang!"

Mrs. Bryant, the Vicar's wife, was walking up the drive. She took in the scene with a lightning glance. Her smile had delicate malice.

"Ah, Mr. Frome," she said, "I see you are making the most of a lovely evening, and young society!"

"Do you?" said Martin shortly. "Forgive me. I've a letter to write."

He went into his study and slammed the door behind him. He was furious. It was no use—it would all happen again — There's-such-a-pretty-young-governess-up-at-the-Manor—that business! Mrs. Bryant would never keep her mouth shut, and the gossip would spread, and Miss Paton would have to go. "There must be no more tennis," he decided. "She is too good to risk. She's the only one who has been the least use with Sally. But it's maddening! I liked playing with her. I'd like to know a bit more about her."

Mrs. Bryant went, and a car arrived. He heard the chatter of feminine voices, and then his study was invaded by organdie and sweeping hats, by scent and lipstick and plucked eyebrows and languorous laughter.

"Martin, darling," said Mrs. Claire Shaw, his prettiest cousin, "we were so bored that we thought we'd come over and wangle a cocktail out of you. You don't mind, do you?"

"Never so glad to see anybody," said Martin truthfully.

"Dear, how sweet of you! This is Doreen Heneage, a friend of mine."

Martin turned and stared. People did, when they saw Doreen. She was quite beautiful, and spent five hundred a year on her clothes.

Claire saw the look. It was quite time Martin married again and that Doreen was settled in life. She was twenty-nine, and so far had only had affairs.

Martin opened his cocktail cabinet and sent for ice. Doreen sat tranquil, aware that for the present to be beautiful was enough.

"You've got a new governess, I see," said Mrs. Shaw, looking across the lawn, where Jane was once more coaching Sally in tennis. "How long have you had her?"

"Two months."

"That's a record for you, isn't it?" said Mrs. Shaw. "Our Martin," she explained to Doreen, "runs through governesses like I run through silk stockings."

"This one is a fixture," said Martin briefly.

"How nice," said Doreen. She watched Jane, who was being very energetic and schoolgirlish. "She looks efficient," she said casually.

Somehow Martin didn't like that word in connection with Jane, but he couldn't think why. So he nodded.

"Oh—she is," he said.

"YES, Martin dear," said Doreen a month later, "I do feel quite like marrying you, but let's be practical. What about Sally?"

"How do you mean, what about Sally?" said Martin. "You've been so sweet to Sally that she's probably quite as crazy about you as I am."

"Perhaps," said Doreen. She concealed a smile. What geese men were! Had she not naturally made friends with Sally, ever since she had decided to make her her step-daughter? "Of course, she's sweet, and I'm awfully fond of her. Still, a ready-made family is always difficult, and even Claire says that Sally is a handful."

"Not with Miss Paton," said Martin. "Miss Paton is a wonder. Doreen, sweet, why talk about Sally when I want so badly to talk of you and me?"

"We are talking of you and me," said Doreen. "That's just the point." She slid her soft, rather plump little hand into his. "Two's company and three's none, darling. I don't mean Sally. I mean Miss Paton. She's very nice, of course, but do we want a governess round us all the time?"

"I see your point," said Martin slowly.

All the same, something at the back of his mind didn't like Jane being called a governess precisely in that tone of voice.

"Sally's very young for school," he said.

"Oh, I don't think so," said Doreen quickly. "There are such excellent nursery-schools nowadays. I know of one at Hastings. She would like being near the sea, wouldn't she? And, of course, we'd be able to give her a wonderful time in the holidays."

"I was never terribly keen on girls' schools," said Martin. "I'd miss her rather."

"Dear, isn't that the least bit selfish of you?"

"Perhaps," said Martin. "Miss Paton would have to look for another job," he added.

"She'd find one all right. You'd give her a good testimonial, of course. Why bother about Miss Paton? She's not terribly exciting, is she?"

"N-no," said Martin.

Jane had indeed slipped back into her former role. She had been frightened by Mrs. Bryant's arch comments. Besides, when it came to Doreen Heneage, she was not competing. It was easy to see what was happening there. For the last four weeks Martin had seen Doreen every day, had taken her out, whistled mandlin tunes he had heard on the wireless. Jane, too, had seen a lot of Doreen, who had gone out of her way to be sweet to Sally—not as successfully as she had thought.

"She's like a bottle of medicine that's a lovely color and has a horrible taste," Sally had said of her.

Jane had reproved her and had inwardly agreed. But what use was that? She knew that matters were coming to a head.

On this particular evening she saw Martin driving away with this new love of his, and went into the garden. It was so hot inside. She was there when he returned, and he saw the gleam of her light dress down by the lily-pond. He thought he would get a sticky business over as soon as possible. He came across the lawn.

"Miss Paton!" She looked round, startled.

"I came to tell you—Miss Heneage and I are going to be married."

"Really?" said Jane. "I hope you'll be very, very happy.

Please turn to Page 38

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APPLY EARLY

HAPPY *Families*

Continued from Page 36

"I THINK we shall," said Martin. "We've fixed the date of the wedding for September. That seemed long enough to wait. And I wanted to tell you—we've decided to send Sally to school then. We shall be terribly sorry to lose you; Sally will be heart-broken, I know, but you understand, don't you?"

He was looking embarrassed and miserable.

"Of course," said Jane gently. After all, she had been expecting this. "I'll look for another post for September. Or perhaps you'd rather I went earlier?"

"Oh, no," said Martin. "Please stay as long as possible! I'd hate you to go a minute sooner than necessary. In fact, I wish you weren't going at all. You've done wonders with Sally."

"I'm glad you have been satisfied with me, Mr. Frome," said Jane.

She was firmly back in her part again. This summer twilight was dangerously moving. Martin looked at her, distressed. For a moment she had been quite human. He turned away.

"Perfectly," he muttered. "Well—good-night."

When he had gone, Jane sank on to the stone bench by the lily-pond.

"I wouldn't care," she said brokenly, "if it weren't for Sally. I've given Sally just three months of being like other children. Just three months of mothering. She'll never have it again—never! To send her to school—a mite like that! —to have to listen to bells, and do what the other little girls do! How can they? I hate that girl. She's a——"

Then she restrained the unregenerate Jane in her, and was once more Miss Paton.

"I'm not sure that Mr. Frome's intended is actuated by the very highest of motives," she said to herself primly.

She laughed. The laughter became a sob. She sat there by the lily-pond crying as if she could never stop.

TWO days later Jane asked Martin if she might go to the other side of the county for an interview. A doctor's wife with four children wanted a nursery governess.

"I'll try to get back by seven, but it's a cross-country journey," she said. "I may have to come on the ten o'clock bus."

"Do you really think you want a job of that kind?" said Martin doubtfully.

"Oh, a large family is always so cheery, I think," said Jane.

"It sounds grim to me. I hope they pay you well, anyway. You deserve it."

Jane's face changed. Her eyes became suddenly luminous. For a second she looked like the girl with whom he had played tennis. She turned away immediately, but she had surprised him anew. Yes, there was something elusively charming about her. She wasn't quite the old maid he had thought her. Then he forgot her in remembering Doreen.

Jane went the next day, immediately after luncheon. She left behind her a sullen Sally. She had not yet dared tell the child of her own departure, but Doreen herself had announced that she was Sally's new Mummy, and told her to call her by that name. That was blow enough for the present.

"I shan't call her Mummy!" Sally told Jane firmly. "I know what other children's mummies are like. She's not like anybody's mummy!"

It was Saturday afternoon, and Martin set himself to entertain his daughter. He found it an uncommonly difficult task. She was extremely polite, but obviously as little amused as he was. When Doreen rang up at tea-time he was exhausted. Her voice came to him like a cooling fountain.

"Well, Nannie," she said, and her voice was lightly mocking, "how's your little charge to-day?"

"Oh, very good, mum," said Martin in the same tone; then he spoke seriously: "I agree with you all the time, darling; looking after kids is no joke!"

"The most wearing job on earth! I offer you respite. Lewis Town's orchestra is playing in Brighton to-night. Take me down to hear it!"

"Not my night out, mum," said Martin. "Miss Paton may not be back until ten."

"Good heavens, Martin! The child's an obsession! Can't your housekeeper keep an eye on her?"

"I suppose so, only—well, I rather meant to stay with her."

"Very well! I can easily find somebody else."

"Now you're offended. You're right, darling. I am being absurd! What time shall I fetch you?"

"That's better. Seven-thirty."

"Miss Paton may be back by the seven o'clock bus," said Martin.

"Oh, you and your Miss Paton!" said Doreen, and rang off.

That had been a mistake, thought Martin ruefully. He would have to atone for it. He and his Miss Paton, indeed! Too silly to think of a girl like Doreen being jealous of a girl like Miss Paton! And yet—she was a nice girl. . . .

The housekeeper put Sally to bed that night. Her father said good-night to her, and immediately forgot her. He had not seen Doreen in white organdie before, with a cloak of gold wrapped around her lovely hips. He thought of the drive home and of the moon that there would be.

MEANWHILE Sally hugged a grievance. Daddy had gone out with that woman. Miss Paton had not come back. Nobody had read to her. She had only had two biscuits instead of three for her supper. She lay awake, thinking over these grievances. When the clock struck nine she decided that she was famished. She put on a dressing-gown and slid down the servants' staircase, meaning to ask for a piece of cake.

They were having supper in the servants' hall. The door was ajar. Sally caught the sound of Miss Paton's name.

"Gone after a job, pore girl. Leaving as soon as me lady comes here, of course!"

"Oh, she'll be monarch of all she surveys, the new Mrs. Frome," said Harvey, the butler. "We'll all have to mind our P's and Q's then. I'm right sorry about Miss Paton. She's one of the nicest girls I know—the only one of them who was really good to Sally."

"What the mite'll do at one of them there schools!" sighed the housekeeper. "Packing her off there in September, the master told me."

Sally had heard enough. She [illegible] upstairs again. All desire for [illegible] had ceased. Her face was white [illegible] paper. Her Miss Paton was going. She was turning her out.

She would be monarch of all she surveyed—including Sally! She was packing her off to one of them there schools!

It couldn't be true, it could [illegible] Nothing so terrible could happen. [illegible] must find Miss Paton; she must [illegible] her! If only she were back again! [illegible] was coming by the ten o'clock, wasn't she? Then why not meet [illegible] Nobody would miss her. If she dre[illegible] if she was terribly quiet. . . .

A quarter of an hour later a [illegible] figure crept out of the drawing-[illegible] window, across the lawn, past the pond. The goldfish in it looked [illegible] naturally big in the evening light [illegible] felt afraid. She looked uneasily at [illegible] unfamiliar shadows behind her. [illegible] she was out on the road, waiting.

Just as the grandfather clock on the staircase struck ten, the housekeeper discovered that Sally's bed was empty. Just as the clock struck ten the [illegible] from Guildford came round the corner. Just at the same moment the dog-cart, returning from a late visit, [illegible] along from the other direction. [illegible] did not see it. Miss Paton was [illegible]ping out of the bus. She ran to [illegible] her. . . .

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HAPPY *Families*

Continued from Page 38

THE evening was not ...ly of a success for Martin as it ...have been. He and Doreen were ...ing coffee when his back was ...ly slapped. There, beaming at ...tood a certain Tubby Armstrong, ...appened to be a baronet, and also ... those people who butt in where ... are unwanted. Doreen, still ...al of "you and your Miss Paton," ...ner to him than an engaged girl ...y is to a strange man. It turned ...at Tubby's yacht was at Shore- ...and that nothing would please ...etter than to show it to Miss ...ge and old Martin, and give 'em ...e drink.

...ing, it appeared, could please ...Heneage better, either. The fact ... Martin glowered amused her. ... It transpired that Tubby also ...ed a villa on the Riviera, she ...l her eyes more widely. The little ... had become three before Martin ...get her away. Even then she ... reluctantly. The moon was ...t. Martin was glum, and Doreen ...tful.

...n, just at the crossroads, a car ...them up. Out of it sprang Forbes, ...cal doctor.

...ane!" he cried. "I've been trying ... you everywhere! There's been ...ident—your little girl! I never ...er. She ran across the road to ...her governess. No, no, my dear ... it's not as bad as that!" having ... Martin's face. "But it's bad ...; concussion and a broken leg. ...t tell you how sorry——"

... Martin cut short his protesta-

...course—not your fault, I'm sure!" ...pped in the clutch again, and ...home, exceeding all speed limits. ...k, perforce beside him, was an- ... Sally had been extremely ...y to be out of bed at that time. ...he hated sickroom scenes. But ... they arrived it was only decent ... upstairs with Martin. Outside ...'s bedroom Jane met them.

"How is she?" asked Martin quickly.

"Not dead, if that was what you were ...ing for," said Jane.

"Miss Paton!"

"How dare you speak like that!" said ...n.

"Have say anything to-night!" said ... "Anything!" They stared at ... She still wore her coat and hat, ...der hair was dishevelled, but she was blazing with anger. And in her anger she was magnificent.

"I've been here over three months now," she said unsteadily, "and this is the first time I've left her. This is the first time I've trusted her to her father.

"How dare I? How dare you—go out and amuse yourselves, and let this happen to her? She might have been killed, my poor Sally! Not your fault that she wasn't!"

"Good heavens, the girl is talking as if Sally were her child," cried Doreen.

Jane turned those furious eyes upon her.

"So she is when it comes to being wanted and looked after," she said. "Oh, of course her father pays her bills. Her father engages her governesses, and they mustn't be characters, merely dummies, who give him as little trouble as possible! But as for real parents, I'm the nearest she has and will ever have. You'll be too occupied with your pretty, silly face——"

"Miss Paton, you really must stop!"

It was Martin, but he spoke mechanically. He was staring at her—this negative personality, come to life to-night! Jane seemed to recollect herself at his words. Her shoulders drooped.

"I'm sorry," she said dully. "You're right. I oughtn't to have——"

"I should think not!" said Doreen furiously. "Apologies don't cure that sort of insolence! Send her away! Send her away to-night, Martin!"

Martin did not answer. He passed into the next room. Sally lay very white and still upon the bed. But Doreen followed, too angry to care, too angry even to look at Sally.

"To-night, Martin!" she repeated.

"Hush!" said Martin, in a muted voice. "If Sally woke and heard you she'd be frightened, Doreen. Of course, Miss Paton can't go to-night. When Sally comes to she's got to find her here."

He turned to Jane, and spoke humbly.

"Miss Paton, you will stay, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll stay," said Jane.

Her anger was gone. She sounded limp and exhausted. Doreen, however, had not finished.

"Well, if she stays she's got to apologise! Martin, tell her that—tell her she has to apologise immediately!"

"No," said Martin.

He rose to his feet and faced her.

"Why should I ask her to apologise?" he said, "when every word she said—of me, at any rate—was true?"

"I CAN'T bear it!" said Sally, her lip trembling. "I can't bear it! You leaving, and me going to school, and her monarch of all she surveys! Don't go, Jane, darling, please don't go!"

"But school is marvellous," said Jane, "and I'll often come to see you, and it's silly to talk like that of Miss Heneage. She's been so kind in giving you things."

"Pretty bottle of medicine with a nasty taste," said Sally.

"Sally, if you say that again, I shall be really angry."

"I don't care. Yes, I do. Oh, Jane, I love only you, just as Daddy loves only her."

"That's nonsense," said Jane levelly. "Silly, babyish nonsense. You belong to him, Sally. He loves you far more than I do. You're his little girl, not mine, so, of course, he loves you more than I do. And——"

She broke off. Martin stood in the doorway. He had overheard the last few sentences and shot her a look of startled gratitude.

"Daddy," said Sally, sitting up in bed as well as the plaster of paris would allow her, "Jane's going! She's going to look after four children called Paul and Pansy and Peter and Pam! Tell her not to; tell her to stay here for ever and ever! If she goes, I'll be naughty again—I know I will!"

"We'll have to see what can be done about it," said Martin.

He did not look at Jane, but his brow was sombre.

"Meanwhile," he said, "I've come to beat you at Happy Families. Miss Paton won the last time, and you won the time before that, though I still believe you had Mrs. Loaf, the Baker's Wife, under your pillow! Where are the cards?"

"You are going to have visitors," said Jane quietly.

Martin followed her gaze out of the window.

"Doreen," he said. "Who's with her? Oh—I see. Sally, you remember your Uncle Tubby, and that lovely yacht of his? Well, here he is."

A moment later both Tubby and Doreen made their appearance.

"Met Miss Heneage hiking it up here," said Tubby, rather unnecessarily, "so I gave her a lift. Hullo, young 'un! What do you mean by turning yourself into a casualty? Never read the warnings on the cigarette cards?"

"Sally, darling," said Doreen, "I've brought you a lovely dolly."

Please turn to Page 40

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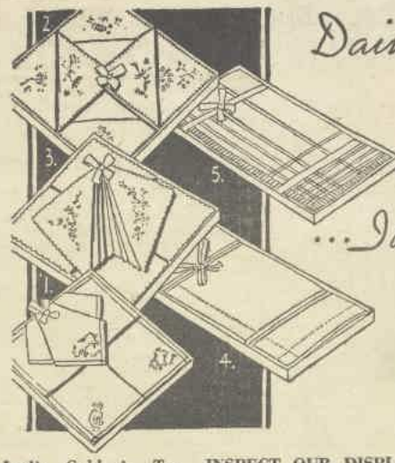

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INGLIS GRANUMA PORRIDGE MEAL
INGLIS PURE SOLUBLE COCOA
INGLIS AMMONIA

MAKE THIS DELICIOUS CAKE

COFFEE SPONGE SANDWICH

1 cup flour
1 scant cup sugar
3 eggs
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon Tillock's Soluble Coffee Powder
4 tablespoons boiling water
1 teaspoon Aunt Mary's Baking Powder

Beat eggs well, add sugar and beat again. Sift in flour with baking powder and coffee powder added. Melt butter in boiling water and add, mixing well. Bake in sandwich tins 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven. Spread coffee icing between layers and over top of sandwich. Decorate with walnuts or almonds.

Make Coffee Icing as follows:

Dissolve 2 teaspoons Tillock's Soluble Coffee Powder in boiling water. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in boiling water, add 8 ozs. icing sugar and beat well together.

It is so easy to make delicious cakes when you use Aunt Mary's Baking Powder. This pure cream of tartar baking powder makes cakes light as a feather, with a soft, smooth texture that is simply beautiful.

Always make, bake and take the cake with

AUNT MARY'S
CREAM OF TARTAR
BAKING POWDER

AUNT MARY'S COOKERY BOOK

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RHEUMATISM

Like bunches of tiny daggers right in the joints themselves — sharp little points that grind and tear the nerves and muscles every time you move — that is what Rheumatism is. Millions of cruel little crystals of uric acid that look like clusters of splintered glass; sharp-pointed jagged crystals left in your joints by faulty kidney action and causing you that agony. Rheumatism is in your blood — your joints and muscles are only where you *feel* the agony.

Your system is loaded with uric acid because your kidneys are not doing their work properly; they are not filtering and passing away the poisonous matter that is consequently left in your joints.

Two or three De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills will give you relief, because they are made to do one thing, and to do it better than anything else — to *act directly on the kidneys*, and to coax their innumerable little filters back to healthy activity, taking out of the system the wastes and poisons that the body is continually giving off and passing them away to the bladder.

De Witt's Pills afford you, *within twenty-four hours*, convincing evidence that their influence has reached the vital spot—the kidneys—and that they are at work putting the kidneys back again into working order.

For nearly fifty years De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills have been giving this relief to rheumatic sufferers. Your chemist or storekeeper sells them in 3/6 and 6/6 bottles.

DeWITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

For RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, Etc.

HAPPY *Families*

Continued from Page 39

"MISS Heneage and I had an idea," said Tubby. "You remember that yacht of mine, Sally? Well, what about fixing up a contraption for you on board, and all of us. Miss Heneage and you and I and your father, going for a cruise on it?"

"Wouldn't it be lovely, Sally?" cooed Doreen.

"If Jane came too," said Sally.

Tubby glanced at Jane. He had been introduced to her. Doreen, on the other hand, had ignored her pointedly.

"Well, we haven't a lot of room, you know," he said, "but it might be managed. We can't start for a fortnight, anyway. A yacht's like a car—always wants something done to it."

"In that case," said Martin, "why not stay here until she's ready, Tubby?"

"Well, that's uncommonly good of you," said Tubby.

"Not at all. You'd be company for us. Telephone and tell them to send your kit over. What about a cocktail, Doreen?"

"Lovely," said Doreen. "Good-night, Sally. Time for bye-byes."

They departed. When they had gone, Sally flung Doreen's present to the ground.

"I'm too old for dolls," she said stormily, "and why couldn't she say 'bed' instead of 'bye-byes,' and, anyway, I don't go before seven, do I?"

"I'll read to you," said Jane.

She picked up "Judy, Pride of the School." She had finished two pages when Martin returned.

"Doreen and Uncle Tubby are keeping each other company," he said. "I've come for my game of Happy Families."

"Oh, goody," said Sally. "I do like Happy Families, but you can't play it with less than three."

"No, you can't, can you?" said Martin.

A fortnight later Jane was coming in from the garden with roses for Sally. As she passed the lounge she stopped a second, then flew upstairs as if there were demons behind her. Tubby and Doreen were standing very close together, Tubby's red head over hers, his sunburnt hand against her white back. She wore a glittering gown of sequins. They made a vivid picture, which Jane felt she would never forget.

On the landing she paused, a hand held to her forehead.

"Oh, how could she?" she whispered.

It was not a surprise to her. For a long time she had seen it coming on, she had seen their secret looks and smiles. Often when Martin had been playing Happy Families with her and Sally—funny how the child adored the game!—she had felt like saying to him: "Go back to them! You're an idiot, leaving them together like that!"

Jane felt physically sick as she entered Sally's room. Martin rose from the bedside. He was here such a lot nowadays. He smiled and looked at Jane's light summer frock as if he liked it.

"I was waiting until you came," he said. "I'm afraid I'll have to go now, Tuppence."

"Oh, don't go yet," said Jane quickly. "I wanted to ask you—Sally's clothes, you know. If we are going on Sir Edward's yacht——"

"I always leave things like that to you," said Martin. "Sweet dreams, Tuppence."

"And a nice nightmare full of black goblins for you!" said Sally cheekily.

Her very cheek showed on what good terms they were. She threw her arms round her father's neck. "Keep him," thought Jane, "keep him as long as possible!" She hoped he'd cough as he walked downstairs, make a noise of some kind.

She might have reasoned that it would be better for him to find out the truth, but she didn't. All she wanted was to save him present pain.

After Sally had gone to sleep, Jane sat by the window in the schoolroom. It was July now, and the days were drawing in a little. Only two more months, and then she would be looking after the four hearty youngsters, who had perfectly capable parents anyway, and would not need her as Sally needed her. But life was like that. One went on and on and grew older and——

"Miss Paton!"

Martin had come in so quietly that she had not heard him.

"Miss Paton, I've come to tell you something: Doreen is marrying Tubby, and they're going on the yacht for their honeymoon, and I've given them both my blessing."

"You've given them what?" said Jane.

She sprang to her feet; she flared up again in that fatal way she had.

"Do you mean that's how you took it?" she asked scornfully. "Proper self-sacrificing lover you are, aren't you? Do you never fight for what you want, Mr. Frome? First you let them meet, instead of keeping them miles away from each other, and then you throw them together, though you ought to have known she isn't the type you can do things like that with! You ought to have known that he was bound to be a temptation to her! Men are such idiots!" cried Jane. "They trust and trust——"

"Dear me," grinned Martin. "I didn't know you felt as strongly as all that about it! As a matter of fact you're right. I did trust Doreen—to marry the richest man she got a chance to!"

"What?" said Jane.

"I was mad about her," said Martin slowly, "but I wasn't entirely insane. I never thought her very unselfish and womanly, you know. Did you really think, after the night of the accident, I could have given her as a stepmother to Sally? I knew I couldn't, but it was easier doing it this way. There's something about jilting a woman which is repugnant to a man's feelings, and that's a sentence you might have thought out yourself, Jane. You remember, in our first interview, you gave me a number like that. I present it to you with my love."

"You mean to say you meant it to happen?"

"With my love," repeated Martin, ignoring this question. "Do you hear that, Jane, with all my love. Oh, my dear, will you please try and like me enough to marry me? Not for Sally's sake, either, though I did tell her I'd have a stab at getting you for ever and ever for her; not altogether for the sake of going on playing Happy Families. But for my own selfish sake, because ever since that night you smiled me I've loved you. Please do, Jane. You will? Oh—you darling!"

"Oh, gracious!" gasped Jane, after an interval, "what will the vicar's wife say to this?"

"Lots," said Martin. "And—who cares?" (Copyright)

"Of course I'm pretty little, and my skin is awf'ly tender . . . so naturally my Mother wouldn't use just any soap for bathing me. But when I was just a *brand-new* baby, our nice doctor told her to use Palmolive, because it's made from soothing olive oil, and is just as gentle as can be!"

He might not say it just this way . . . but he certainly is right about Palmolive. It's made only from pure vegetable oils . . . a scientific blend of gentle olive and palm oils, both noted for their soothing action on the skin. You couldn't buy a finer, purer soap, no matter what you paid!

His mother has another reason for using Palmolive Soap. She knows that nothing removes make-up as surely and safely as Palmolive's rich, velvety lather. Try it yourself! Massage your face with Palmolive every night—and your skin will become as smooth and fresh as a baby's.

P.O.35-11

No wonder it's recommended for Baby's tender skin

For underthings as lasting as they are lovely...

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LOOK FOR THIS HOUSEMARK

You can buy undies made of Courtaulds Rayon — and they will look like new after ... of wear and washing. Remember the Courtaulds Housemark — your guarantee of quality.

Agents for Courtaulds Rayon:
VANCE & McKEE, 40 William ... Melbourne; 235 Clarence St., ...

"This is no time to ... plain," says clever Mrs. ...

"This is the time when husbands ... sweethearts need cheering up ... psychological effect of a plain ... woman is depressing in the ... How right she is in what she ... does! Night and morning Mrs. ... applies pure mercolized wax to ... neck and arms. This simple ... pores of dust and powder, ... moves particles of dead skin, ... complexion free from freckles ... ness, and blemishes of any kind. She refuses to ruin her hair with ... shampoos. Just a teaspoonful ... granules in warm water keeps ... so healthy that her pretty hair ... bright and shining. Occasionally ... touches her greying hair with ... This simple but amazingly ... lotion harmlessly restores grey ... their natural colour. To give a ... natural colour to the cheeks ... colliandum. For the excess fat ... a course of Clynol Berries, which ... took the ugly fat away. The ... superfluous hair on chin and ... melted away with Pheminol, ... regular use of the new Dear... Powder has given her an appearance ... is really proud of.

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By EUCRASY with 40 Years' ...

"30 years ago you cured my ... Now I want it for a son," writes a ... woman. You CAN bring happiness ... home by using Eucrasy.

It can be given secretly or ... tarily. Not costly. Call or write for a FREE SAMPLE, Booklet, and testimonials. Dept. B., EUCRASY ... Elizabeth St., Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER

November 30, 1935. *A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.* 41

Smartest Pyjamas a Girl Could Have!

Hand-cut patterns and a transfer containing fascinating collection of Bertha Maxwell's nimitable designs for decorative purposes wait you . . . Call or send for them!

AS useful as the plainest of the plain and almost as simple to make, these are the smartest and gayest pyjamas a girl could have, and there is a little atching coat for chilly mornings. Perfect in cut and line, is sleeping set is as up-to-date as it is pretty, and there is a hole collection of quaint needle designs from which to oose its decoration.

PYJAMAS have long been an established item in our wardbes; they have come to stay, that it is quite safe to make many as we need without fear their becoming demode. They e as elaborate as any nightess in the matter of lace and bbons, but we think nothing ould be prettier than the well-t suit offered on this page, with e of these fascinating bits of itchery worked beneath the ckline.

There is a very wide choice of aterials for their making, from the olence of thick washing satin to the nmureness of fine cottons; all the washg silks, such as crepe-de-chine, fuji, ina silk and rayon, are excellent, while fine woollens there are flannels, viyella, ol-de-chine and wool georgette, all of ich take embroidery and appliques to rfection.

Hand-cut patterns of the pyjamas cost l and the coat costs 6d. The transfer eet measures 15 x 20 inches, and gives the motifs shown, correct in size for ing at the neck or elsewhere, and costs ly 1/- for the eleven designs.

Cutting and Making

SIX yards of material will be required for the full pyjama suit. The jumper s a shaped front basque, plain at the ck, with sash-ends from the side seams d at the back. The coat has set-in bell eves, the trousers a shaped front sque.

There are 10 pattern pieces—half-front d back, sleeve and sleeve facing of at, half-front, half-back, half-front sque of jumper, half-front, half-back, d half-front basque of trousers. Allow 1 seams and hems where required when cutting. Notches match.

To Cut and Make Up: For the jumper ay centre-back, centre-front of basque, ad bodice to the fold of the material; r the coat, lay centre-back to the fold. Cut front and sleeve and sleeve facing uble.

Cut front and back trouser leg double, e centre-front of basque to the fold of aterial; cut basque twice.

Face fronts of coat with a 2-inch strip material, join underarm, shoulder, and eve seams; join facing to lower edge sleeve on right side, turn to wrong de, press, and catch stitch down; sew sleeves, face back of neck, turn a hem lower edge.

Gather front of jumper to fit basque, rn in 3 inch on either side of basque ck, sew down on to jumper.

Join shoulder and underarm seams, ish neck. Cut a strip of material 3 ches wide and long enough to make o sash ends, fold in half on wrong de, machine together. Now turn inside t, cut in half, and sew to either side side seam at waist; finish off ends. Turn a hem at lower edge.

Join back and front seam of trousers; in basque together at waist on wrong de, turn, and press. Make ½-inch turnns at lower edge, slip front of trousers thearm, and machine. Make a facing ross back to take elastic, machine side ams of basque to back of trousers, bind ower edge of trousers, and insert elastic back.

The Needlework

THERE are five different patterns on the transfer sheet, four of them giving repetitions which bring the actual number up to eleven groups. You may use them as appliques, or for stitching, in the usual manner. The panels and triangles measure about 5 inches across, the baskets and owls are about 3 inches tall, and the long spray at the bottom measures 10 inches across, but can be reduced by removing some of the side eyelets.

Flower Panels

NARROW buttonholing will suit this design. Lay in a running thread round flowers and leaves, then buttonhole and cut away unwanted little bits: watch the illustration to see how these occur.

The circular piece in the centre is arranged for an initial letter—but if this is not to be used, the space can be filled in with seed stitches, dots or drawn-thread work.

Pink flowers and green leaves are suitable shades, but the work looks best in one tone contrasting with or matching the background material.

The Baskets

SEVERAL bright shades may be used on these groups. The cross-stitches in the baskets can be brown, fawn or black; the leaves green; and the flowers in mixed colors, with yellow centres. They are quickly worked by buttonholing flatly over the shaded part between the two circles, keeping the knotted edge round the outside.

The Owls

THESE really beautiful night birds are almost always in brown mixtures, but when seen against the moon appear to be black, so stitc them in dark brown or black, the bough and leaves in dark green or brown, and the moon and star in yellow. This design is very good for applique, yellow moon and brown owl, with the other bits stitched into place on the appliques.

Blossom Triangles

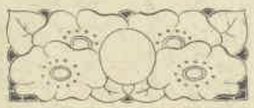
CONVENTIONAL blossoms, with a slightly Chinese effect—have you ever thought of the faintly Chinese appearance of pyjamas? Buttonhole all the little flowers and leaves over one thread and snip out the small bits which are left between the buttonholed parts; a tiny bar here and there helps to keep the parts together if they do not touch.

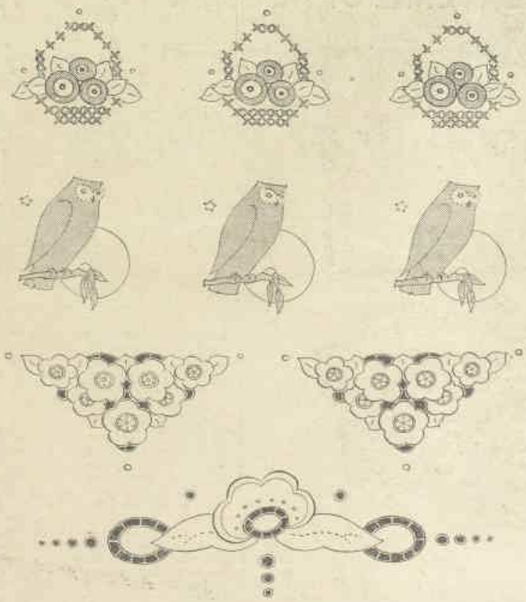
The Spray

DESIGNED for stitchery rather more than for color, this wide spray may be worked in self shades to the material, or pale pastel tones. Buttonhole the flower and leaves, and treat the cut parts in the usual manner of buttonholing over one thread and clipping out afterwards. The short bars may be twisted instead of worked as buttonholing.

Even if you are not making pyjamas just now, you will not be able to resist the transfers while they are new and fresh. Needleworkers can find a dozen uses for such handy little pieces of work: what little girl wouldn't love a wise brown owl on her frock, or a cross-stitched basket of flowers?

IF YOU desire a lovely set like this, you must either make it yourself, or pay a particularly high price for it—there is no short cut to ownership; and when you consider that the patterns are faultless, and everything so easy to do, why not spend an hour or two occasionally on what is really a delightful pastime? Pyjama patterns cost 1/1; matching coat pattern, 6d.





SHEET OF 5 different designs, giving 11 transfers in all, of quaint designs suitable for square-necked pyjamas: 2 flower panels with slight eatwork, 3 cross-stitch baskets of stitched flowers, 3 little owls, 2 blossom triangles, and 1 conventional spray. Applique and stitchery. Transfer measures 15 x 20 inches. Price, 1/-.

NEEDLE-LOVERS will find a dozen uses for these fascinating motifs showing at left. Many of them are ever so suitable for the decoration of wee garments and nursery linens. Transfer sheet of 11 designs costs 1/-.

CLEVER IDEAS

BATH CLEANLINESS: A handful of oatmeal added to the bath, when the water is hard, prevents an ugly water line from forming, and makes cleansing the work of a few seconds.

BRIGHTENING GILT: The dingy appearance of gilt frames may be removed by rubbing with a sponge, moistened with turpentine, and afterwards polishing with a soft duster.

NIGHTDRESS: If you have an old pastel-shade evening dress, why not convert it into a nightdress? Applique on a lace yoke, and put in little puff sleeves of lace. Girdle the waist with matching satin ribbon.

RUST ON IRONS: Scour the irons with powdered bathbrick; then rub over with a paraffin rag after use, and this will prevent rust.

BLOCKED PIPES: A long, flexible cane will generally remove the blockage, but if this is not sufficient a mixture of soda and salt may be pushed down the pipe. This should be followed after about half an hour by flushing first with boiling water and then with warm water.

HAT-BOXES: If you want to make your cardboard hat-boxes reveal their contents without necessitating opening three or four boxes before you find the hat you are searching for, try this: Cut out a portion of the front of each box and gum in a piece of cellophane paper.

WASHING JUMPERS: If you have a jumper made of artificial silk yarn, and likely to stretch, wash it and then put it into a clean pillow-case to dry. Pin it on to the clothes-line if it is a windy day; if not, then dry in a warm airing cupboard.

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THE DICTIONARY OF HOSPITALITY

DINNER; a meal in honour of a person or event. Utmost care should be taken to secure that every detail is correct. Fine free-running Cerebos Salt creates a good impression from the very start.

Cerebos Salt

insist on HORLICK'S "COLD" -it's more than a drink. -it's a food!

There is something about Petty's Hotel that makes it much more than just an hotel. There is some unexplainable air of restful comfort prevailing. Indeed, it would seem that in its century and more of service—for this fine old hotel has been established for over one hundred years—it has acquired a flair for making its guests comfortable.

Wire or write for reservations.

PETTY'S HOTEL
YORK ST., SYDNEY

BANANA PASSION VINES
For Beauty and Utility
Swift of growth—luxuriant foliage—profuse flowering, beautiful pink blooms of good size and substance—abundant fruits that are ornamental as well as edible. Those outstanding features create in the Banana Passion Vine a very pretty and useful means of covering fences, dead trees, trellises, pergolas, in double-quick time!
We offer strong, pot-grown plants at 1/6 each—6 for 8/—12 for 15/-. Packed Free. POSTAGE: N.S.W.—1 for 1/-, 6 for 1/6, 12 for 2/-. Interstate—1 for 1/6, 6 for 2/6, 12 for 3/6. Now is an ideal time to plant.
ANDERSON & CO., LTD.
Seed and Plant Merchants.
399-401 George Street, 109 Pitt Street.
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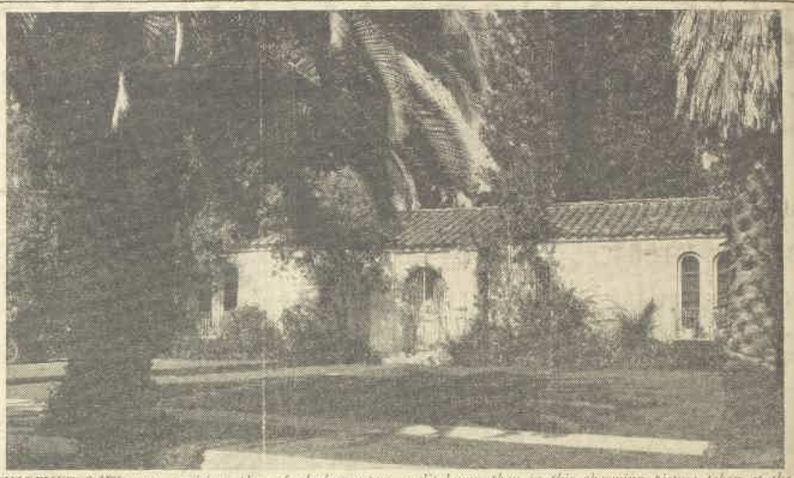

WHOEVER SAW more enticing play of shadow upon sunlit lawn than in this charming picture taken at the Spanish-style home of Josephine Hutchinson, Warner Bros. player?

Verbenas, Colorful Mainstay of Your Garden

Grow Them Now, Says The Old Gardener

VERBENAS are among the most versatile and amenable of flowers. Besides growing anywhere at all in the garden to advantage, they are excellent as border plants, trailing from tubs and tins in the garden itself, growing from window-boxes.

VERBENAS are among the most useful of flowers because they are easily grown, flower over quite a long period, and have most unique and vivid colorings.

You may have them pure white, pink, red, mauve, blue, running into striped and variegated shades. Wherever they are, mass them together, keeping each color separate and distinct, and introduce patterns and shapes by means of their coloring. They are delightful as border plants, clumped in circular beds, and in uninteresting corners.

There are three varieties: herbaceous, hardy annual, and perennial.

Thriving best in hot positions, they, therefore, do quite well under drought conditions.

They make wonderful pot and window-box plants. Even in the garden outside, if you want to get an unusual effect, grow them in pots, tins, or tubs. They are of a trailing habit, and spread over the whole of the soil, droop over the sides, and make a very attractive display.

Indoor Potted Beauty

NATURALLY, people dwelling in confined spaces—flats, for instance—will find how useful verbenas are for indoor floral decoration. Hospitals and sickrooms may be brightened up by potted verbenas. And because they thrive well under the sun, country homes, where the heat is very trying and water scarce, will find them hardy stayers. Grow them in sheltered spots around the home in pots or tubs.

Remember, too, that all waste water should be kept for their use in those areas where water is scarce. In and around the home, there is always a certain amount of water used for various purposes. Keep a kerosene drum, tin, tub, or some such vessel handy, and save all such water for the garden, provided that there is very little soda in it.

Seed or Cuttings

VERBENAS may be grown from seed or cuttings.

Suppose we are growing them from seed. Select a sheltered place in a corner in the garden, turn the soil over well, to get rid of all weeds, and mark the patch off in small sections. Do this by placing pieces of board between each section. Firm each section with a piece of flat board, which will assist the plants in taking a firm hold when the seed has germinated.

Now sprinkle the seed on the surface, and cover with well-decayed, finely-sieved manure. Water thoroughly, and see that you have a fine rose on the water-can.

Within a few days the young plants will be coming up. Prick them out into boxes, leaving a good inch between each plant. When the plant is large enough to transplant, just cut the soil around it with a knife, lift it out bodily, leaving a goodly amount of soil adhering to the roots. By giving the box a thorough soaking half-an-hour before, the transplanting can be carried out in any weather.

Avoiding Shock

IF the plants are taken straight out of the seed bed, the same amount of soil does not cling to the roots, and after the transplanting the plants will take at least a week to recover from the shock.

Pricking out into boxes at this early stage, and allowing the plants to get their second root, therefore, is invaluable and worth the extra little bit of trouble.

When transplanting, space each plant, so that each portion of the ground is completely covered. Keep a few plants in reserve in the nursery, so that if any fail you will be able to fill up gaps.

Once the verbena bed is on its flourishing way, you may easily nip off cuttings here and there, and you will have a constant supply of plants on hand forever after!

No danger now of getting ugly Cosmetic Skin—

STAR OF WARNER BROS. "FLIRTATION WALK"

Edith's removing cosmetics thoroughly the Hollywood way—

EASY for a girl to look lovely—win hearts—when she has skin like a fresh-blown rose. Powder and rouge go on smoothly. She feels—and *looks* her best.

But when ugly Cosmetic Skin develops, beauty is destroyed.

"Heavens, what *can* be wrong!" Tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—blackheads, perhaps—warn of this distressing modern complexion trouble. Time to turn to Hollywood's complexion care!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly is all unconsciously leaving bits of stale powder and rouge to clog the pores day after day. It is when this happens that Cosmetic Skin develops.

Don't run this risk! Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, embedded powder or rouge. Use it before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night. Then you *protect* your skin—keep it lovely.

A LEVER PRODUCT 6.212.11

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FIRST BIG STIR for CHRISTMAS!

It's time to make the traditional cake and pudding; also the sweet mince meat . . . Here are some wonderfully successful recipes

By . . .
RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to the Australian Women's Weekly.

PREPARING the mince meat for the traditional tarts and tartlets. See recipes on this page.

WITHIN the next few days there will be a stir in thousands upon thousands of homes the world over—first preparations for the jolly Christmas festival.

All good cooks know that these most important items of Christmas fare—the cake, the pudding, and mince meat—improve with keeping, hence the big reason for an early start. But, in the interests of good housekeeping, it is also a very wise plan. To face cake and pudding making on the eve of Christmas, with so many things to be done, is sheer folly.

THESE recipes are so simple that I feel sure that any young bride who has never attempted anything beyond everyday, simple fare, will be able to present her "lord and master" with a delicious Christmas cake and pudding!

Note also: I am giving an economical Christmas pudding without eggs or brandy, which will suit those of you whose purses are lean, and whose digestions are not all that they might be.

The Christmas cake is the most important cake of the year, and as it will be a great deal in the limelight during the season's festivities, its decoration is the subject for serious consideration.

Everything to do with icing requires practice. You will need a rose tube, writer tube, leaf tube, screw, and waterproof bag. Practise on a cake tin. Take care that you get your pressure and grip right. Do not use both hands. If support is necessary, the right wrist can be clasped by the left hand. Do not overdecorate. A simple style is much more effective. Make sure you have your icing stiff enough, yet not too stiff. Arrange your spacing evenly. Keep your icing covered with damp cloth while you are working.

RUTH FURST'S cake and pudding for Christmas, 1935. How gleefully will little hands help you in the stirring, how fervent will be the wishes made over the pudding, and how young eyes will register joy as silver pieces and lucky tokens fall into the aromatic mixture.

Preparation of Tin for Large Cake: Line the tin with two thicknesses of brown paper and one of white. Do not grease the white paper, as there is sufficient fat in the cake to prevent it from sticking.

Preparation of Oven: Remove the browning shelf (that is the thick slide). Place the rack shelf in about the centre of the oven. Heat the oven with the tap full on 12 to 15 minutes. Place the cake on the rack shelf, turn the gas very low. There is sufficient heat in the oven for rising and browning the cake—the gas will keep it at the right temperature and allow it to cook slowly the required time.

Testing Cake: Pierce with a skewer the thickest part, and if it comes out quite free from cake mixture, it is cooked. Remove from the oven and leave in the tin till ready to use.

Correct Time: 1lb. mixture in 8-inch round tin takes 2½ hours to cook; ¾lb. mixture in 7-inch square tin takes 2 hours to cook; 1lb. mixture in 11-inch round tin takes 4 to 4½ hours; 1lb mixture in 10-inch square tin takes 3 to 3½ hours; ¾lb. mixture in 6-inch round tin takes 1½ hours; ½lb. mixture in 6-inch square tin takes 1¼ hours.

All these recipes have been tested in our kitchens.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

Half-pound butter, ¾lb. sugar, 4 eggs, 3 tablespoons sherry, ½lb. seeded raisins, ½lb. currants, ½lb. sultanas, 2oz. peel, 2oz. blanched almonds, 10oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon carb. soda, 1 dessertspoon caramel or Parisian essence, 1 teaspoon spice.

Attend to the oven. Remove browning shelf. Place rack shelf about the centre and heat the oven from 10 to 15 minutes. Cream butter and sugar. Add well-beaten eggs gradually, then sherry. Then add well-sifted flour, carbonate of soda, and spice, with the well-prepared fruit. Add the caramel. Place in 8-inch round prepared tin, which has been lined with two thicknesses of brown paper and two thicknesses of white. Place in a hot oven, turn the gas down very low and allow to cook slowly from 2½ to 3 hours. To test the cake place a skewer through the thickest part, and if it comes out quite free from cake mixture the cake is cooked. Remove from the oven and allow to remain in the tin until cold or ready for icing. If to be iced remove the paper and stand upside down on a round of cardboard, cutting a slice off the top of the cake to make it stand evenly. Cover with almond paste and leave until next day. Pour warm icing evenly over and stand until well set and firm. Then decorate with royal icing, using a forcing pipe and bag.

RULES WHEN MAKING CHRISTMAS PUDDING

The mould or basin must be packed full of the mixture and pressed down.

Top must be covered with floured cloth.

The pudding must be plunged into large saucepan of fast-boiling water.

Pudding must boil steadily all the time, and the water, when necessary, replaced with fast-boiling water.

When cooked, pudding must be stored in cool, dry place.

Before serving it must be boiled for 2 hours.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING No. 1

Half-pound butter, ½lb. sugar, 4 eggs, 3 tablespoons brandy or sherry, ½lb. currants, ½lb. seeded raisins, ½lb. sultanas, 2oz. peel, 12oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon carb. soda.

Cream butter and sugar. Add well-beaten eggs gradually, then the sherry, and lastly the sifted flour and carb. soda, and prepared fruit. Place in a well-floured pudding-cloth. Gather the cloth up evenly and tie firmly, allowing room to swell. Place a little flour in the hole where tied. Place in a large saucepan of fast-boiling water. Allow to boil quickly for 10 minutes, then lessen the heat and allow to boil slowly for six hours. Remove from the water and hang in a cool place. On the day of using place in boiling water and boil for three hours. Remove from the cloth and serve on a hot dish with custard, cream, or hard sauce.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING No. 2

Half-pound butter, ½lb. brown sugar, 4 eggs, 6 tablespoons brandy, ½lb. currants, ½lb. raisins, ½lb. sultanas, 2oz. peel, 1oz. almonds, spice and nutmeg if liked, 4oz. plain flour, 4oz. white breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon carb. soda.

Clean the fruit, chop almonds and peel. Have a large boiler of water ready. Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, one at a time, then brandy, fruit, sifted flour, spices, soda, then crumbs. Mix well. Tie firmly in floured pudding-cloth, allowing a little room to swell. Plunge into boiling water. Boil quickly 15 minutes. Lessen heat and boil for 6 hours. Remove from water. Hang in cool place. Boil 4 hours on day of using.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS

Six ounces plain flour, 6oz. white breadcrumbs, 6oz. raisins, 6oz. currants, 6oz. sultanas, 2oz. peel, 6oz. suet, level teaspoon carb. soda, 3oz. brown sugar, spice, ½ cup treacle, ½ pint milk.

Sift the flour, spice, and soda well. Rub in the flaked suet, add fruits, peel, crumbs, and sugar. Blend the milk and treacle well together, then add to the mixture. Boil in greased pudding basin with cloth tied over the top, for 5 hours. Turn on to hot dish. Serve with custard, cream, hard sauce, or brandy sauce.

CARAMEL BRANDY SAUCE

Two tablespoons butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, 6 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons brandy.

Cream butter and sugar, add brandy, then yolks, lastly milk. Stir over boiling water till thick. Then stir in the well-beaten whites of eggs. Serve with plum pudding.

QUICKLY MADE MINCE MEAT.

(To be used at once.)

Two ounces currants, sultanas and raisins, 2 apples, 4oz. brown sugar, rind and juice 1 lemon, 1oz. peel, 1 tablespoon sherry.

Peel and core apples, cut into dice, clean fruit with flour and cut up. Mix fruit, sugar, rind and juice of lemon, and sherry well together. Mix with apple very well. Allow to stand at least 1 hour before using.

Directions for making almond paste, warm icing, royal icing for cake decoration and other pudding sauces will be given at a later date.

MINCE MEAT.

(To Keep.)

Half pound suet, ½lb. seeded raisins, ½lb. apples, ½lb. currants, ½lb. peel, 1lb. sugar, grated rind and juice 1 lemon, 3 tablespoons brandy, 3 tablespoons sherry.

Skin and flake the suet without flour. Peel, core and chop the apples. Clean the fruit and chop up. Mix all the ingredients well together, add the brandy and sherry. Mix well. Pack into jars and cover tightly. Leave for 2 or 3 weeks.

Save Work this Christmas

Serve one of these delightful Old English Plum Puddings.

Rosella Plum Pudding

Prepared from the finest ingredients—and ready to serve when heated.

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At all Chemists and Stores. Ask for Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. And for powder use Cuticura Talcum—exceptionally fine and pure, exquisitely perfumed.

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Send 3d. stamps for FREE SAMPLE TIN of PHOSPHATINE FOOD to JOUBERT & JOUBERT Pty. Ltd., 272-276 Bourke Street, Melbourne

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The finest Eau de Cologne in the world, and the most sensible gift of all.

Men enjoy it after shaving. Women find it wonderfully refreshing all the long Summer through. Give Coty Eau de Cologne, the gift with a hundred uses.

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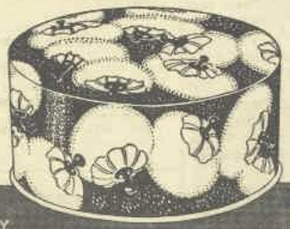
It's a lovely Summer peach tone that gives you the caressing sun-kissed tint of a Gipsy. In all Coty perfumes, of course. Try it!



2/3 and 3/9

FRANK E. WRIGHT, Australian Agent, 39 YORK STREET, SYDNEY C-2-27

Christmas BOX MENU *Competition*

Special Cash Prizes for Best Christmas Dinner Menus—Hot or Cold

For the best Christmas dinner menu, hot or cold—or hot and cold—we are giving a first prize of £2, second prize of £1, and four consolation prizes of 5/- each.

You must write out the suggested menu on one sheet, and then give recipes for each separate item mentioned. In your menu you may mix the hot with the cold. The menu judged the best will be the most economical, original, and tasty.

WRITE out your recipes clearly, endorse envelope and contribution "Christmas Box Menu Competition," and forward to our offices.

Positively the last day for receiving entries is Monday, December 9. Results will be announced in our issue of December 21. Remember, recipes must be given as well as menu.

Here are the prize-winners for this week:

JAPANESE BISCUITS

Four ounces plain flour, 2oz. each butter, sugar, and ground almonds, 1 beaten egg, ½ teaspoonful baking-powder, few drops of almond essence, some desiccated coconut.

For the butter filling: 3oz. icing sugar, 2oz. butter, a little carmine, a few drops of vanilla essence.

Rub butter into flour and add baking-powder, icing sugar, and ground almonds. Beat the egg and, with the almond essence, add it to mixture. Mix to a stiff dough, turn on to a floured board, roll out thinly, and cut into rounds. Well grease a baking-tin, place the rounds on it, and bake on the top shelf in a moderate oven for 15 minutes. For the butter filling: Mix the butter and sifted icing sugar to a cream, add a few drops of hot water, the flavoring, and a little carmine. When the biscuits are quite cold, spread each with the filling, and place two together. Spread a little more filling over the top, and sprinkle with browned desiccated coconut.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. R. Foster, Saltwater Rd., Mossman, via Cairns, Nth. Qld.

DELICIOUS FROZEN CHOCOLATE PUDDING

Beat yolks of 3 eggs and 1 cup of sugar together until very light. Add slowly 1 cup of scalded milk, then gradually pour this over 1½oz. of unsweetened chocolate. Put the mixture in a double boiler and stir until it thickens and coats the spoon. When cold, add 1 cup of whipped cream, 1 teaspoon of vanilla essence, and freeze. Get ready 1 cup of candied fruits, figs, and seeded raisins. Cut the candied fruits and figs into small pieces, cut the raisins in halves. Make a syrup of ½ cup each of sugar and water, add the fruit. Cook until it is tender and plump, then strain. Add the fruit to the mixture when it is almost frozen, then finish freezing. Put in a quart melon-mould and let stand an hour or more packed in ice and salt. Serve with flavored whipped cream or a hot chocolate sauce.

Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. F. B. Radford, 43 Leicester St., Parkside, S.A.

MELTING WORMS

Half-pound butter, 2oz. sugar, 6oz. plain flour, 2oz. cornflour.

Melt butter, then beat in the sugar till dissolved. Add both flours mixed. Put on to oven tray with a biscuit-forcer, shaking it as you push to make a crooked line. Cook in a slow oven for 20 minutes. Cut the biscuits while still hot into two-inch lengths. When cold, put the even shapes together with a chocolate icing.

Entries Close December 9

Results Announced December 21 Issue

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss F. E. Lavis, Peechelba, via Wangaratta, N.S.W.

POTATO CAKE

Three pounds potatoes, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup lard or good dripping, 1 cup butter, 2 cups seeded raisins or mixed fruits, 1 tablespoon mixed peel, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, pinch salt, small quantity flour.

Boil potatoes till soft, strain, mash with lard and butter and add pinch salt. Then put in rest of ingredients except flour. Mix well and then add sufficient flour to make into a soft dough. Roll on floured board and put into shallow baking-dish and cook for about ½ an hour in a hot oven, or until a nice golden brown. To be eaten hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. L. Nancarrow, 353 Jamieson St., South Broken Hill, N.S.W.

BLACK PIGS (A SAVORY)

Stone some prunes which have been allowed to swell in hot water. In each prune put an olive stuffed with anchovy, then roll each prune in a slice of bacon. Place the rolls closely together in a pie-dish and bake in an oven for 15 minutes. Butter some small pieces of toast, dust with paprika, put a prune on each. Warm up and serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. F. Lewis, 3 Bareena Rd., Strathfield, N.S.W.

BRETTLES

Half a cup butter, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup flour, grated rind of 1 lemon, 12 glace cherries, ½ cup caster sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, grated rind ½ orange, chopped nuts.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream in a basin. Stir in egg-yolk, fruit-rinds, and vanilla. Beat well. Add flour and lemon juice, and mix till mixture is light. Cover and stand in a cool place till firm. Roll into small balls. Dip into beaten egg-white. Roll in chopped nuts. Top each with ½ cherry. Bake in a buttered baking-tin, about one inch apart, in a moderate oven, for 20 to 30 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Masterman, 2 Appledore St., W. Devonport, Tas.

£25 Cash Must Be Won

"Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 12

£25 CASH WILL BE AWARDED TO THE COMPETITOR WITH THE GREATEST NUMBER OF NAMES CORRECT. IN THE EVENT OF THES PRIZE MONEY WILL BE DIVIDED EQUALLY.

This list below, 16 names, is made up of 16 names of featured film players, the first letter only of the Christian name being given. The surname is jumbled with the addition of one unnecessary letter. See example No. 1, RONALD COLMAN, the extra unnecessary letter being "E." Include this name in your solution as Number 1. You are required to give the names of the remaining 15 film players. NOTE: (1) Additional entries must be written out separately. (2) Alterations cannot be accepted. (3) MISSPELT NAMES COUNT AS ERRORS. IMPORTANT: Use the diagram for working out your solution and, when you have solved the names, write your list in order on a sheet of plain paper (one side only). Enclose a Postal Note for 1/- as entry fee—additional entries will be charged 6d. each—(stamps will not be accepted) and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1935. "FILM STARS" COMPETITION, G.P.O., Box 3834T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

No. 1	R	ONALD	MANCOLE (COLMAN)	No. 9	R	.....	KEEEELR
„ 2	C	.....	ROOKBY	„ 10	A	.....	SONJOLS
„ 3	C	.....	GABNEL	„ 11	C	.....	BERTCOLB
„ 4	C	.....	NOTALAUGH	„ 12	P	.....	HESHOLM
„ 5	B	.....	HULEM	„ 13	H	.....	STREETTWELVE
„ 6	G	.....	KISSARL	„ 14	N	.....	EARSHEAR
„ 7	W	.....	BREEZY	„ 15	L	.....	ÀNSMOR
„ 8	R	.....	ATMES	„ 16	U	.....	KERMELS

Prize Money and Sealed Solution are deposited with "Truth and Sportsman" Ltd.

Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final.

RESULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER ON ISSUE DATED DECEMBER 21st.

"Search for Film-Stars" Competition No. 9
RESULTS

Six entrants submitted fully-correct solutions, and therefore share the prize, £25 cash, each receiving £4/3/4.

MRS. L. P. CARROLL, 5 HINDMAN ST., KATOOMBA.
NORMAN NIXON, QUEEN ST., CAMPBELLTOWN, N.S.W.
MRS. E. HOLLINGER, "ARAWA," CARLISLE ST., ASHFIELD.
T. FLATBAU, 17 MOSMAN ST., MOSMAN.
MRS. E. S. JEISMAN, CLARE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.
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Backache To-day Doctor To-morrow

Thousands have learned the truth of this too late. Neglected backache leads to serious kidney disease. Why take risks? Harrison's Pills are made to a doctor's prescription—famous everywhere for Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Troubles. They give prompt relief and are sold under a definite guarantee. Sold by chemists and storekeepers everywhere at small cost. Money back if not satisfied with the very first bottle. Why delay?***

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE. OVE

CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR BABY!

A Rather Special One, too—Dainty Pillow-Slip Exquisitely Hand-Embroidered in Readiness for Giving

INEXPENSIVE, dainty, useful, this little pillow-case will make the nicest Christmas gift for a baby. Overloaded with the inevitable rattles, feeders, bonnets and booties, and grateful because it combines so splendidly utility with an engaging daintiness, the busy mother will bless the donor of such a gift.

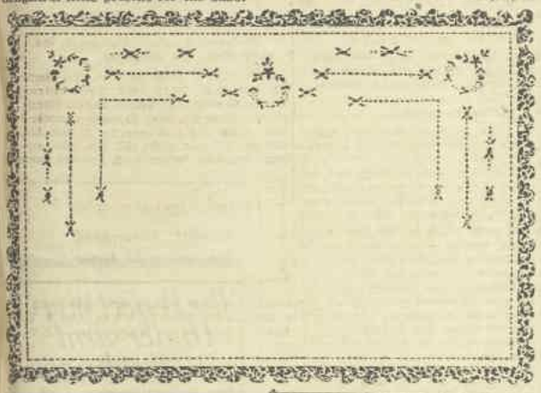
The pillow-slip, with this unassailable virtue of being completed without any more work for poor mother to do, is a delightfully dainty little thing, and is hand-embroidered.

It measures 15½ by 10½ inches. Round the edge is a dainty beflowered lacy edge. There are several designs, each very, very sweet, enchantingly worked in colored embroidery silks. Back is neatly finished with hemstitched slit.

This pillow-slip can be had in good quality white Egyptian cotton, that launders beautifully, for 2/- each, or in fine white linen for 2/6.

Hand-embroidered, hand-made, lace-finished and priced attractively, what a delightful little present for the babe!

OUR BABY SIZE pillow-slip is the daintiest piece imaginable. Exquisitely hand-embroidered on soft, white, high-grade Egyptian cotton, it is a snap at the price, 2/-. Hand-embroidered on white linen, 2/6.



NEAT AND SWEET!

Tatting Edge For Kerchief

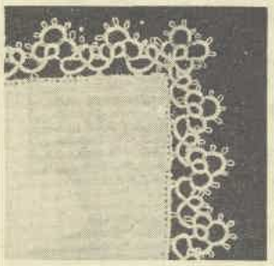
THOSE needle lovers who are eager to learn new edgings, and who are working little gifts for Christmas, will love this exquisitely dainty tatting hand-kerchief edging. It is quick and simple to do. Work it in 80 mercer cotton.

Abbreviations: R., ring; d.s., double stitch; p., picot; ch., chain.

R. 4, d.s. 3 p. sep. by 4 d.s., 4 d.s., ch. 3 d.s., 3 p. sep. by 3 d.s., 3 d.s., join into 1st p. of 1st r., continue * ch. 3 d.s., 4 p. sep. by 3 d.s., 3 d.s., and join into 2nd p. of same r., continue 3 d.s., 3 p. sep. by 3 d.s., 3 d.s. and join into 3rd p. of ring.

Turn work over and make ch. of 7 d.s., 1 p., 7 d.s. R. 3 d.s., join to 3rd p. of last chain of motif, 3 d.s., 1 p., 3 d.s., 1 p., 3 d.s., 1 p., 3 d.s., ch. 7 d.s., 1 p., 7 d.s. R. 4 d.s., 3 p. sep. by 4 d.s., 4 d.s.

Turn this ring back and hold in place whilst working following chains: Ch. 3 d.s. 1 p., 3 d.s., join to last p. of 2nd last ring, 3 d.s., 1 p., 3 d.s., join into 1st p. of last ring. Repeat from *.



CORNER of the tatting edging for a kerchief. This will make a sweet finish to a little gift.

To turn a corner: After completing the ring that separates the motifs continue ch. 2 d.s., 2 p. sep. by 2 d.s., 2 d.s., r. 4 d.s., 3 p. sep. by 4 d.s., 4 d.s., ch. 3 d.s., 1 p., 3 d.s., join into last p. of 2nd last r., 3 d.s., 1 p., 3 d.s., join into 1st p. of last r., ch. 3 d.s., 4 p. sep. by 3 d.s., 3 d.s., join into 2nd p. of same r., make a ch. similar to last one, and join into 3rd p. of r., ch. 3 d.s., 3 p. sep. by 3 d.s., 3 d.s., join to base of r. Ch. 2 d.s., join into p. of corresponding ch., 2 d.s., 1 p., 2 d.s. R. 3 d.s., join to last p. of last ch. of motif 3 d.s., 3 p. sep. by 3 d.s., 3 d.s.

Continue as before.

CROCHET CHARM

"Fan" Sandwich D'oyley

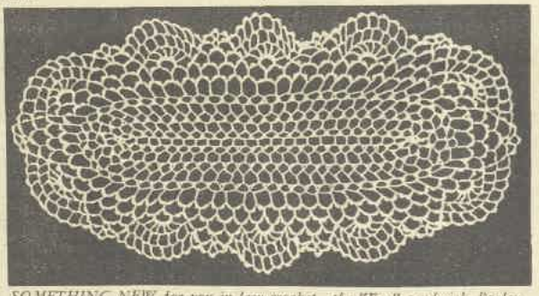
THIS original d'oyley was worked in No. 70 Mercer cotton, and is 10 ins. long and 5½ ins. wide.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; ch.l., chain loop; sl., slip stitch; d.c. double crochet; tr., treble; d. tr., double treble; p., picot (5 ch. sl. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 ch.); d.p.l., double picot loop (1 ch., p., 1 ch., p., 1 ch).

1st Row: Work 25 p., tr. into ch. between 3rd and 4th p. from hook, * p., tr. between next picots. Repeat from * to between 24th and 25th picots, 2 p., sl. to 1st p. **2nd Row:** Sl. to centre of end p., 8 ch., d.c. into same p., * 8 ch., d.c. into next p. Repeat from * all round, increasing at the other end of row, same as beginning.

3rd Row: Tr., p., tr. into centre of ch.l., * p., tr. into d.c. between ch.ls., * p., tr. into next ch.l. Repeat from * all round, working the other end to match the beginning. **4th Row:** Sl. to centre of p., * 9 ch., d.c. into next p. Repeat from * all round. **5th Row:** Same as 3rd row.

6th Row: 7 ch.ls. all round, increasing once at each end by working 7 ch., tr. into top of tr. of previous row. **7 ch. 7th Row:** Sl. to centre of ch.l., d.tr., * d.p.l., d.tr. into next ch.l. Repeat from * all round.



SOMETHING NEW for you in lacy crochet—the "Fan" sandwich d'oyley. And it is easy and quick to crochet.

8th Row: In working this row, make sure that the fans are evenly placed at ends. Sl. to centre of d.p.l., * tr. (d.p.l., tr. into next d.p.l.), 5 times, p., 12 ch., d.c. between p. of last d.p.l., 13 d.c. into 12 ch.l., p. Repeat from * all round.

9th Row: Sl. to centre of d.p.l., * d.p.l., tr. into next d.p.l., d.p.l., tr. into next d.p.l., d.p.l., d.c. into next d.p.l., (3 ch., miss 1 d.c., d.tr. into next d.c.) 6 times, 3 ch., d.c. into next d.p.l. Repeat from * all round.

10th Row: Sl. to centre of d.p.l., * d.p.l. (tr., 3 ch., tr.) all into next d.p.l., d.p.l., d.c. into next d.p.l. (4 ch., d.tr. into 3 ch.l.) 7 times. 4 ch., d.c. into d.p.l. Repeat from * all round. **11th Row:** Sl. to centre of d.p.l., * p. (tr., p., tr.) all into 3 ch.l., p., d.c. into d.p.l. (p., d.tr. into 4 ch.l.) 8 times, p., d.c. into d.p.l. Repeat from * all round. End off.

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Only AMAMI Shampoos contain the 47 ingredients essential to hair-health and lustrous loveliness. Brunettes should get shampoo number 1; number 5 is made exclusively for Blondes, and number 7 is a Special Camomile Application for the very fair. From chemists and stores, 9d. per sachet.

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Why put up with disfiguring skin troubles when you can get rid of them easily by enriching the blood with Cream of Yeast? See how your skin shows an the good, rich, new blood replaces the old. And with richer blood, comes clearer eyes, firmer step, greater vigour. Even the hair becomes glossier as Cream of Yeast improves the general health. Take this popular treatment to-day—24 Cream of Yeast tablets cost only 1/12d at any good chemists, or you can get 125 tablets for 5/9. Where other things fail after months, Cream of Yeast gives results at once. Proof is easy, and costs little.

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MOVING TO NEW PREMISES DEC. 16th, 1935. The Electricity Department will move to the Queen Victoria Building, George Street (between Park and Market Streets), on December 16th, 1935. All business (payment of accounts, etc.) will be transacted at the new address on and after that date.

Any approved Electric Range may now be purchased from electrical retailers on the following EASY TERMS:

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Free installation.
(up to a cost of £6.)

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REMOVAL NOTICE

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After being established for 31 years at 6 Hunter Street, Gibb & Beeman have moved that branch to the new Hotel Australia Building, Martin Place, 5 doors from the Commonwealth Bank.

Their Pitt Street Branch is still at the same address, 378 Pitt Street, opposite Anthony Horderns.

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"WHAT IS TICKLING you so, Baby?" This is what our cameraman heard Elizabeth say to gurgling Jennifer as he captured this delightful study of two little Australians who, all fresh and clean, had "just come out to play."

Mary Truby King Discusses Old-Fashioned Theories

There are many antiquated customs that die hard even in the nursery—in most cases, perhaps, for the want of enlightening knowledge.

In this pertinent article Mary Truby King explodes a few of these outstanding, old-fashioned theories, which she terms "nursery fallacies." For instance, she deals with:

That dose of castor oil after birth.
Silly fallacy of the binder.
Reasons why baby should sleep alone.
Evils of teething powders, etc.
The curse of the dummy.
Unnecessary doses of aperients.

THE first nursery fallacy is that baby should be given a dose of castor oil soon after birth to clear out the meconium.

Meconium is the name given to the dark, tarry, odorless substance passed from the bowels during the first few days of baby's life. Meconium changes slowly to the normal faeces of the breast-fed infant, and should not be interfered with.

(2) The second fallacy is that baby is in need of a binder "to support his back." If his back needed a permanent support he would have been born with one attached! The only use we have for a binder is to keep the cord dressing in place till healed. After that the binder should come off.

In 1668, a famous French obstetrician wrote, "Baby must be swaddled to give his body a straight figure, which is most decent and convenient for a man, and to accustom him to keep upon the feet, for else he would go upon all fours as most other animals do." The binder is a survival of the swaddling days, and in these times we do not notice binderless babies growing up with any tendency to walk like a horse.

(3) The breasts of a new-born infant should not be massaged with a view to "breaking down the nipple-strings." Sometimes baby's breasts become swollen during the first week of life. A warm, olive oil compress should be applied, covered by a pad of cotton wool and held in place by a muslin bandage. Inform your doctor if baby's breasts are swollen or secreting fluid.

Let Baby Sleep Alone

(4) Baby should not sleep in the same bed as mother. There is grave danger of over-lying, but apart from this baby cannot get a supply of good, pure, cool air unless he has a crib to himself. So long as the room is airy, baby's crib may be placed within arm's length of the mother's bed, his head facing in the opposite direction to hers, so that she may attend to him during the night, if necessary, without getting out of bed.

(5) Baby does not require soothing powders or "teething syrups" when cutting teeth. These contain drugs and are definitely harmful. Breast feed baby from birth, and attend to the fundamentals for bodily health and he will cut his teeth with very little trouble. A little orange juice rubbed on his gums is soothing, and he likes something hard to bite on at this time.

(6) Breast milk and humanised milk taken at the same feed do not disagree. It is best to give baby every drop of the natural food which you have and then to make up the deficiency with properly prepared humanised milk than to wean baby altogether because your milk supply is not quite sufficient.

The "Dummy" Curse

(7) It does baby no harm to cry for a little while each day. Do not immediately stop him by shoving a dummy into his mouth. **The dummy habit is a very dirty one, and babies who are given dummies frequently "go off the breast," due to an unnatural rhythm of sucking.**

Baby should suck only at the regular four-hourly intervals. Persistent sucking of fingers or thumb is often induced by the use of the dummy, and much indigestion follows in its wake. Dummies are illegal in France, and should be illegal all the world over.

(8) A serious nursery fallacy is that children should be given an aperient once a week whether they seem to need it or not. This is a harmful practice. Correct food, sufficient fluid and plenty of exercise are the best aperients.

If the children are well regulated in these matters there is no need to expend money on aperients.

Give VIVID Beauty to your LIPS WITH Michel

Whatever the shape of your mouth, Michel will make it lovelier, fresher, more tempting. For Michel outlines your lips with glowing, vivid color . . . keeps them soft and appealing. Michel lipstick is truly indelible . . . . it lasts for hours, and holds its delicate perfume to the last.

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Be sure to get the genuine Michel lipstick with the word "MICHEL" engraved on the case. All others are imitations!

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She's still fresh *and dainty*

BECAUSE SHE'S A
Change Daily Girl!

Every morning she puts on a fresh set of undies, clean and sweet as clover! Every night, she sets aside just 4 minutes to pop them into Lux and out again. That's her programme for a successful summer . . . free from all worries about personal daintiness. Do you wonder she looks such a picture of cool, refreshing charm?

4 *Minutes every night*
TO GUARD YOUR PERSONAL DAINTINESS

For the sake of 4 minutes every night, you can be sure no-one will ever find you guilty of unpleasant perspiration. It's so easy to offend—but easier still to avoid offending, the change daily way.

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Follow the easy 4-minute Lux method. One tablespoon of Lux does all of one day's undies . . . and your stockings, too. Squeeze garments gently in the lukewarm Lux suds. Rinse twice, roll in a towel and shake out. **Don't use too-warm water** Lux makes lovely suds in lukewarm water.

A LEVER PRODUCT 6.2015

LUX YOUR UNDERTHINGS EVERY NIGHT . . . . REMOVES PERSPIRATION

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This new deodorant is the size and shape of a lipstick—applied as easily as a lipstick—no spreading or rubbing. A few touches to the armpits and you are protected against odour for the day. Its name? Perstik. And because it is the size and shape of a lipstick, it is easy to keep in your bag for use during the day or evening. If you have ever—even for a single moment—suspected the presence of under-arm odour when away from your boudoir, you will appreciate having a Perstik with you in your purse at all times. 2/3 at all Chemists and Stores.

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OUR FASHION SERVICE

. . . and Free Pattern

FOR THE MATURE FIGURE.

WW587A.—Specially designed for the full figure, this frock is bellless, fitted to the waist, and has slimming pecks of plain contrast under the unusual collar. Material for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 34 to 48 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHOICE OF SLEEVES.

WW588A.—Two kinds of sleeves, short and long, as illustrated, are provided for in this pattern. A lovely youthful style, pockets have inverted pleats to match the two inverted pleats at the back bodice. Material for 36-inch bust: 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

PRETTY, CIRCULAR YOKE.

WW589A.—A frock of distinction with round yoke and shirring where the material joins. Note smart balloon sleeves. Skirt is graceful and slimming. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

UNUSUAL SPORTS STYLE.

WW590A.—Conjuring up visions of warm summer days, this little short-sleeved dress is smart and unusual. Stitched panel extending from bodice to skirt is beautifully "different." Material for 36-inch bust: 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SCHOOLGIRL'S DESIGN.

WW591A.—Sweetly simple and entirely suitable for a youngster. Note cute bow, bodice fullness, and suggested stitching. Pattern for 12 and 14 years. Material for 14 years: 2¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

YOUTHFUL AND DAINTY.

WW592A.—This appealing little design for 6 and 8 years is prettily gathered at the neck where the frock is encircled with a turn-down collar. Material for 8 years: 1¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: ½ yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

ENCHANTING COLLARS.

WW593A.—Summer demands constant changes, and you will love these jaunty, chic collars. **PAPER PATTERN for complete set, 1/1.**

DEBONAIR SHOVEL-SHAPE.

WW594A.—If you make your own hats for a reasonable price you may have a hat to match every one of your frocks. This design is very modern—shovel, jutting over the eye, and upturned brim at the back. Full directions make your task an easy one. Pattern in sizes 21 and 22-inch head. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

BABE'S CARRYING COAT.

WW595A.—Delightful design for a babe's carrying coat, smocked round the neck. A foundation guide is given with pattern. Material: 1¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

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NEWCASTLE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
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Pattern Coupon, 30/11/35.

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THESE three attractive designs, completely provided for in our splendid free three-in-one pattern, show some of summer's latest and most pleasing fashion points.

Pattern is for 34-inch bust.

Material for first frock: 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide; for second frock, 3½ yards, 36 inches wide; for third frock, 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide.

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Currants
Sultanas
Raisins

Dried Apricots
Nectarines
Pears, Peaches and Prunes retain their Natural Flavor.

TRY THIS RECIPE

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

6 oz. flour.
6 oz. breadcrumbs.
8 oz. suet (beef).
8 oz. sultanas.
8 oz. currants.
8 oz. raisins.
2 oz. almonds.
6 eggs.
6 oz. brown sugar.
¼ lb. mixed peel.
½ packet spice.
1 teaspoon salt.
½ teaspoon cinnamon
Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon.
1 grated carrot.

Shred suet and rub it into the flour, add breadcrumbs and fruits properly prepared and cleaned. Add spice, sugar, grated lemon rind and grated carrot. Beat eggs and pour into dry ingredients, add lemon juice, and mix well. Cook in floured cloth or greased basin for 4 hours. Lift out, hang in a cool place until required (will keep for 8 weeks). Then boil another 2 hours and serve hot with sauce.

The above recipe is taken from

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W. Weekly

EMERALDS *are Definitely* TRUMPS

Continued from Page 13

"JOHANNA, will you come to my study for a few minutes. I—er—have something I want to say to you." He was obviously nervous.

As a matter of fact it was definitely awkward, because Tubby had arranged to call for me at eight o'clock, and he is always tiresomely punctual.

However, I ran along to the study and hoped for the best. Dun was flatteringly excited.

"I'm afraid that what I'm going to say to you will be a great surprise, Johanna," he began.

Murmured "Perhaps not," with another sweet, encouraging smile.

"Well—er—as a matter of fact, I want to have you on my side before I tell cousin Mary. I hardly expect her to approve."

"No." I agreed.

"She may not see my point of view, at first. But lately, Johanna, especially since Lola went away, it has got harder and harder for me. You are growing up, and the position is impossible."

"Quite," I said placidly, deciding that after the wedding I must send the Conchita a small gift. Shall definitely recommend her, too.

Certainly it wasn't my idea of a proposal but—well—after all, Dun never goes to the talkies, and he probably didn't know how it was done.

"In fact, Johanna, I am—er—in love."

Dun actually blushed. Was so astonished that without thinking, said:

"I know."

"You know?" he demanded in a startled voice, "how the devil——?"

Just at that moment the study door was flung open and Parker announced Tubby! Gave him a perfectly annihilating look, but he didn't seem to realise it. Had to go off with him before I could explain to Dun. However, managed to run back for a moment.

"I've known for a while, and I'm—er—fearfully bucked." Couldn't think of anything else at the moment, although I felt too terribly romantic. However, Dun seemed satisfied. He looked relieved and obviously happy.

"You're a marvel to have guessed, Jo dear."

"Oh, womanly intuition," I told him, airily.

"Then you'll help me all you can with cousin Mary?"

This struck me as a trifle obvious.

"Why, of course, Dun darling. To the death!"

Then I had to fly.

So now practically all settled. Have decided to have an emerald engagement ring. Platinum setting, of course, but a gold ring. Definitely want a gold wedding ring. Saw a divine one yesterday.

Hoped Dun would begin to step on it a trifle to-day. Certainly he isn't my idea of a cave-man lover. Expect he's afraid to frighten me by letting me see the depths of his passion.

Still no sign from Dun. Kept giving him stimulating glances all day. Guess it will be such a relief to him to know that I love him, that he is stunned with joy.

However, don't want him to stay stunned too long.

At lunch time I met him on the stairs.

"Aren't you going to tell cousin Mary?" I whispered with longing thoughts of that emerald.

"To-morrow," he assured me with a significant look.

Feel that life will never be quite the same. Am too, too devastated after the shock I've had to-day. Can hardly bear to write it.

It happened to be the semi-final of the tennis tournament at the club. Was playing it off with Tubby as partner. Ran downstairs ready for the game and was raking in the cloakroom for my racquet when Dun called.

"That you, Johanna?"

Must admit had, temporarily, of course, forgotten about my love affair. At least was making up my mind that Tub and I were going to whack the black-hatred cat, Joyce Watt, and her brother, and get through to the final, and a girl can't think of two things at once.

So was inclined to be cross with Dun. However, thought I'd better do what he wanted.

Went into the drawing-room, and discovered Dun dispensing tea to a (I must admit it) very lovely lady.

"Margaret," he said, "this is Johanna."

She rose and caught my hands.

"I hope she's as sweet as she looks—We're going to like each other, aren't we, Johanna?"

"Oh, I hope so," I murmured vaguely, with a glance at the clock.

Dun saw me, and said reprovingly, "Surely you're not going to run off at once, Johanna. I want you to get to know my fiancee."

Stood and stared with (I fear) my mouth gaping.

"Your—your——"

"Don't look so stupid, Johanna. The lady has done me the honor of promising to be my wife. I thought you said you knew?"

Came out of the anaesthetic, as Tub would say, in a flash.

"Why, so I did, Dun, darling. But I wasn't prepared for such a beautiful lady."

Afterwards felt that was very cute of me. But could stand no more. Murmured a few words about a tennis match and fled.

As I closed the drawing-room door heard Margaret's voice.

"Why, Alistair, she's a delicious child."

Thought I'd go crazy.

Went into the library. Locked the door, and told the whole story to Tubby over the phone. He was most unfeeling.

"Good Lord, Jo, is that all? Thought you'd smashed your tennis racquet. Buck up, or you'll be late for the match."

BANGED down the receiver. Thought of throwing myself in the pond. Decided against it, as was wearing new sports suit which might shrink before Dun could rescue me.

Anyway, we won the match. (Final to be played off next Wednesday.) Wanted to go straight home to cry myself to sleep, but Tubby took me such a long run was dead tired when I got back and temporarily forgot about my broken heart.

Tubby suggested to-day that I should pretend to be in love with him, just to let Dun see what he has missed. Decided it might be rather fun.

Spent rather a jolly day. Or it would have been if I hadn't had a broken heart.

Tubby appeared with a gorgeous square-cut emerald, set in platinum, and slipped it on my finger. Told him he was rather overdoing it, I thought. But he said that being a lawyer he believed in having circumstantial evidence. He said it would definitely make Dun jealous. Not so sure about Dun, but have hopes about Margaret.

Though, really, she is rather a dear. Old, of course, quite thirty. But I believe I'd rather like her, if I didn't hate her for cutting me out, so to speak.

Have decided to keep Tubby's emerald for always. To be followed (in about six months time) by a plain gold ring.

Am the happiest girl in the world.

Can't decide whether to have Lola as solitary Dame of Honour in lamé velvet, or a troop of fluffy bridesmaids carrying lily-of-the-valley harps. Definitely upsetting. Kept me awake all night.

Or, perhaps, it was thinking of Tubby. (Copyright)

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See special notice on the Pattern Page.

Readers desirous of posting The Australian Women's Weekly to friends should make sure they provide the correct postage, which is 1d. for every four.

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Onward March of Fashion

Romantic Plaids and Checks Enter the Home

BY OUR HOME DECORATOR

IT can be truthfully said that in all the world no group of patterns are as celebrated as the Scotch plaids and checks.

What an appeal they possess for us all, for there is not only color, but meaning, in those plaids. And although they have necessarily been somewhat adapted for interior decorative purposes, the main characteristics are retained in design and weave for the beautifying of our homes.

IT was in the rugged Highlands of Scotland where the sheep's wool grew longest and strongest, where the climate was sharp and bitter, that tartan fabrics were first loomed, and plaid patterns began to emerge as distinctive clan symbols.

Centuries ago!

No cochineal dyes were available to these primitive craftsmen. They took their purple dyes from the brambles, canary-yellow from the heather blooms, red from "Ladies-bed-straw." Even then they could produce the color grey in sixteen different ways, buff in five, and black in ten!

Primitive Methods

TO fix the dyes they used nut-galls and moss, and yet so permanent were their dyes that to-day some of the fabrics are as brilliant and colorful as when they were made two and three hundred years ago.

A few of the famous tartans are reproduced in black-and-white on this page, but to these could be added many more, equally famous.

Collectively, they afford an amazing variety of forms and colors, and yet are as basically simple as a geometrician's straight line.

VERY SMART EFFECTS can be achieved with plain walls, plain, self-toned upholstered furniture and check window drapings and accessories. (Note actual photograph of new check fabric). Here the colorings are repeated in the large overcheck carpet.

ONE of the outstanding points in favor of these new plaids and checks for home decoration purposes is that they conform so well with the smart, square lines of modernly-designed furniture.

History tells us that when the clans were dissolved, when the pattern sticks and measuring guides were laid away, many of the old and distinctive patterns were lost for all time, but in the fabrics and patterns that remain to-day we see romance. They were to the Scots what the dragon and floral patterns became to the Chinese, and the lotus and the palm to Egypt and Syria in the centuries that have slowly but surely passed their way.

And So To-day!

I THINK it is a splendid gesture on the part of modern designers to create fabrics and rugs for our homes, carrying the main characteristics of famous old Scotch tartans in their design.

In America, rugs are created in the authentic designs of old Scotch tartans. I have been told of wonderful reproductions of the Menzies tartan (shades of Bannockburn!), the noble Frazer, the Royal Stuarts, Rosses, MacIntoshes — and all specifically designed for modern rooms. With these go the tartan fabrics for curtains, for cushions, for chair covers.

But here in Australia we will probably favor more adaptations —unless, of course, we happen to be very, very Scotch!

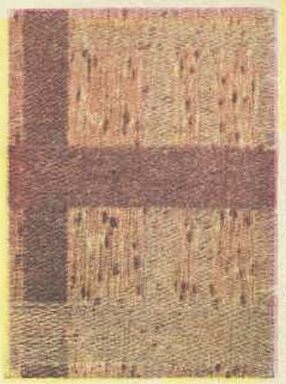
They Blend So Well

NOT the least important feature of these patterns is that they have been adapted to blend with any color scheme—with any furniture.

Take, for instance, the examples shown on this page. At the top right we have a smart scheme showing lounge suite and curtains in attractive two-tone brown plaid. Note the new "square" lines of this suite and how ideally suitable to the square geometrical lines of the plaid.

Many delightful effects, too, can be achieved with a plain suite and check furnishings. Observe the example shown here, at left, in a plain lounge chair with check cushion and curtains to match, while the colorings are repeated in the large overcheck design of the carpet.

There is practically no end to the many different effects it is possible to obtain by a little careful thought and planning, and it is gratifying to know that these patterns, with their simple, straight lines and variety of color effects, never pall, like so many furnishing schemes—their charm and colorful simplicity remain always to bring new life and a lasting freshness to any room of the home.—E.E.G.



New plaid and check materials by courtesy of Grace Bros., Ltd., Broadway.

SIMPLE, COLORFUL beauty of the traditional Scotch plaids inspires modern designers. Above you see a smart scheme, showing lounge suite and curtains in attractive two-tone plaid.

LEFT: Actual photograph of plaid material which has been designed to add Highland romance to your home. Don't you think this design ideally suited to the new "square" lines of modern suites?

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(Miss) M.D.

(Original letter on file for inspection.)

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CLEMENTS TONIC

"Gives you Nerves of Steel"

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CINQUO *the* GREAT

Continued from Page 7

"It might have been Lena's trick," he said.

Throughout the night he had lain awake, thinking that. It might have been Lena, trim, taut and cool—swinging across to him with the confidence of months, sure of the hands that awaited her, when the blackness came.

"So you see, Colonel, I've got to quit. Me—I don't matter. But—I'm not safe any more."

"Maybe the doctor's wrong." It was poor comfort and the Colonel knew it. "If they were always right, I'd have been dead myself years ago."

Charlie shook his head.

"This morning I shot down at Joe's. I've never missed the bull before. To-day I didn't even break the target. Colonel, I couldn't see it."

The big boss sat down again at the table. He didn't know what to do or say.

"I'm sorry, Charlie," he mumbled.

"I know, Boss," Charlie nodded. "But—what are we going to do?"

The Colonel fumbled nervously with his fingers, and dropped his eyes.

"Well, there's young Jim."

He didn't find it easy to offer the suggestion. It wasn't easy to talk to a man whose whole foundations had just stood for a nasty jolt about giving his job to someone else. He'd known Charlie for years. Liked him, too.

"You see, the act's booked and billed right ahead. I've got to carry a trapeze act. And you've trained young Jim. Could he do it?"

It was hard to be fair, Charlie found, when the only picture that would come into his mind was of Lena being caught and held close by someone else.

"I reckon he'd be all right," he said at last, slowly. "I don't know about that last act, though. Anyway, I'd still be there—in a way."

"You'd be there?"

Charlie Cinquo took a step forward and leaned over the table. He'd thought this all out. He'd got to stay near Lena, somehow.

"There isn't anything else for me but the circus," he explained. "I was born in it. Fifth of an unbroken line. That's why I call myself Cinquo. I've been kicking sawdust all my life. I couldn't live without it now. So I wondered——"

"Well?"

"Tent-man, Colonel. Give me a job as tent-man. It's all I'm fit for. I'd still be in the circus, hearing it and smelling it—until——"

"Yes, I see. And the doctor couldn't say—when?"

"No! Months, very likely. But suddenly, when it does come."

"The others will be sorry, Charlie."

"They won't know." There was hard decision in his voice. "I'm not telling them. I've had to tell you—but I don't aim at spreading the story."

"But why? They'll think——"

"I know what they'll think, all right," said Charlie grimly. "Guess they'll just have to think. And it's my funeral, Boss."

Colonel Murray shrugged helplessly.

"Sure it is—and what about Lena?"

A spasm of pain darkened the other's eyes. For months now he'd hidden in his own mind a vague dream—a dream of himself and Lena—tenting together, sharing his gaudy living-wagon, taking the road as man and wife.

Well! A few long wise words from a strange doctor had finished that. But he didn't want Lena's pity. Like as not she'd marry him out of hand, just because. You never could tell with Lena. And he'd be no match for her, he knew. Yet he'd got to stay near her.

So she mustn't know anything about it. Let her think him yellow, too.

"You'll have to fix things with Lena," Murray said. "I'm not facing her unless I can tell the truth."

The Great Cinquo lifted the canvas flap and entered the Big Top. It was empty, dim in its vastness. He was glad.

He wanted to stay here a bit where things were familiar. The mixed smell of sawdust and leather, of horses and stables, that hung round the place was as good as a drink any day.

Without hearing her come in, he suddenly knew Lena was near him. He sighed almost wistfully and turned to her, hands limp at his sides.

She said: "Here, Charlie, what's been the matter? I've been chasing you for hours. We've got to——"

He mustn't let her go on talking, or before he knew where he was he'd be crying all over her jumper like a kid. So he jumped in clumsily.

"Sorry, kid. I've been busy. And I—I've been feeling a bit off things to-day."

She came over to him and laid a hand easily on his arm. He wished she wouldn't.

She said: "That fall. Nothing much, was it? hen I saw you miss I just went plain scared."

He shifted uneasily on his feet.

"No. Not—exactly. Say, Lena, what do you think of Jim?"

"Is that a riddle, or a trap?" she wanted to know.

"No, honest. I mean his work. You feel—sort of safe with him?"

"Well, he hasn't dropped me yet," she said. "He'd better not," she added darkly.

He blundered on with a hearty enthusiasm that made the girl look at him sharply.

"Of course he hasn't. He's a great kid. I guess he's come on fine lately. Why, he and you could—could run the show, I guess."

"Maybe." Her voice was non-committal. She waited for him to say something else.

He passed his tongue over his lips.

"Seems a shame he doesn't get more chance. Not with me there. So I thought—"

She stopped him suddenly with a movement of her hand.

"What are you trying to say, Charlie?"

"You'd better turn Jim out and run through the act. I'm through, Lena. I'm not going up on the rings again," he said quietly—and suddenly felt very tired.

The smile died from her face and she eyed him queerly. For a long time there was silence.

"So you're—turning me down cold?" she asked at last.

He mastered the desire to run to her and pick her up, and bury his head where she couldn't see his eyes, and whimper quietly.

"If that's the way it looks to you—well! that's the way it looks," he said.

He saw conviction of his purpose born in her eyes; saw the amazement there; the frantic search for a reason. Saw her shrug her shoulders helplessly. Heard her say as she turned: "All right. I'll find Jim," and then he was alone again—a solitary figure in a vast dimness, fumbling with blind hands at steel masts.

In the blue, red-piped uniform he hated morosely, Charlie Cinquo stood at one entrance to the great arena.

The flatties were coming in, leaving the stalls and booths that filled the rest of the vast hall outside the ring of circus seating, as the time for the performance drew near.

The months that had carried summer to winter, and Murray's Monster Menagerie and Circus from South England tenting to indoor showing in a vast hall, hadn't been easy.

Please turn to Page 53

No DANDRUFF NOW

"YOU WANT TO KNOW what I wash my hair with? I keep to Wright's Coal Tar Soap. It makes my hair beautifully glossy, and it does prevent dandruff."

Undoubtedly, Wright's is the SAFE soap for cleansing the scalp and hair. Its antiseptic properties are a dependable safeguard against dandruff; its fragrant lather stimulates and refreshes the scalp.

10½d. per cake at all Chemists and Stores.

WRIGHT'S coal tar SOAP

WI-65

Help Kidneys

- If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning Smarting, Itching, or Acidity, try the new discovery, Cystex (Sis-tex). Guaranteed to end your troubles in 8 days, or money back. At all chemists.

Today Your LIPSTICK Must Match Your NAIL POLISH

CUTEX presents a complete range of harmonizing Lipsticks and Nail Polishes

The new Cutex Lipstick is creamy but not greasy. It is permanent. It's easy to spread, and won't dry your lips.

Cutex Ruby Lipstick exactly matches Cutex Ruby Nails.

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Be one of the first to follow this new vogue of harmonizing lips and nail tips.

Prices: Liquid Polish 1/- and 2/6. Lipstick 1/6 everywhere.

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Travelling the Road to Loveliness!

Simple Aids for the Busy Business Woman

By EVELYN

LIFE is a hurried affair for the majority. Most of us feel, when we discover hair lacking life and sheen, skin dry and sallow-looking, hands and nails far from perfection, "frown" lines deepening, tiny lines appearing under the eyes, that we must start and do something, and be consistent about it. If the desire for loveliness is strong enough, however, time can be made for beauty care by the busiest girl or woman.

THE petal-smooth, clear skin of Alice Faye, lovely young Fox star, is only retained by simple, consistent beauty care. You might, or might not, be surprised to know that she uses sour milk to disperse freckles that in summer would lightly sprinkle her nose and cheeks.

HANDS are very important to your appearance, and, say what you like, they do respond well to a daily spot of care. Providing you can give the nails a manicure weekly (or have them manicured once a week), all that is required to keep them shiningly lovely is this:—

Morning: Run a file round the edges to keep them shapely, and smooth. Then run the orange stick underneath the tips to cleanse them; a quick rub with the polishing buffer. This should take about two or three minutes. At night, rub in some cuticle cream, or soak the nails in warm olive oil. Then, using a soft towel, gently push the cuticles down.

If the hands are not smooth, smother them in cream, slip the hands into loose cotton gloves, and leave on all night. And don't forget this: Remove nail enamel with an oily polish remover, and leave off for at least twenty-four hours every week. Nails must breathe.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, you can soften and tone it up with a simple mask made from almond oil and powder oatmeal. To about a tablespoon of the oatmeal, add sufficient oil to make a paste that can be spread over the face.

Leave this on for twenty minutes, wash off with warm water, and rinse in very cold water.

I would advise you to apply this mask once a week. It's simple to make, easy to apply, and decidedly beneficial. Surely twenty-five minutes one night a week can be spared from other activities!

The skin, of course, should be perfectly cleansed before applying this softening mask.

Five Minutes' Massage

EVERY night five minutes should be devoted to massage or the patting of the skin.

Of course, you can omit this on the night you give yourself the mask treatment.

You know that a generous quantity of cold cream should always be smeared on the face before massage or patting.

Using the first finger and thumb of each hand, pinch along the jawbone from the chin. You can feel the muscles here; also along the cheekbones on either side of the face; don't stretch or pull the skin, just pinch firmly, evenly, upwards and outwards, following the line of the jawbone and then the cheekbone. Then from the corner of the mouth upward and outward; pat gently under the eyes, working from the outer corner of the eye inwards up over the eyelid, and down to the corner. Using the third finger of each hand, work with a fan-like movement from the cresse (if you have one) between the eyes. Work gently upwards and outwards over the forehead.

When smearing cream or skin food over the face, pay particular attention to incipient lines or wrinkles—allow double quantity here.

When finished, wipe off cream gently and carefully, rinse in plenty of cold water, or dab on a skin tonic before rinsing in cold water.

FOR HEALTHY HAIR

TO make your hair healthy and strong, give it an oil massage. Ordinary olive oil is unbeatable for feeding the scalp and roots of the hair and for softening the texture. Dab it along a series of partings with cotton wool, and then massage into the scalp, always working upwards to the crown of the head vigorously with finger-tips.

When you are satisfied that the oil or tonic has been worked in, you may proceed with a shampoo if you wish.

Look to Your Eyes!

IF you use your eyes considerably, bathe them nightly—two minutes of your time will suffice. You can use plain, warm water with the merest pinch of boracic powder dissolved in it. Bend down your head until the eye fits in the eyebath, throw back your head, and open your eye, looking up and down, and from side to side, so that the water flows into every corner. Wipe gently and repeat the procedure with the other eye. This will brighten and strengthen the eyes.

If you're slimming bent and have not the time or the inclination to do this, that, and the other, drink cold lemon juice, without sugar, every morning, one half-hour before breakfast. Or if you're very strong-minded, and hold down what is termed a sedentary position, have an all-orange day once a week. This is said to work wonders with the complexion, as well as the figure!

But could you do it?

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: I have been putting on weight at an alarming rate, and have been told that this is due to defective glands. As I don't know the first thing about the glands of the human body, I'd be glad if you would give me some information on the subject.

* * *

GLAND treatment of various kinds, and for various purposes, is often successful if the treatment is in skilled hands. In fact, such treatment may succeed where other methods have failed, but it should only be given by an experienced doctor.

It is generally known that glands influence the development of the body and mind in a most remarkable manner. And when I speak of glands I refer to the "glands of internal secretion," sometimes called the "endocrine glands."

To be convinced of the power of glands, one need only observe how much one can improve a stunted, shrivelled, idiotic cretin with proper doses of thyroid, one of the most important of the endocrine system of glands.

In cretinism there is a definite deficiency of thyroid secretion from birth; therefore the administration of thyroid extract taken from sheep or hogs and given in capsule or tablet form is merely supplying what the body needs.

* * *

IN other cases of gland disturbance the problem is not usually so simple. First of all we do not know as much about the other glands as we do about the thyroid; nor can we "spot" disorders of other glands as readily as we can those of the thyroid.

However, medical science is making rapid research strides in this special field, and even greater benefits from gland treatment may be hoped for in the future.

The thymus gland is an interesting one. At birth it is quite large, extending from the root of the heart to the base of the neck. As the individual grows, the gland gradually gets smaller and smaller until, at puberty, it has entirely disappeared.

One of the glands, called the pineal, is situated in the brain, but its function is not known. Another gland connected with the brain is the pituitary, and concerning this much valuable scientific information has been gathered. This gland seems to influence our food absorption (metabolism) and our skeletal growth. The pituitary is used in the treatment of epilepsy.

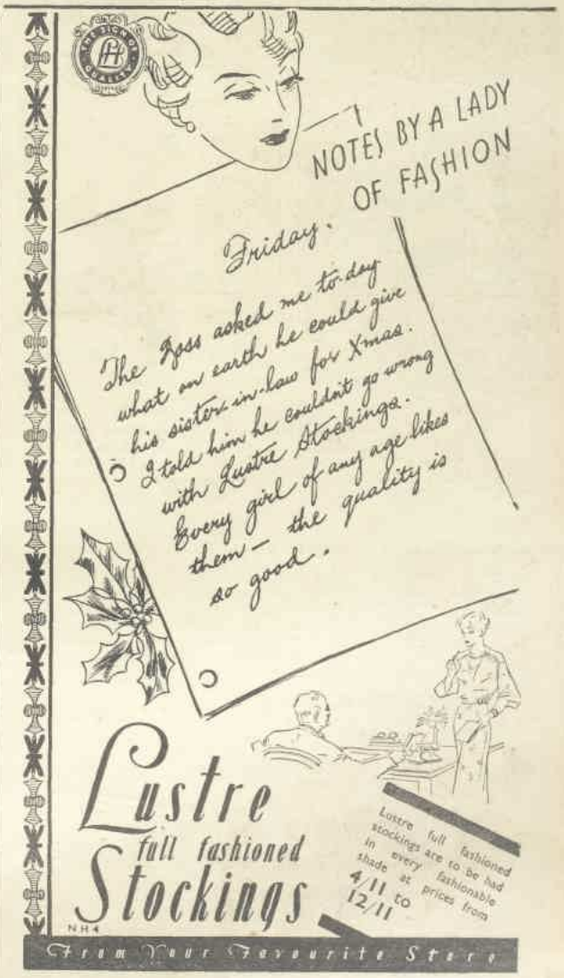
The adrenal glands, one situated on top of each kidney, are likewise highly important. It appears that they have a great deal to do with nervous disorders, low blood pressure, and states of exhaustion.

* * *

USUALLY, when one gland is not functioning properly, other glands are affected. This means that in treatment with glands several usually must be employed in amounts that may have to be changed from time to time.

In other words, all the endocrine glands seem to depend one upon the other, and when one gets out of order it upsets an inter-glandular balance that must again be restored.

Cases of glandular unbalance may require considerable study and an even longer period of treatment. Persons undergoing treatment should not become impatient. Every gland case is an individual problem.



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BRICK BRADFORD IN THE LAND OF THE LOST

PICK UP THE THREADS

CAST up, after shipwreck, on an uncharted island inhabited by the descendants of English adventurers, Brick Bradford, by his courage and strength, has been accepted by the King of this strange community as one of his bodyguard. The Court sets out to hunt giant hawks, the bait being lovely female slaves. Attempting to rescue one of these girls—Vasta, beloved of Challak—Brick and the girl are carried to the hawks' eyrie.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall.

Wunderlust to the Rescue

"HOW would a trip on the harbor go to-night?" said Wunderlust as his eyes scanned the evening paper and suddenly stopped as they fell on a heading in big, black type, "MOONLIGHT EXCURSION TO-NIGHT."

"I'd love it," said Fred, instantly putting down the cowboy book he had been reading.

"That's settled; we shall go. The boat leaves No. 2 wharf at a quarter to eight," said Wunderlust, still looking at the paper.

"Oh, we can't go," said Fred, suddenly remembering that they had invited two boys up for the night, "John and Joe are coming. We asked them to come on Thursday, and we said we would help them put their new train together."

"Of course," said Wunderlust, snapping his fingers. "Fancy me forgetting all about them. But they said they would be here soon after dinner, so they should be here any minute now. It is just seven, and perhaps if they are not too late we can fix the train up before we go."

The Big Ben in the hall had hardly finished chiming out the hour when a knock was heard on the front door.

"Here they are," said Fred, as he opened the door and let two very sunburnt boys inside.

"My word," said Wunderlust, "you two must spend a lot of time in the sun to get that good color."

"Only the week-ends," said Joe, the taller of the boys.

"Is that all?" smiled Wunderlust, as he looked from Joe to John to see if they had brought the train. "Where is the train? Didn't you bring it over?"

"No." it was John who spoke this time. "Dad thought it better to take it back to the shop where he bought it from, as they know a lot about trains and will soon be able to fix it up."

"Perhaps that was the best thing to do," said Wunderlust, smiling at Fred. "Well, if we haven't got the train to fix I think we should all go on the moonlight excursion."

At the sound of "moonlight excursion," John and Joe both pricked their ears. "How lovely," they said in chorus.

SO without any delay they locked up the house and caught a tram which stopped right outside No. 2 wharf. They boarded the boat, to find that it was just half-past seven, but, nevertheless, they did not mind waiting the fifteen minutes, because they got themselves four very good seats.

From then on the people came on in dozens, and at a quarter to eight, just as the whistle blew, a lady, bringing a small boy along, rushed for the boat. She lifted the boy over, and Wunderlust went to her aid. The little boy got aboard all right, but the mother didn't. She slipped and went down between the wharf and the boat.

There was a terrible uproar—everyone peered to get a look at her, but nobody actually went to her rescue.

Wunderlust, although an elderly man, threw off his coat and dived into the water. Soon after he did this another man went to the rescue. He was one of the deck hands, and was a well-built man of about 23 years.

Wunderlust reached the woman and held her head above the water. It was useless for him to attempt swimming back to the boat with her, for the distance now between the wharf and the boat was too great.

Now the powerful deck hand was beside them. He took the woman by the head and made for the boat without the least effort. Wunderlust followed behind, almost exhausted.

The three were dragged on to the boat. Everyone cheered Wunderlust, for he was undoubtedly the hero of the night. He had gone to her rescue first, and had managed to keep her head out of the water until help arrived. Of course, the big deck hand was a hero, too, but, taking Wunderlust's age and size into consideration, he was certainly more worthy of praise.

The boat was taken back to the wharf to allow Wunderlust, the mother and the little boy, and the deck hand to get off. Fred and the two boys, of course, got off too. They were very proud of Wunderlust, and not one of them was at all sorry about missing the night on the harbor.

JOHNNY. May I go out and play?

Mother: What, with that hole in your coat? Johnny: No, with the boy next door!

Prize Card to ALMA GAVENLOCH, Wyoming Rd., Naraba, N.S.W.

ABOUT COMPETITIONS

EACH week Cash Prizes and Prize Cards are awarded for good entries. All work with the exception of jokes, tricks, riddles, and games must be original. Pals must be under the age of 18. For 12 Prize Cards a 10/- prize is awarded. Each fortnight a painting competition is held. Pals may select any picture at all in The Australian Women's Weekly. A prize of 5/- will be given for the best effort. Entries must reach our offices within 31 days after the paper is dated. Mark envelopes "Painting Competition," etc.

Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS,—

If you don't want to look an old man or an old woman before your time, try to avoid frowning. Frowning causes wrinkles, and wrinkles denote old age.

The Pal's smile is the best cure for frowning, but it is not always dull thoughts that cause frowns. Reading or writing in a bad light will cause you to frown, so when you can't get a good light, give your eyes a rest and don't do anything. Looking into a bright fire frequently will develop a frown. Also it is a good plan to wear a hat with a broad brim on a hot, sunshiny day.

A very delightful letter came this week from JOYCE V. WYNNE (Stanley Station, Quambone, N.S.W.), and Joyce wins the prize of 5/- for the best letter of the week.

Good-bye for one short week.
Cheerio.
From your Pal,
CONNIE.

THE OLD MILL

By L. V. HOBBS

NEAR the fork of the main road to Campbelltown there stands to-day the solitary ruins of an old grain mill.

Built of huge, rough-hewn rocks, and now overgrown with vines and creepers, it presents a marvellous spectacle. Its shambling roof, rusty door, and weathered appearance tell of many years of toil amid sunshine and rain.

During the forties its machinery had toiled night and day to keep pace with the incoming stocks of grain from neighboring farms.

To-day it stands almost forgotten, alone in its ruin and desolation.

Prize of 5/- to L. V. Hobbs (16 years), 49 Liegar St., Merrylands, N.S.W.

A Scot staying with friends in New York was missing for three days. A description of him was given to all policemen on duty, and several hours later one of them brought him back safely. He had found him sitting on a bun with this notice pasted up: "Pay As You Get Out."

Prize Card to DOUGLAS McCALLUM (12), 3 Fourth St., Ashbury, N.S.W.

Just Chatter

KATHLEEN ADCOCK, of North Kensington Park (S.A.), writes a very interesting letter; JEAN PICKUP, of Concord (N.S.W.), writes good stories; NERIDA RICHARD, of Stanthorpe (N.S.W.), is fond of writing verse.

IRENE HOARE, of Woolwich (N.S.W.), is welcomed as a new Pal; MILDRED GALLOWAY, of Crow's Nest (N.S.W.), does clever sketches; JUNE MANGAN, of Brisbane (Qld.), is fond of painting.

BRIAN WHITE, of South Gippsland (Vic.), rides a lovely white horse every day to school; D. SOMMER, of Pagewood (N.S.W.), has not been too well lately, and we all hope he will be soon better and about again.

ELWYN PHILLIPS, of Ascot, Brisbane (Qld.), is welcomed as another new Pal; GEORGE DIXON, of Uralla (N.S.W.), writes clever verse; PATRICIA HANCOCK, of Asburn (N.S.W.), does nice sketches.

AUDREY OLIVER, of Tammit Station, via Mildura (Vic.), writes a very interesting letter; BERNICE JULIUS, of Auburn (N.S.W.), wrote a very good essay on the wind; DAVE GODFREY, of Lidcombe (N.S.W.), is fond of sketching.

NANCY BURKE, of North Richmond, is eight years of age and is welcomed as a new Pal; OLGA EVANS, of Mayfield (N.S.W.), is fond of reading and doing embroidery work; JEAN TAYLOR, of Alberton (Vic.), would like to correspond with a Pal in Queensland.

EVA FREEMAN, of Kooreh, via St. Arnaud (Vic.), lives on a sheep station eleven miles from St. Arnaud; ESME CARROLL, of South Johnstone (North Qld.), is fond of swimming; FRANK MANSFIELD, of South Kensington (N.S.W.), had an enjoyable holiday at Mt. Kosciusko recently; THELMA DOWN, of Strathfield (N.S.W.), is twelve years of age and is a new Pal.

PATRICIA RYALL, of Rockleigh, Day St., Corowa, would like a pen friend about 12-13 living outside Australia; ELVA LEE, of Kandos (N.S.W.), attends Kandos Intermediate High School.

GWENDOLENE IBBOTSON, of Calliope Station, via Calliope (Qld.), has three brothers and one sister; JEAN BAKER, of Summer Hill (N.S.W.), writes nice verse; GLADYS OSTERSTOCK, of Kingscote, Kangaroo Island, has for her pet a dog called Chummie.

Pal Man: By the look of you, you'd think there'd been a famine.

Skinny Man: Yes; and by the look of you, you'd think you'd caused it.

Prize Card to COLIN WOODS, School Rd., Rocklea, Brisbane.

Introducing JUDITH BARNETT, of Manly. —Pals.

MY AMBITION

By EDNA PAINE

SOME people like to try their luck
In lotteries (they're all the rage),
But I just want to win a prize
From this, our "Weekly" page.

If only I could write something
To win a lovely prize for me,
But inspiration will not come—
Except to make this poetry.

Pal Connie, oh! please be kind,
And when you at these verses glance,
Don't tear them up and laugh at me,
But give them—well—another chance.

Prize of 5/- to EDNA PAINE, Marshah, Cassilis Rd., via Modgee (N.S.W.), for this original verse.

WHERE TO POST

Address all letters and contributions to "Pal Connie," Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.

FUN FOR ALL

"NOW, Tommy," said the teacher one morning, "what is the half of eight?"

"Which way, teacher?" asked Tommy.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, on top or sideways?" said Tommy.

"What difference does it make?"

"Why," Tommy explained, "half of the top of eight is nought, but half of it sideways is three."

Prize Card to DORIS I. STIBBE, Wattle Grove, Kingaroy, Qld.

Teacher: What is your name?
Boy: Wheeler, Miss.
Teacher: Three-wheeler, four-wheeler, or six-wheeler?
Boy: Arfer Wheeler, Miss.

Prize Card to GLADYS HARRIS, Foulson St., Cootamble, (N.S.W.)

Jack: A man asked me this morning why the ankle is placed between the foot and the knee.

Peter: And what did you say?

Jack: I told him that it was to keep the calf from the corn.

Prize Card to DON STEWART, Foxterville P.O., via Goornung, Vic.

A company of Americans were touring Scotland and lost their way in the north. Presently they found themselves on the outskirts of a large city. Stopping the car they asked a boy the name of the town.

"I'll tell ye if ye give me sixpence!" replied the youth.

"Drive on!" said one of the Americans. "I guess this is Aberdeen!"

Prize Card to HEATHER HARRISON, 7 Garden St., off Barton St., Bagarah, N.S.W.

FAIRIES IN THE GARDEN.—Prize of 5/- to MARJORIE STONEHAM, 68 Victoria St., Waverley, N.S.W., for this original sketch.

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I Stopped Experimenting with Face Creams

when I discovered Daggett & Ramsdell Perfect Cold Cream

Don't go on seeking day after day and at great expense for a beautiful complexion, and envying those who have one. Try Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream just once and you will find it penetrates deeper, cleanses more thoroughly, softens and nourishes your skin as no other cream you have ever used. Apply it night and morning and see how much smoother, softer and lovelier it will make your skin.

Daggett & Ramsdell

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The Ideal

GRAVY MAKER

for SOUPS, STEWS, PIES, PUDDINGS, and ALL SAVOURIES. SALTS, SEASONS, THICKENS and BROWNS

Send 1d. Stamp for FREE SAMPLE

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SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE

GET HOLD OF THAT COLD! Don't let it get hold of you, for it may lead to a more serious illness. GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE, taken in accordance with the directions, will immediately relieve the worst of Colds and prevent further trouble.

Mixed with Honey, Children will take it Freely.

Famous for over 60 years

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES.

Screen Oddities By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

CINQUO *the* GREAT

Continued from Page 50

STANDING in the entrance, taking tickets and giving directions mechanically, he got to thinking.

Of Lena—and the first time she'd seen him after he'd quit. She'd left her living-waggon that night and gone after him, right up in front, with the vans. She'd sat at his side in the heavy lorry he was driving, not saying much. And when he'd said clumsily—because he wanted her to stay so much—"You'd better get back for some sleep, Lena," she smiled and snuggled up close to him and closed her eyes and went to sleep there, her head on his shoulder. And he'd driven on for hours through the honeysuckle-scented starlight, just forgetting, and letting things slide for a while.

Of the day he'd found young Jim between performances sousing whisky and ogling the barmaid in a village pub. Of his frantic efforts to get him steadied up for the evening show. Of the beating up he'd administered after—just to teach the youngster a trapeze artist had to steer clear of two things—women and whisky.

And then, the very next day, with Jim still rubbing his sore spots, of the sudden descent of terrifying darkness as he faced Lena of all people.

She'd been singing something gay, and the sound of her voice had brought him round. He'd dropped the heavy mallet he was swinging and gone towards her. One second she was before him—and the next there wasn't anything at all but a grim blackness pressing down on his eyeballs.

He'd stumbled and swayed helplessly, holding out his hands to keep her off. And slowly the light had come back and he'd seen the alarm on her face, and heard her saying: "Charlie! What is it? What's wrong?" And because he mustn't tell her, he'd gone on swaying stupidly on his feet, looking at her with fuddled eyes and foolish grin, so she must think he was just plain drunk.

He thought of Jim and Lena together. They seemed to get on pretty well. And why not? They were both young. And Jim wasn't a bad lad really. He'd seen Jim look at her sometimes—and he'd known how Jim felt. The first time he'd seen Jim looking that way had been hell. He guessed he must be getting used to the idea. You could—if you had to.

Jostling crowds, coming in faster now the time of the performance was near, brought him back with a start.

Soon every one of the wooden seats—rising tier upon tier in their red-plush opulence—would be full. It looked like being a turnaway.

Already the windjammers were up in their box, tuning their instruments, settling down.

Somewhere hidden a handy man pulled a switch and the ring was flooded with light, blue haze of tobacco smoke floating in the rays.

To a burst of music—and shriek of laughter—Joey the Clown came through the tunnel-like entrance, riding his donkey backwards.

The show was on.

Charlie leant back and closed his eyes. He wasn't feeling any too great. Anyway, watching other people perform took his thoughts back dangerously—and thinking of the past didn't cut any ice when there wasn't any future to hope for.

The show went on. Even with his eyes closed Charlie Cinquo could follow it. The coal-black Liberties came and went. Bella the Beautiful jumped through the balloons from her stand on the sturdy Flemish rosinbacks. Nemo the Lion Man put his big cats through their tricks. Joey fooled. The Human Skeleton and the Fat Woman had their nightly Jack Spratt quarrel. And then—

Charlie opened his eyes. He knew what the programme said next. "Cinquo and Cinquette"—they'd kept the old name—"The World's Greatest Aerial Gymnasts, in their Death-Defying Trapeze Act."

The two great spotlights swung round, focusing on the dark tunnel entrance.

She stood there, with Jim beside her, a tiny erect figure in her black-and-gold tights. She kissed her hands to the roar of applause, and skipped lightly across the ring. She stood for a moment, hand on the great steel mast, waiting for Jim to take his place.

Then, keeping time with the strident music of the band, they both began to climb.

Charlie kept his eyes on her. He always did. He went through the whole act with her, thinking one move ahead.

She landed like a cat on the second platform and began to climb again. The great light followed her progress as she mounted the rope ladders, going higher and higher still.

Charlie Cinquo watched her go. This was the great finale. She'd go on up to the little platform at the top of the tapering steel mast, right in the roof of the great hall. She'd stand there, bathed in light while below her the blue dimness would yawn with thousands of white misty faces.

She'd take up a satin cloth. She'd slip it over her eyes—shutting out all vision. She'd be listening, he knew, for Jim's warning cry, and she'd start counting. She'd swing away, hanging by her legs, as she reached "five." And Jim, the other side, would be swinging too, waiting for the blind flash of light that would be Lena to come somersaulting across the space; waiting with hands steady and brain ice-cold, to catch her as she went by, so that the momentum of her flight might carry them both back to the platform on Jim's side.

Like that, every night. Charlie thought a move ahead.

He watched her on the platform, and then looked round on the crowd. He was proud—for Lena—at the sight of their white, staring faces paying homage to her skill.

Please turn to Page 54

DRINK VICTIM RELIEVED

For ten years one man was a heavy drinker, lost work, happiness and home—his wife relieved him with "TRINCO." This safe, inexpensive treatment will also save your manhood. It can be given secretly. Booklet in sealed wrapper. Write or call for it. Dept. W, HOME WELFARE PTY., 333 George St., Sydney.

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No other Medicine but

Felton's Milk of Magnesia

MOTHER knows! and besides, did not the Doctor and Clinic Nurse say how dependable Felton's Milk of Magnesia is for digestive disorders in young children, particularly acidity or sour stomach.

Felton's is real Milk of Magnesia, and, what is important, possesses functioning power that is scientifically correct. In appearance it resembles rich milk fresh from the dairy and tastes like it, too. Children are intensely fond of it.

The perfection of mixture, the absence of drugs or harmful elements, the soothing healthy way it relieves constipation, its stimulating action on the digestive organs, and the comfort it gives, assure an all round influence for health to those to whom this highly commended laxative is given.

In the manufacture of Felton's Milk of Magnesia nothing is left to chance. Strict hygiene is observed, and the most exacting tests are made so that mothers may give this enticing healthful corrective to the youngest toddler of the family with every confidence in its safety and efficacy.

To save disappointment ask for Felton's Milk of Magnesia. The sunny smiles of your happy contented infant will convince you of its worth.

FELTON'S "Trident" Brand MILK of MAGNESIA

From the Laboratories of FELTON, GRIMWADE & DUERDINS Ltd. MELBOURNE

NEVER WASH LINOLEUM: From the very beginning, when your linoleum is new, make a golden rule not to wash it. It will keep in better condition if polished weekly with a good, white polish. If, however, you have allowed it to get too dirty, wash it thoroughly with warm soap and water—never soda—and rub over when it is dry with warm linseed oil. And then try never to wash it again.

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Are 7 stains hiding the real loveliness of *your* teeth?

SUPPOSE your teeth have been dingy and dull for years—
—and some day not so far off, your best friend says "My dear—your teeth are lovely! I'd never noticed."

Wouldn't you LOVE it!

You can have teeth like that. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream will give them to you. And this is why Colgate's succeeds in bringing out the real beauty of your teeth when other toothpastes fail:

Colgate's has *TWO* cleansing actions. Most toothpastes have only *one*. But two are vitally needed.

You see, the things you eat and drink every day leave seven kinds of stains on your teeth.

Of course you can't see all these stains right away. But gradually they hide the lustre of your teeth—discolour them, make them dull.

And all these stains—because they are chemically different—will not yield to any *one* cleansing action.

But the *TWO* cleansing actions of Colgate's get every last one of them off. An *emulsive* action dissolves and washes away some of the stains. A fine *polishing* action cleans away the others. Together, they get your teeth clean right down to the bright, sparkling enamel.

Try it! Get a tube of Colgate's to-day. Brush your teeth with Colgate's—night and morning—for ten days. Then look in the mirror—and you'll get a thrill.

The 7 causes of stains that discolour teeth

Group No. 1—Starchy foods, Group No. 2—Sugar foods, Group No. 3—Protein foods, Group No. 4—Fatty foods, Group No. 5—Cereals, Group No. 6—Fruits, Group No. 7—Beverages—and tobacco.

Colgate's removes all seven

D.C.15/14

THIS *Beauty Secret* GAVE HER LIPS *Natural Loveliness*

MANY beautiful women never realize that ordinary lipsticks give their lips a conspicuous painted look that men dislike! Of course, to be your loveliest you must use lipstick—but not paint. Sounds impossible, but it can be done by using the lipstick that isn't paint. This lipstick, known as Tangee, intensifies the natural color in your own lips.

In the stick Tangee looks orange. On your lips it changes to rose. The one shade of blush-rose most becoming to *you*. Tangee lasts all day too . . . and its cream base soothes and softens.

Also Tangee Theatrical, a deeper shade, for evening use.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look . . . make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.

CREME ROUGE changes color to match your complexion. Waterproof. Greaseless. Its cream base protects skin.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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N.S.W. Distributors, TURNLEY'S LTD., Sydney.

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.

CINQUO *the* GREAT

Continued from Page 53

SOMETHING on the other side of the arena caught his attention and his gaze became fixed. He stared a moment, holding his breath painfully. He brushed a hand roughly across his eyes. For the first time he hoped they were playing him false, and that he hadn't really seen what he thought he'd seen.

But it came again, stamping certainty on his mind—a drifting cloud of smoke that crept through the tunnel entrance opposite.

Harsh and vibrant with fear came the roar of the great caged cats, and the sudden scream of a stabled horse that had caught the scent of the smoke.

Then, strident and shrill—high-pitched on a wave of panic—someone yelled "Fire!"

Terror moved like a wave over the crowd; died down for a second; gathered itself together again, and broke to the sudden clatter of moving feet.

Charlie Cinquo became submerged in a frantic crowd that fought madly for the exits.

And Lena was up in the roof—waiting.

Over the heads of the terrified mob the great lights still played, stabbing the blue haze brilliantly. The smoke eddied and swung in the rays of light.

Sharp and clear above the drumming of frightened feet came the crackle of burning wood as the seating burst into flame.

CHARLIE CINQUO fought grimly. Head down, and body straining, he moved inch by inch forward. Hard-eyed and tight-lipped he fought, using elbows and arms and feet. Faces loomed up before him, he struck at them blindly, cursing.

Of course, Lena was down. She would have seen and understood and acted. But—he had to make sure.

He came at last to the edge of the ring and looked up.

They weren't down—either of them.

With frenzied fingers Lena was fumbling at the knotted scarf which was tied behind her head to tighten the blindfold. In that fleeting second Charlie knew her frantic fingers had played her false. She couldn't undo the knot.

He started for the mast—and pulled up.

A blue ribbon of flame ran merrily up a strip of bunting stretching from the ringside to the rope ladders; halted a minute; licked hungrily at the Manila rope; and then moved on—up the ladder.

His straining eyes went up again to the tiny blindfolded figure. He saw her steady herself a moment, standing still; fighting, he knew, for control. Then she moved—out on to the rope ladder. She was doing what she should have done at first.

The ladder swayed wildly under her feet. She stopped, puzzled—took another step or two downwards; and then quickly climbed back to the platform to pick again with frantic fingers at the knotted strings.

With a groan, Charlie Cinquo dragged his eyes round to the other mast.

Jim! He was Lena's only chance now. Her only hope was to go through with the act. Forget, if she could, the cloth which blinded her; forget the acrid smell of the drifting smoke; the hoarse cries of the panic-stricken crowd. Just forget everything but to listen for Jim's warning cry, and steadily, unhurriedly, begin counting.

And Jim would catch her. Sure Jim would catch her. Why shouldn't he? He was a good lad was Jim.

He told himself that savagely over and over as he lifted his eyes to Jim.

Jim's face looked grey in the glare of the great spots. He was crouching down on the platform, shrinking back from the dizzy drop below him. As the roar of the trapped animals reached him again he covered his ears with his hands. His eyes went dumbly round.

And then Charlie Cinquo knew that Jim, too, had seen those burning ladders on the other mast. For he saw Jim's mouth come open, heard faintly above the roar of the fire his shriek of terror, saw him slip crazily from the platform, fumble for, and find, the rope ladders—and come slipping and sliding down.

It was done in a second. Before Charlie could get to the foot of the mast Jim had gone.

The Great Cinquo reached out for the ropes. He began to climb quickly. He went up and up. He knew he mustn't look at Lena—but he called to her.

"Wait!" he yelled, and knew by her answering cry she had heard him.

Thereafter he saved his breath.

When, from the edge of the platform, he looked at her she was standing very still, hands hanging loosely, head grotesque with its covering sack, a little on one side as though listening.

He knew a sudden overwhelming pride in the fight she had made to regain her nerve.

He took off his coat and flung it away. He tore at his boots and let them follow his coat. He reached for the hanging bar, lifted it up, and yelled.

And as he swung off into space, it came—utter terrifying, heavy blackness, pressing down on his eyeballs with a touch he could almost feel. The doctor had been right. It had come—suddenly. He was swinging blind.

All the devils in hell grinned at him from behind the darkness, mocking him with voices shrill as the crackling of the burning wood below. They thrust pictures before his sightless eyes—burning them on his soul. Pictures of Lena, flying through the air, trim, taut, and confident. Of Lena wondering in a tortured instant of time why he hadn't caught her. Of Lena—realising. Of Lena—falling, twisting, and turning in agonised, instinctive effort.

Then, as he swung in hell, something deep down in a corner of his mind said quietly—"Seventeen; eighteen, nineteen——" steadily, unhurriedly, like the tick of a friendly clock.

Fear stepped back a pace, and some of the strain left his body. Somehow, behind the panic, his mind had held to the vital count.

"Twenty—twenty-one—twenty-two—"

It was Lena's one slim chance—Lena, who already would be somersaulting across space. That he, blind, might catch her, blind, by the sense of timing that was part of his very make-up.

His hands steadied, his brain went ice-cold. Sure, this was business.

"Twenty-three—twenty-four——"

He opened his hands.

"Twenty-five."

As he closed them again they held Lena's wrists with the strength of steel springs.

THEN they were on the platform together, Lena lying limply in his arms.

He reached over and felt for the ropes. With Lena over his shoulder, he started down. His eyes were sightless still—but the breathless watchers below—a queer crew in their motley costumes—saw that the tawny head was up and the lips smiling.

Ten feet from the ground he quietly let the ropes slip from his fingers and fell, crumpling up on the ground, Lena a huddled heap on top of him.

Cinquo the Great opened his eyes. Vaguely he'd dreamed that someone had kissed him softly on the mouth, with lips that were warm and sweet and gentle.

He became conscious that he was still in darkness. Of course. He'd forgotten. He was blind.

His fingers moved restlessly over the coverlet. Someone bent over the bed and stilled their twitching with a firm coolness.

"Charlie," said Lena, and sniffed—"you've got me snuffling like a prize influenza germ—and I just don't care. But listen, Charlie, the Colonel's booked up a month in South France. Do you reckon we could scrap one of the living-waggons? I always did hate mine, anyway."

The man on the bed lay very still. On his face was a great light. Then it died away. Behind his sightless eyes he watched the gates of heaven close.

She was ready to marry him—just because.

He said heavily, "Thanks, Lena. But you see—"

She placed a hand over his mouth.

"Charlie, you ass," she said softly, "don't you know that blindness—your sort of blindness—can be cured? We had a specialist in to you when you were getting your beauty sleep. He says it's a sure thing. These village doctors are just dumb, anyway."

Strictly against doctor's orders, Cinquo the Great sat up in bed and opened his arms.

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"Up to a year ago I hadn't thought of imagining what life would be like without flies and mosquitos in summer. But last spring my husband covered the windows, doors, chimneys, front verandah and back sleep-out with 'Cyclone' flywire. What a difference it made . . . to have no flies in the kitchen, no blowflies hunting the meat, no mosquitos or moths. It was the best-tempered summer we've ever lived! Fitting the flywire did it—such an obvious, simple thing to do, and the cost is negligible."

Cyclone

"Cyclone" Flywire is made in three grades: GOLDEN BRONZE—most suitable for seaside and the tropics. ZINCOID (Electro Galvanised)—standard weight, in widths from 19 in. to 48 in. HEAVY GALVANISED—much heavier—much stronger.

Obtainable at all Hardware Stores.

You risk Bloodpoisoning if you neglect those

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Mr. Thomas Jones, a woodcutter in Matlock, writes:—

"For some time I suffered with sap poisoning from a small cut on one of my fingers. Nothing seemed to do it any good until I tried Rexona. It soon healed up then. Rexona is the stuff for poisoned hands."

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HAIL . . . *the New* TENNIS CHAMPION!

Joan Hartigan Pays Eloquent Tribute to Thelma Coyne

By RUTH PREDDEY

Just as Joan told it to me:

A new champion has arisen over the horizon of Australian lawn tennis in the very vital and very youthful person of Thelma Coyne of New South Wales.

Her abounding energy is amazing, and that she should have attained to her present heights while barely turned seventeen is almost past belief. And she is the nicest girl.

SHE took my championship title from me in the State singles final at Sydney on November 16, and again, late, in the afternoon, was on the winning side in the doubles championship. There was nothing flukey about either win; but it was most unfortunate for both players and spectators that so many matches had to be finished under such unpleasant weather conditions.

It was the first time I'd played Thelma. My earlier opponents were old "friendly enemies" of the courts; but here was one I had never been matched against, and she developed a game which was definitely too good for mine on the day. I have said before that in all my travels abroad I had seen no girl of anything near Thelma's age to approach her in court demeanor, craft, and shot-making. When pitted against her myself, I had every reason to uphold that off-court judgment.

Perfect Co-ordination

SHE hits the ball hard, but she hits it true: she must have a marvellous eye because her timing is the last word in co-ordination of mind and muscle. Add to that her perfect condition, and you not only have the champion in the making, but the champion in being. By the twin virtues of her game and her sweet personality she has won her way right into the hearts of the sporting public. No one, least of all myself, will begrudge her her victory in the final. This was one of those occasions when it was really a pleasure to be beaten.

Will Keep Going On

IT is a wonderful performance at the age of 17 to hold the Metropolitan and State singles titles. Obviously, here is a girl who is going to keep on going on. Some enthusiastic Press critics hail Thelma as the coming world's champion. She may be; she can be and she should be. But she must first reconcile herself to a long and hard apprenticeship before she can climb to the ultimate heights. I can speak from my own experience (which is still in being) of the difficulties ahead of even an acknowledged champion girl tennis player in the Commonwealth, before she is in a position to match herself against the world. Perhaps it is our Australian sports champions who are made to realise the isolation of their country more than anyone else.

What a Thrill!

ADEQUATE and proper match practice is what Thelma must have in increasing doses. The only improvement in any sport comes from pitting oneself against better players, or the best offering at home AND abroad. Few have ever realised the burden that has lain on Jack Crawford's shoulders when he has led the Australian Davis Cup team on its excursions abroad. And for the reason that no matter how intrinsically excellent his game may be, he has had to combat the world's best practically straight off the boat: men who literally for years have been playing with and against each other until their game has acquired the last final polish.

Any girl leaving here to play at Wimbledon does so with the knowledge that she is to be thrown on to the courts against 70 or so hand-picked experts who for the previous six months at least have been playing themselves into form up and down the Continent and throughout the British Isles.

Added Incentive

IT is for that reason I am a wholehearted advocate of an international tennis competition for women, along the existing Davis Cup lines for men. In such a series, not only Thelma, but many others of our promising juniors would find an incentive and a training school at present denied them.

THE winning of the championship of the world by any Australian girl would be a consummation devoutly to be desired. But for that honor to come to a girl of such gentleness of disposition and generally lovable a character as Thelma Coyne would be something even more delightful.

MISS THELMA COYNE, the winner of the N.S.W. championship, and who Joan Hartigan says "should be sent to England to play against the champions at Wimbledon."

SHORTS FOR HOCKEY

Worn in England

MANY of the leading women's sports associations in England are setting a new fashion as regards the uniform to be worn by players when on the field.

The All-England Women's Hockey Association is permitting its players to wear shorts and stockings turned down below the knee. The shorts adopted are like those worn by Dorothy Round during her visit here, and the turned down stockings may only be worn with this type of uniform. If the usual tunic be worn, then the players must wear long stockings.

ACTIVITY *in* CRICKET CIRCLES

Getting Ready For Country Week

THE N.S.W. Women's Cricket Association intends holding its annual country week from November 29 to December 2.

Eight teams are expected to take part in these matches, which are set down to take place on the University cricket ovals. They are from Lisarow, Canberra, Goulburn, Wollongong, Junee, Leeton, Deniliquin, and Gilgandra.

Cricket is booming at present in New South Wales, although there are only two teams more playing in the metropolitan district than in Brisbane.

Interest is focused on South Australia, and many inquiries are being made as to their decision to play in the interstate fixtures in Brisbane this season.

Each State should endeavor to give its members an opportunity of playing before the Australian selectors this season. This would give the girls confidence and experience that should prove helpful when the team is selected.

Twelve months hence the Australian selectors should be commencing their tour of the various States with a view to selecting the team, and the combination should be announced about Christmas, 1936, especially in view of the fact that each member selected will have to pass two medical tests before being finally included in the team.

OUR BOOK OFFER!

TOKEN K4	TOKEN D9	TOKEN B22
Here is Token K4 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Treasury of Knowledge" Book offer. CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER.	Here is Token D9 in The Australian Women's Weekly "World's Best Mystery Stories." CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER.	Here is Token B22 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Children's Treasure House" Book offer. CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE IT AT ONCE ON YOUR VOUCHER.

2GB—

AUSTRALIAN HELMSMEN

In "The Story of Your Suburb," George Edwards told of the men whose names are commemorated for all time in the names of our suburbs, and now in a new series of dramas set in the Early Days he will tell of our early governors, who came to rule a huge jail on the other side of the world, armed with powers which no king would have dared to exercise. "Australian Helmsmen" commences on Tuesday, November 26, at 9.15 p.m., with the story of our first ruler, Governor Phillip.

Have You Heard These?

Strange As It Seems

Cleopatra, the "dark queen of Egypt" was not an Egyptian, but a Greek, and though the popular conception of her is that she was a brunette, it is more than likely that she was a blonde. She was Egyptian by birth, but her family, the Ptolemies, were pure Greek. She even dressed as a Greek, except on certain ceremonial occasions. Stories, such as this, that will surprise you and intrigue you, are told each Tuesday and Thursday night, at 9.30 p.m. in "Strange As It Seems."

Wings of the Dragon

Bob White and Jack Lincke have gone to China to train a Chinese Air Squadron to fight against the bandits from the North. The mysterious Jahnia has fallen in love with Jack Lincke, and Jack Lincke is beginning to wonder if he has misjudged this strange and lovely woman. "Wings of the Dragon" is filled with thrills and tender romance. It is an emotional adventure that sweeps to a thrilling climax, and is unquestionably magnificently produced. From 2GB each Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8.45 p.m.

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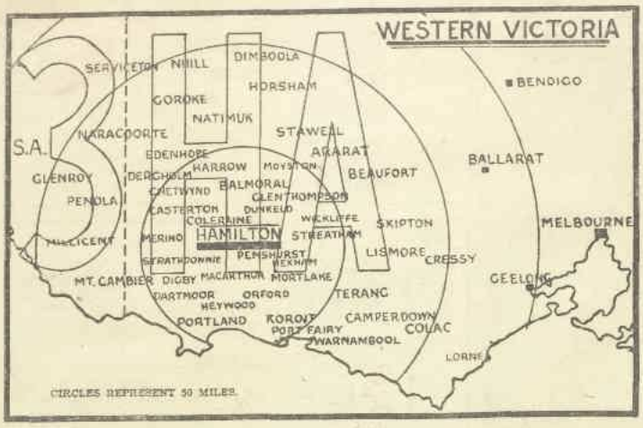

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3HA, Hamilton, Victoria, is the most popular among a host of provincial stations.

3HA consistently improves its programmes, its service, and its equipment.

3HA broadcasts into the area you see on the map, but—they like 3HA in Queensland, in W.A., in N.S.W.—They write and tell us so.

RADIO ADVERTISERS

This Map shows the area of

3HA, the most influential provincial radio station.

3HA is owned by "The Age."

3HA broadcasts into one of the wealthiest districts in Australia.

3HA knows its district, knows its proved methods; in fact—3HA knows how to sell.

3HA HAMILTON — "THE AGE" STATION

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Wave length, 297 metres. Power, 300 watts
239 Collins St., Melbourne.
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CAN YOU *Solve These* BRAIN-TEASERS?

They Will Amuse You — Even If They Trick You

In the interesting and amusing brain-teasers appearing below, several answers are given to each question. Only one is correct.

TEST your general knowledge by taking a pencil and marking what you consider to be the right one. Then turn the paper upside down and read the answer given below each question.

WHO coined the famous phrase, "I tank I go 'ome"?

A Bondi flapper—your ma-in-law—Mussolini—Garbo—the man on the flying trapeze.

A: Greta Garbo in an expensive mouser.

What is glamor?

Your father's mother—allure and charm—what the stars find at Hollywood—arched eyebrows.

A: Allure and charm (or a good publicity agent).

A Cheetah is:

A dishonest card player — native canoe—hunting leopard—a two-wheeled cab—a vegetable.

A: A hunting leopard.

Sponges are found:

In cocktail bars—down the mine—in the sea—in the bathroom—at the pastrycooks.

A: At the bottom of the sea (bars come next).

What does M.L.A. stand for?

Members love arguments—mediocrities' largest aspiration—Mussolini loves Abyssinia—Member of the Legislative Assembly.

A: Member of the Legislative Assembly. (Let him pass).

Who said, "Out, out brief candle"?

The Bible—the gas company—Shakespeare—the couple on the settee.

A: Shakespeare was the man.

The name Fanny Heaslip Lea is associated with:

Beauty culture—margarine—advice to the lovelorn—story writing—home hints.

A: Story writing! (She wrote our serial, "Man and Angel").

From where do we get the term "fatted calf"?

The first row of the chorus—the butchers' price—the story of the prodigal son—the lady at the stocking counter.

A: The story of the Prodigal Son.

Name of a famous partnership which produced operas?

Laurel & Hardy—whisky & soda—Sankey & Moody—Gilbert & Sullivan—the Siamese twins.

A: Gilbert and Sullivan.

A fashion note says jodhpurs are disappearing. Could you sanely say:

"They should protect them like koalas";

"I never care for starchy vegetables";

"I shall continue to wear them";

"They should have a quota against foreigners, anyway"?

A: "I shall continue to wear them."

BOILING TOFFEE CAUSES SEVERE BURN

That would be an emergency calling for a doctor's attention. The Iodex First Aid Book tells what to do in any emergency. 36 pages of necessary advice to every mother. Accidents happen so suddenly that you should have this FREE Book. Clip this advertisement and post with name and address to Iodex Co., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

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Thousands of people need the extra rest that only Dunlopillo can give. The buoyant rubber cushioning has an entirely new feeling of comfort. Millions of inter-connecting latex rubber air cells are responsible for adjustment to every movement of your body. The pressure hugs you comfortably. So comfortably that you do not want to rise!

Bebarfalds introduce *New* Lounge Suites cushioned with DUNLOPILLO

★ ***IMPROVED* beyond all expectations!**

MAKE THIS TEST: Sit on the very edge of any lounge chair cushion. It is lifeless. Then sit on the edge of a Bebarfald-Dunlopillo cushion. It is resilient—buoyant; you do not reach the base because of the "permanent point of suspension."

COSTS NO MORE THAN A FULLY SPRUNG SPRING SUITE!

Bebarfald-Dunlopillo does not sag like kapok, has no springs to displace; cushions don't lose buoyancy or shape. The Transport Board adopted this better method of cushioning after the most rigorous mechanical tests of pounding the equivalent weight of a heavy man on it incessantly, month after month, equivalent to fifty years' wear! Dunlopillo is the only form of cushion that has stood up to this test.

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A Complete Book-Length Novel

Love Stands Waiting

A Tender Story of a Girl's Devotion to her Family

— By —
WILLIAM DOUGLAS

Free Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly
ISSUE OF 30th NOVEMBER, 1935

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Love Stands Waiting

CHAPTER 1

A DOOR was flung open with a suddenness that roused the old woman sitting by the fire from one of the cat-naps into which she had lately taken to falling and would never admit were sleeps.

"It's come, Granny. It's come!" cried Bertha Martin, her blue eyes burning with excitement.

The Elms, where the Martins lived, was situated in the suburban borough of Redbridge, a few miles out on the Brighton Road.

It had six bedrooms, three reception rooms, a garage, and stood in a garden just large enough for a tennis court, a vegetable patch, and a herbaceous border.

Technically, The Elms belonged to grandmother Martin, the widowed mother of John, father of Bertha, Tom, Mary, and Elsie Martin.

Grandmother Martin was seventy-one. Her husband had died soon after their son's marriage twenty-four years ago, leaving her the house and enough capital to produce an income of a bare hundred and fifty a year.

To avoid selling the place, which she loved, Grandmother Martin had suggested that the young couple should give up their flat and live with her at The Elms—an arrangement which suited everyone's convenience, and had continued ever since.

One of the upstairs rooms—the one that had been the nursery—had been turned into a sitting-room for Granny, and it was understood that though she had the run of the three reception-rooms below her room, this was private ground to which she could retire when the noise of the young people was too much for her, and which nobody might enter without permission.

It was into this room that Bertha had rushed without knocking.

Her eyes twinkled as she realised what she had done.

"I say, Granny!" she exclaimed, "I forgot to tap on your door! Sorry. Like me to go outside, shut the door, knock, and start all over again, or shall we just carry on?"

A smile lit up the wrinkled face and grey eyes of the old woman in the easy chair.

"You and your nonsense!" she said. "What's come? What's all the excitement about?"

"My dress," said the girl.

Bertha was tall and slim, and twenty-two, with big, deep blue eyes and fair shingled hair. Her nose was not innocent of powder, and her lips had a nodding acquaintance with a lipstick.

"I was wondering if you'd like to see it?" she smiled.

"Hoom!" That was exactly how grandmother said it—her favorite exclamation. "Got nobody else to show it to?"

"Oh! yes, Granny, there's Tom," said Bertha, teasingly. "But as he's only a man, I thought——"

"Tom!" The faded grey eyes flashed. Her only grandson was no favorite with old Mrs. Martin. Tom, aged twenty-one, was at the moment the family problem. He had just thrown up, or been thrown out of, his second job; nobody was quite sure which way it had come about. Only last night there had been a family conference about him, during which his father had cried despairingly: "You don't want to do this, and you don't want to do that—what do you want to be?"

"I know," said Granny, who, like most old people, occasionally said very sharp things, "Tom wants to be a gentleman at large—and if you got paid for that Tom would earn very good money!"

"He's in, is he?" she commented, thus unfortunately reminded of him. "What's he doing?"

"He's in the garden, Granny," replied Bertha, wishing she had never mentioned him.

"Not gardening, I'll be bound!"

The old woman rose and went to the window. Her sitting-room looked out on the back.

"Hoom!" she scoffed. "Hitting a ball up against a wall! Practising tennis when he's out of a job! A born idler that young man is! Well, go and fetch your wedding dress."

Bertha hurried away for it.

There were only herself, her grandmother, and Tom at home. The maid was out. It was her day off. John

Specially Written by

William Douglas

Martin, Bertha's father, was secretary to the New Process Cement Construction Company at a salary of seven hundred a year. Having occasion to go to Oxford on business he had taken her mother with him in the car.

Mary, her sister, aged nineteen, had been started by her father's influence in the firm's office a few weeks ago as typist-secretary to the managing director.

Elsie, the last of the family, aged sixteen, was still at the High School, where, as she had both music and cricket practice that afternoon she was to remain to tea.

Bertha was the one who had always stayed at home, the daughter of the house, mother's right hand. As it happened, Bertha was also the only one of the children who had money of her own. An aunt, whose favorite she had been, had died some years ago and left Bertha all her money—a little over a hundred a year.

With the dress over her arm she returned to her grandmother's room.

The old woman softened pathetically as she regarded it. Bertha's flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, Bertha's radiant joy, made Granny think of the day when she, too, had had a wedding dress to display.

"My dear!" she cried in a sudden burst of affection. "God bless you! I always have said you're the best of the bunch. If anyone deserves to be happy, you do!"

Bertha, holding her wedding dress up in front of herself to show it off, tossed it on the back of the chair, and flung her arms about her grandmother's neck.

"Sweet of you to say that, even though I don't deserve it," she murmured shyly as she kissed her grandmother's wrinkled forehead.

Then she straightened herself and cried:

"Oh! Granny, I'm so happy I don't know what to do with myself. The only caterpillar in the cauliflower is that I don't like leaving mother and you and everybody. But I can't help that, can I, Granny!"

"Hoom!" said the other dryly. "I didn't know you modern girls ever thought about anything but yourselves! Of course, you can't help leaving us. We shall get on all right."

Bertha turned to the dress and lifted a fold of the material to her cheek. Softest silk tissue—lovely to feel, she thought excitedly.

They talked about it, the old widow and the bride of a week hence. They talked, too, of the bridegroom-to-be.

"He's coming round this evening," Bertha announced, as if that were something unusual though, as a matter of fact, he had never missed an evening since he had been home on leave.

Ronnie—Ronald Maxwell—was in the Colonial Service. He had been engaged to Bertha for nearly two years, and having just completed an eighteen months' tour of duty had come home to be married.

She was to return to West Africa with him. A Government-furnished bungalow, to be staffed by native servants, was awaiting them—how thrilling! For a year, at least, Bertha would stay out there with him—for the whole eighteen months, till his next leave, if she could stand the climate, and she was sure she could. Oh! it was all most exciting and romantic.

Rat-tat-tat! A knock at the front door interrupted her dreams.

Leaving her wedding-dress hanging on the back of a chair, Bertha went gaily downstairs.

Five minutes later—or was it five hours? —Bertha climbed the stairs again with leaden feet and a hand that clung to the bannister. White-faced and trembling she staggered into her grandmother's room.

The old woman looked at her. Faded though they were in color her grey eyes were still keen. They saw at once that Bertha's air of radiant health and happiness was gone, and that her granddaughter was crushed with sorrow, quivering under some dreadful blow.

"Ronnie?" she said. "He's met with an accident?"

"No—no." Piteously Bertha squeezed her hands together. "It's not Ronnie." She swayed. "How can I tell you; how can I tell you?" she moaned.

"Hoom!" said her grandmother, sadly. "When you're as old as I am you can bear anything."

"That was a policeman," Bertha gulped.

"A policeman?" Grandmother's grey, bony hands gripped the sides of her easy chair. "Tom?" she cried.

"No, no!" Bertha shook her head. "He—he came to tell us there had been an accident—to father and mother. On the Oxford Road. B—both of them," sobbed Bertha, collapsing on to the chair that held her wedding-dress.

"Bertha, you don't mean——?" faltered the woman old enough to bear anything.

"Yes. They're both—both——" She choked on the word, so her grandmother said it for her:

"Dead? Killed?"

"Yes."

"Hoom!" said old Mrs. Martin in a dreadful, toneless voice.

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A tear squeezed itself out of the corner of each of her faded grey eyes.

"How did it happen?" she asked.

Bertha crumpled her handkerchief into a ball.

"It was a collision between father's car and a big limousine," she gulped. "Our car turned right over, and—and father and mother were both dead when they got them out."

She shuddered.

"They're—they're at a mortuary," she added.

"And the people in the other car—what happened to them?"

"There was only a chauffeur. He's hardly hurt at all, the policeman said."

"The murderer!" exploded old Mrs. Martin. Her hands worked horribly. "If I had that man here——" she hissed.

"Don't, Granny, don't! What's the good? It was an accident. Both cars must have been going very fast——"

"You're crumpling that dress," said her grandmother, with a dry sob.

Bertha rose, and sank down again at once on the floor beside old Mrs. Martin's chair.

Age and youth looked at each other, aghast at the cruelty and suddenness with which everything had been spoiled.

TWO of the Martin family had been swept away—father, the breadwinner and the ruler, and the mother, the home-maker.

Five remained—Bertha, Tom, Mary, Elsie, and Granny.

"We had better put off our wedding for a month, darling," said Ronald Maxwell. "But we can't postpone it any longer than that."

There could be no question of any extension of his leave.

Very useful, very efficient and considerate Ronald had shown himself during all the dreadful, prosaic business that crosses the "t" in tragedy.

Tom was too "knocked over" to tackle these difficulties single-handed. Tom, who hated anything unpleasant, was only too thankful to have Bertha's Ronnie behind him; and, besides, Granny and Bertha wished it.

And now all had been seen to, all except one thing.

The solicitor who was settling up John Martin's affairs wanted to know what was to be done about the furniture.

Part of the furniture in The Elms belonged to old Mrs. Martin, and the rest had been brought there by her son, and renewed and added to as the years went by and Granny's things wore out.

By the will everything had been left in equal shares to the four children.

Apart from the furniture the solicitor estimated that the estate would produce about six hundred pounds for each of the legatees.

Was the furniture to be sold or divided up?

The Martins were assembled in family conference to discuss the solicitor's inquiry. For once Ronald was not there.

"I say sell it," said Tom, to whom the letter had been addressed. "Have an auction and add the proceeds to the rest."

Mary, the dark one of the family, a girl with very bright, deep brown eyes, naturally pale cheeks and bright scarlet lips, nodded.

"Yes, that's best," she agreed. "We can't separate it. There would only be more rows. And we shan't want it any more, shall we?"

Elsie, the youngest, a green-eyed, leggy child of sixteen, looked up with a start from the book in which she had been holding herself aloof from so dull a discussion.

"Do you mean we are not going on living here?" she asked.

A silence fell upon the conference, the silence which follows when suddenly someone says something which all the rest have been fighting shy of putting into words.

"How can we, kid?" Mary broke it at last. "Bertha, unfortunately, is going away, and when she's gone there'll be nobody to look after the house and Granny."

Her voice hardened and her dark eyes met Granny's and Tom's.

"I'm certainly not going to chuck up the office," she announced. "That's right out of the question. Housekeeping never did appeal to me. And you"—she looked at Elsie again—"you're too much of a kid to take it on."

The child's eyes widened.

"Where are we going to live, then?" she inquired.

Mary shrugged her shoulders.

"Personally, I'm going into rooms, and so, I suppose, is Tom," she explained. "Nothing else to do."

"He blew with his breath, and they were scattered," Granny murmured, shaking her head from side to side.

Another constrained silence followed. Bertha felt that everyone was trying not to look at her. For her there waited only joy—for them——

"But—but what's going to happen to me?" asked Elsie, with a quiver.

"Oh! you'll have to spend some of your money in going to a boarding school for a year or so," said Mary.

"And where shall I go for the hols.?" faltered the youngest Martin, to whom all this had evidently come as a shock and a surprise.

"I expect Granny will be able to have you," her sister answered. "If not, Tom and I must see what we can arrange."

"Cheer up, kid!" exclaimed Tom. "We shall all hate leaving The Elms, but without Bertha there's nothing else for it. Granny can't possibly afford to keep it on, can you, Granny?"

Old Mrs. Martin, crouching by the fire, nodded.

"Yes, The Elms will have to be sold," she said—and the way she said it made Bertha, who had sat silent all this time, wince with pain. It was amazing, the desolation, the grief and the resignation Granny contrived to park into those eight simple words.

THE telephone bell rang and Bertha sprang to her feet.

It was a trunk call, and the Exchange told her to hold on. The telephone was in the hall, and she had left the door of the sitting-room ajar. And while she was waiting, she heard Granny say:

"Be careful, my dears, what you say in front of Bertha. We mustn't hurt her feelings or let her realise how terribly we are going to miss her. We will just leave things as they are till after she has gone."

"Oh! Granny, if only she wasn't getting married, what a difference it would make!" exclaimed Elsie. "We could stay on here, then, couldn't we?"

"Of course, we could," said Tom. "Bertha could run the show just as well as mother did—or nearly. And we could each weigh in with our share of the expenses."

"It's selling The Elms, where I've been so happy, and you've all been brought up, that is such a blow to me," sighed Granny. "It's so full of memories. But we mustn't be selfish—we mustn't make Bertha unhappy about leaving us. It's hard, cruelly hard, to have to lose her as well as your father and mother," she sighed. "But there it is—nothing can be done."

"You're through. Speak up, please," said the Exchange.

It was a friend at Lewes who had lost the letter about the postponement of the wedding, and was not sure of the new date.

"I'll write to you about it, Frances," said Bertha, and rang off.

She paused for a moment in the passage with, as it seemed, a hundred thoughts whirling in her head. Then, drawing a deep breath, she re-entered the sitting-room.

"Wait a bit," she said quietly. "Before you all decide that everything must be sold, let me run round and see Ronnie. I'd like to talk it over with him. It won't take long."

Without waiting for anyone to answer, she hurried away.

Bertha's hands shook as she jammed on her hat. Years and years older she suddenly felt, and almost as unhappy as when that policeman had called at the house three weeks ago.

A gust of wind-borne rain swept into her face as she closed the door, but it never occurred to her to turn back for an umbrella. With her head bent and her mind in torment, she turned to the rooms Ronald had taken in Redbridge to be near his future bride—and all the way the conversation she had overheard was ringing in her ears, and her heart was sinking, sinking.

Ronnie was out, but she was expecting him back from town any moment, his landlady said.

She showed Bertha into Ronald's sitting-room, and left her.

He had already made it into a man's room—his room. It smelt of tobacco. There were pipes on the mantelpiece, a gun-case in a corner, with a tennis racquet and some golf clubs, and an ash-tray on a chair.

There were parcels everywhere—part of that new rig-out he was getting himself, she assumed—which he had told her always happened when he came home on leave.

Crouched before Ronald's fire in Ronald's sitting-room, she began to think about her family.

Tom was a young man who might be said to be standing at the parting of the ways. It was a toss-up whether Tom went to the right or the left, the bad or the good. On his own, with a legacy of six hundred pounds, what might or might not happen to Tom?

Frowning, Bertha helped herself to one of Ronnie's cigarettes and turned her mind to Mary.

Out for what she could get, Mary was, and determined above all to have a good time. Very pretty and very selfish—even mother had said that. And very rash. Once someone had asked Mary what she was going to be. "Be?" Mary had answered. "I'm not going to be anything. I'm going to have!" That was her creed—and a very dangerous creed, too—with no mother about.

There was Elsie—Elsie liked her own way, but she wasn't selfish, like Mary. Rather a dear, and very immature. Elsie: not a bit grown-up in any way—full of nothing but school and cricket and hockey—still only a kid. What would happen to Elsie without a mother or a home—especially when, later on, she grew up with a jerk, as that sort so often did?

And Granny — seventy-one — old and crotchety and tired, having lived all her life that mattered at The Elms—Granny who hated strangers and was so set in her ways——

THE door opened, and Ronald came into the room.

He was tall and dark, with steady brown eyes, and a spare, athletic figure—twenty-eight years of age.

Three strides took him to Bertha's side, and a pair of long arms swept around her. "This is what you call an unexpected pleasure and a dashed nice surprise," he laughed. "Nothing wrong at home, I hope?"

Bertha wriggled away from him.

"Ronnie, tell me," she asked to gain time, "why is that ash-tray on that chair?"

"So's I can reach it without getting up when I'm sitting by the fire thinking about you," he answered. "I do quite a bit of that, you know."

"Ronnie," she said, very quickly, "I can't leave them. Oh! I can't—I can't!"

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It was out. The ice was broken, and he was struggling in the chilly waters. She drew a deep breath.

"Someone must take mother's place, and there's nobody to do it but me."

Maxwell thrust his hands into his pockets and jingled his keys and his money. His expression was kind, patient, pitying.

"What about Mary?" he asked. "She's only just started a business career. Why shouldn't she take the home in hand?"

"She won't. She—she—oh! She's too selfish—if you like to put it like that."

"All right. Then what about your other sister, Elsie?"

"A child—sixteen, and frightfully young for her years." Bertha clasped her hands together. "It's got to be me," she cried.

"Why can't your grandmother manage with a housekeeper, darling?" he broke in, his expression as kind and patient and pitying as ever.

"She's too old to change. She'd hate it, so would they. It would never work like that. And they couldn't afford it."

"Not making your family sound a very attractive crowd, are you?" he commented quietly.

"Does any family sound an attractive crowd to other people?" she retorted. "Anyway, they're my people, Ronnie. I've been brought up with them, and their faults don't matter to me any more than my faults matter to them."

"Darling," he said gently, "aren't your nerves the least bit on edge? It's not to be wondered at, of course, after all you've been through. You're overwrought, Bertha dear. It's not really up to you to worry about your family, and what will become of them."

His voice became firmer.

"They must fend for themselves, Bertha. They are not babies. Tom's of age, Mary is nineteen, Elsie is sixteen, and your grandmother's had her turn. It's absurd for you to talk as if they couldn't look after themselves."

His voice softened.

"Anyway, they must. I want you to look after me," he added.

"Ronnie, I can't—I can't. I must stay with them!"

The tone was piteously firm.

"I dare say it sounds very silly to you, Ronnie. I know I can't hope to make you understand. But I just can't go away and leave them."

"Don't you love me at all?" he jerked out.

"Ronnie, you know I do!" she sighed.

"Yet, you put them first!"

"No, no. You're first. But they—they need me."

"Bertha, I need you. Nobody could need you more than I need you. Oh! you can't be going to throw me over for your family now? It's too late, my dear. The—the presents have all been received—some of them are already packed for the journey; the bungalow waiting; our passages are booked—Bertha, dear, it's just like you to have these scruples and to want to sacrifice yourself, but it can't be done, dearest; it just can't be done. Come—forget it, and never think of it again!"

She shook her head.

"I can't, Ronnie; I can't," she sighed.

"Bertha, how can you be so cruel?" He held out his hand pleadingly.

"I don't mean to be cruel, Ronnie—I can't help it. I can't marry you and leave them in the lurch. I should never be happy. I've got to see them through, and I'm sorry, frightfully sorry, that I should have to make you suffer with me, dear."

HE stared at her aghast as she slipped his engagement ring off her finger and held it out to him.

"You never know what may happen, Ronnie," she gulped. "You'd better be quite free."

He drew a quick breath.

"Bertha, won't you marry me on my next leave?" he cried.

"I can't promise, darling. They may still want me. Not till Granny is dead, and they are all settled and out in the world shall I be free. You can wait for me, if you like—but, but please take your ring, so that you need not feel bound in any way, if—if you can't wait."

The last words were almost a whisper.

"You can give it me back—then," she added, as she forced it into his hand.

While he was still staring at it the door closed, and she was gone.

The family were still sitting all together when she returned.

She looked at them with eyes unnaturally bright, and in a high—almost a laughing—voice she told them her news.

The Elms need not be sold. The Martins could still have a home if they all pulled together. Her engagement with Ronald was broken off, and she was going to stay and look after them.

"Hoom!" said Granny. "You're mad. It's those who give up things for others who always suffer in the end. Go back and tell him you've changed your mind."

"It's too late," said Bertha. "We've said good-bye."

"The more you take, the more you get," said Granny. "The more you give, the more is asked of you. I thought, at any rate, you cigarette-smoking girls had learned that! You be off to West Africa with Ronnie, and leave us to look after ourselves."

"Our engagement is definitely broken off," said Bertha, very, very steadily.

"Perhaps it's just as well," said Mary. "You can't really have loved him. It sounds to me as if you are glad of the excuse to give him up!"

Bertha looked away to hide her pain.

CHAPTER 2

AT one a.m., after several hours' furious smoking and considering, Ronald Maxwell went to bed with the feeling that the bottom had dropped out of everything and nothing was worth while any more.

At three he fell asleep after two more hours of restless misery, and knew no more till his landlady brought him his shaving water at eight.

His last conscious thought had been that Bertha's decision could not possibly be accepted as final, and that was his first thought on awakening.

While he lathered his chin he told himself that she must be made to change her mind. His ring must go back upon her finger. Their marriage must take place.

His hand shook as he shaved.

For eighteen months he had been dreaming and planning—loving and longing—living from one mail to the next, with his whole existence centred around a far-away pair of sparkling blue eyes and a little golden head. And now, there on his dressing-table, lay Bertha's engagement ring!

He took it up. He looked at it with hurt, suffering eyes. And then, quickly, coloring as if ashamed of what he was doing, he raised it to his lips and kissed it.

"Your breakfast is up, sir," reported his landlady through the door.

Gloomily Ronald entered the sitting-room and stared at the litter of parcels, mostly new shirts, socks and ties for the honeymoon.

He dropped into a chair and mechanically began to eat, because the food was there, and to eat is one's habit after dressing. But the bacon was tasteless, and he forgot to put any butter on his toast.

"Confound her family!" he muttered.

It was unthinkable that Bertha should really give him up for them. Already he had put off his wedding for a month for their benefit, altered all his plans, sacrificed most of the honeymoon!

He finished his coffee and rose.

Bertha, now she had slept upon it, if she had not changed her mind for herself, must be made to change it by him!

All sorts of things to say to her crowded into his mind as he strode round to The Elms.

Isabel, the cook-general, opened the door to him.

He smiled at her, as he always did. But Isabel did not smile back. Often though she had let him in, her expression was that of one surprised to see him there.

"Miss Bertha?" Maxwell murmured, stepping inside as of right as he spoke.

"I'll see, sir. One moment, please."

Isabel was almost quivering with excitement. Hadn't Miss Bertha told her, only half-an-hour ago, when making out the shopping list, that she wasn't going to be married after all? Taken Isabel completely by surprise, it had.

"What's he come for? To try to make it up with her again or to get his presents back?" she wondered, as she sped to the morning-room, where Bertha was clearing the breakfast table.

Ronald halted in the hall when he had been about to wander in like one of the family, and frowned.

"Mr. Maxwell's asking for you, Miss."

Bertha bent her brows over the things she had collected on the tray. Tom, who was standing with his back to the fire reading the paper, jerked up his head and looked at her. Granny was not yet down. Mary had gone off to the office and Elsie to school.

Bertha reddened. There was a perceptible pause. Then:

"You'd better finish clearing here, Isabel," she said quietly, and went out of the room.

Ronnie's brown eyes positively hurt her as she came towards him. The way they lit up, the anxious, eager look in them made her catch her breath.

"We can go in here, can't we?" he said gravely, and opened the drawing-room door.

As she passed in before him he laid a hand on her shoulder and kept it there till he had closed the door. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her.

Bertha was quite passive.

"You can guess why I've come, can't you?" he began—and then noticed that her face had gone white.

"I've brought back your ring, and I've come to tell you that I'm not going to stand any more of this nonsense," he said with tender firmness. "You're mine, and I won't give you up!"

GENTLY Bertha broke away from him. His embrace had disordered her hair, and she shook it into place with a sad, weary gesture.

"I tried, when I heard you were here, to refuse to see you," she said. "I knew you could only have come to try to make me change my mind. And I can't do that."

She rested her hands on the back of a chair as if for support.

"Bertha, you say you love me!" he cried.

"I do. I do," she breathed.

"Yet you won't marry me!"

She shook her head.

"You love your family more!"

"No, Ronnie, no!"

"Yes, Bertha, yes! You're sacrificing me for them!"

The blue eyes raised themselves to his.

"I must," she sighed. "I feel that I ought."

Her fingers tightened on the chair-back.

"You don't think I like doing it, do you, Ronnie?" she cried. "You don't think I'd do it if I could help myself? I've just got to, because I know that I could never be happy with you if I don't—because—because that's the way I'm made," she gulped. "Oh! for your sake I wish I were different, darling! I—I should be miserable thinking of them all the time."

She pushed the chair away from her with a gesture of despair.

"I know it seems unreasonable and illogical to you," she went on. "But there isn't any logic in human feelings, Ronnie. I love you, and I want to be your wife—but I can't leave them. I've got to see them through before I can be happy myself, or—let you be happy, dear. That's what hurts most. But I can't help it. I've done what

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I can in setting you free. They need me——"

"Nobody could need you more than I do!" he broke in." "You are everything to me. All the time I've been away from you in West Africa, I've been counting the days——"

"Ronnie, we're only saying again what we said last night!" she interrupted, her fingers all squeezed together. "And that's no good, dear."

He stared at her for a moment. Then:

"It's so unfair, so damned unfair," he exploded. "They don't need you! They're not babies—they're not even poor. They've all got a certain amount of money. They could easily find someone to look after them. It's ridiculous for you to think they can't get on without you."

"Poor Ronnie, you shouldn't have fallen in love with such a ridiculous person," she sighed.

"It's—it's just a selfish passion to make a martyr of yourself," he went off again. "A silly, selfish, one-sided business, that's what it is! So that you can feel noble and fine, I can go to the wall! My heart can be broken, all my dreams messed up, all my plans upset! God, if only I could shake a little sense into you—if only I could carry you off and leave your wretched family to go to blazes!"

He stopped, aghast at himself and the storm that had swept over him, aghast at the insults he had hurled at her.

"POOR Ronnie," she whispered, and he saw that a tear was trickling down either cheek.

"I wish I had been able to tell Isabel to say 'Not at home' to you," she said, wistfully, as she dried her eyes. "Seeing me has only made you angry and bitter, only made it worse for us both."

She clenched her handkerchief in her hand.

"I can't help it, Ronnie. It's me—the way I'm made," she said again. That was her only defence, her sole justification. "We're what we are. If I could alter myself I would. Please go, there's a dear."

He drew a deep breath.

"I'm sorry, Bertha, for what I said just now," he responded. "I can't think what came over me. It's—it's because I'm so disappointed—care so much," he jerked out. "Forget it. Forgive it. I won't bother you any more. I give in. You shall have your own way. You'll write to me, won't you, and let me write to you?" he asked.

Bertha nodded.

"I don't think I can bear to see you again before I sail. This had better be good-bye."

"Good-bye, Ronnie."

With a quick, unexpected movement she ran to him and kissed him.

"Good-bye, Ronnie," she said again, and moved towards the door.

He opened it for her. Blue eyes looked into brown. Bertha had a sudden queer fancy that he and she were two ships, passing each other at sea, bound on long, separate voyages. Miles and miles of grey, dreary ocean seemed to be all around her.

Ronnie's voice came to her—the other ship hailed her with a last, parting request before she sailed out of sight: "Tell Tom to come and say good-bye to me."

Waiting for Tom, Maxwell thrust his hands into his pockets and jingled his money and his keys.

"I made rather a mess of that," he reflected. "Ought not to have lashed out at her in that brutal way. Of course, she isn't doing it for effect! This is what comes of being in love with an angel. Something much finer, much more sensitive than I am, that's what she is. Nobler. Damn! I don't care what she says, there's no real need——"

The door opened and Tom came in. He was a tall, thin youth. His pipe was in his mouth. To smoke rather large pipes was one of his affectations.

There was something rather attractive about him to the casual eye. He was very popular, and had hardly ever been known to quarrel with anybody. But in spite of that open look of his he could be close as any oyster, and it was well enough understood in the family that Tom's chief interest was himself.

He greeted Ronald with a touch of self-importance. Technically was not Tom now the head of the family, and the only man at The Elms?

"You know, don't you, that Bertha has refused to marry me?" inquired Ronald.

Tom nodded.

"She thinks it her duty to stay at home and look after you all. I don't agree, but I've got to lump it. Her mind is made up, and there is no more to be said."

"Quite," Tom murmured, non-committally.

"As a matter of fact, I'm pretty sore about it. It's a hell of a blow to me, Tom. But never mind that. What I wanted to say to you is this——"

Ronald interrupted himself to light a cigarette.

"Officially our engagement is broken off, but we're going to write to each other, and I'm as much in love with your sister as ever I was."

Tom shifted his pipe to the other corner of his mouth. What he could not understand was anyone falling in love with old Bertha, but it wasn't up to him to say so.

"And, of course, her troubles, if she has any, are my troubles," Ronald went on. "One can't foresee how things will go. They ought to be all right, but you never know. What I want you to do, Tom, is to keep me informed how things are, old man. Bertha won't tell me if she is in difficulties. I know her—she'll make light of them. But you must tell me."

He took a pull at his cigarette.

"Understand what I'm driving at, Tom? Difficulties usually mean money. If money is needed you're to drop me a hint—see? And I'll send you some on the quiet, to make things go smoothly for her. You mustn't let her know it comes from me, of course, or she wouldn't take it. You can tell her you've made a bit extra—tell her anything you like, so long as you leave me out. Get the idea, Tom?"

TOM took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Jolly sporting of you, I call it," he said warmly. "Most considerate. I don't suppose it will be necessary, but all the same—"

"You'll do what I want, if the necessity arises?" Ronald cut short his comments.

"Rather. Like a shot," Tom promised. "If Bertha's in a hole, you can depend on me to let you know."

"And you'll be my secret almoner, Tom?"

"Quite."

Tom liked the idea so much that he rather hoped it would be necessary.

"That's a bargain, then. You'll write me the truth, naked and unadorned, so that I shall be able to read between the lines of Bertha's letters and act as I think fit?"

"Quite."

"Thanks very much, Tom. Well, now we've come to our little understanding—good-bye!"

Ronald held out his hand.

The Elms was running rather creakily under its new head—Bertha—not Tom.

Ronald Maxwell was back in West Africa, and in the big drawer at the bottom of Bertha's wardrobe there was a cardboard box wherein, protected by much tissue paper, lay an unused wedding-dress.

Nobody ever mentioned it, and if sometimes, before she got into bed, Bertha took it out and looked at it—well, nobody knew. And if at those times she thought longingly of Ronnie and the home she had given up for herself to make a home for Granny, Tom, Mary, and Elsie, well, that was her business.

Assuming command o. the establishment had not been too easy. They were all difficult in their way, even Elsie, still only a schoolgirl.

Elsie resented the fact that Bertha insisted that her sister was neither to read nor do "prep" in bed after ten.

"Who are you, Bertha, to come and turn my light out?" demanded Elsie mutinously. "I shall switch it on again directly you've gone."

Bertha shook her head.

"I shall," cried the child defiantly. "Somebody's getting a bit too big for her boots!"

"No, dear. Somebody has had to try to step into mother's shoes. You know mother never let you have a light after ten."

That conquered Elsie. A young lip quivered, two green eyes filled with tears, and a lithe, sorrowful, boyish body hurled itself into Bertha's arms.

Tom was more difficult, a real anxiety. It was over two months since what was known in the family as "the accident" had happened, and Tom was still without a job. He was paying for his share of the expenses out of his capital, and it was daily becoming more and more difficult to keep the peace between him and Granny.

"Tom, you really must find a job," Bertha ventured to say to him at last.

Tom took his pipe out of his mouth, and with his heels on the fender rocked himself up and down.

"If you want to know, Bertha, old thing, I've got one," he announced. "It's taken some time to find exactly what I wanted, but it's all settled now."

"Wasn't that just like Tom, to have kept them in the dark?" thought Bertha. However:

"How topping!" she cried. "What sort of job is it?"

"Director," replied her brother with an air of studied casualness.

Bertha stared.

"Of a Development Company," he added, airily.

"What's that?"

"Oh! a sort of financing show, to take up anything with money in it," he explained sketchily.

"How did you hear of it?"

"Spotted an advertisement under Business Opportunities in a daily paper offering ten per cent. interest, a share in the profits, and a directorship for five hundred pounds."

Bertha felt her heart sinking.

"Tom, I hope you got someone to make inquiries?" she exclaimed nervously.

Her brother shrugged his shoulders.

"I believe you've been done!" cried Bertha, with sisterly frankness. "Oh! why didn't you see a lawyer or someone first? It sounds big to be a director, I know, but anyone with two-penn'orth of sense would ——. Have you actually paid over the money, Tom?"

"The cheque's in the post, if that's what you mean," he returned sullenly.

"Ah!" exclaimed Bertha. "Then there's still time to stop it. You'd better go round to the bank at once and tell them to refuse payment till we've had inquiries made and are quite, quite sure you aren't going to lose your money!"

"Rubbish! I'm not going to do anything of the sort," he responded. "What do you know about these things? If I'm satisfied the show's genuine——"

"Tom, please, please do as I ask." Bertha broke in pleadingly.

He shook his head.

"You must, Tom!"

He took no notice.

"I insist!" Bertha cried.

"Insist away!" he retorted with a defiant, sneering laugh.

CHAPTER 3

BROTHER and sister looked at each other. Tom's laugh had made Bertha flush a little.

"It is a pity I said 'insist,'" she thought.

But insist, she felt, was the right word. She had taken on the job of looking after them. Though the last thing she desired was to appear "bossy," as far as she could she had to fill both her father's and her mother's places. All she wanted was

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for things to go as well as they had gone while their parents were alive. If they didn't, she might just as well have gone to West Africa with Ronnie.

"If father were here——" she began.

"He isn't," Tom interrupted, tersely.

Bertha lit a cigarette. Tom must be managed—Tom simply must not be allowed to make a fool of himself!

"Father would never have let you go into this without advice," she went on steadily. "You know that as well as I do. Do be sensible, Tom. It may be all right, but it does sound too good to be true, doesn't it, now?"

Twice Tom raised and lowered himself on his heels before he spoke. Then:

"What do you know about business?" he demanded scornfully.

"Nothing," said Bertha. "What do you?"

To one with Tom's record the thrust was a shrewd one. His eyes flashed.

"You're only a girl and you don't understand!" he retorted.

"Don't be superior—it's silly," his sister smiled.

"I am satisfied that this is a good show, or I should not have sent my cheque," said Tom with lofty dignity.

"I don't say that it isn't a good show. All I say is, let's make sure."

Playfully Bertha blew a cloud of cigarette smoke at him.

"You've still got a chance. Stop the cheque till we find out if it's all square and above-board——"

"I tell you I'm satisfied," he broke in. "That's all that matters. It's my money, not yours."

He pointed his pipe at her.

"I'm not going to be bossed and bullied by you, Bertha, and that's flat. You shut up—and look after the house. That's your pigeon."

He put his pipe back in his mouth and struck a match.

"After you," said his sister, and re-lit her cigarette.

Her hand shook a little, and her blue eyes were troubled.

Tom had always been difficult. She glanced at him thoughtfully as she smoked. She knew him pretty well, as members of a family do know each other.

He was obstinate and conceited, and he loved to swank. That was the trouble with him now, she reflected. His vanity was making him dead keen on being able to call himself a company director at the age of twenty-one. She guessed that he was seeing himself riding about in a luxurious car in a year or two and dreaming of a career in the City which was going to come to him without his having to work for it. That was Tom all over.

HE could dream so much better than he could do. His plans had always exceeded his performance. And she was practically certain that he was being victimised. Every penny of his inheritance would be lost unless she could make him be sensible.

"If I'm wrong, no harm will have been done; and if I'm right your money will have been saved," she pleaded.

Tom shrugged his shoulders.

"I tell you it's all settled," he said, sullenly.

"There's still time," Bertha persisted. "If the business is genuine your new partners, or whatever you call them, won't think any the worse of you for being cautious. They'll be glad to prove their bona fides——"

"Oh! aren't we smart?" Tom sneered, without heat, as members of a family do sneer at each other.

Bertha ignored it.

"And if the show isn't genuine, it won't matter what they think! Come on, Tommy-boy, stop the silly old cheque and make sure before it's too late."

He shook his head.

"I've told you I'm not doing anything of the sort. You simply don't know what you are talking about!"

"It's all the capital you have, Tom. It will be a very serious thing for you if you lose it."

"I shan't lose it." His tone became tinged with pathos. "I know you don't believe in me—nobody in his own house ever does believe in a chap!—but I tell you I know what I'm up to!"

Bertha threw her cigarette into the fire.

"It's just pig-headedness that makes you refuse to do what I want!" she exclaimed. "I always knew you weren't fit to be trusted with that six hundred pounds!"

"It will be six thousand next time you hear about it," Tom boasted. "And there's no need for you to lose your temper," he added, patronisingly.

"Tom, please—for my sake——"

"Oh! for goodness sake, shut up, Bertha! The matter's settled, and I'm not going back on my word."

Bertha bit her lip.

"And you needn't go setting Granny on me," he added. "Because, if you do, I shall——"

"Tom! As if I should!" she protested.

A warning glance from her brother caused her to turn in time to see the door open to admit old Mrs. Martin.

"Talk of the——" whispered Tom as he got off the fender, and smiled at his sister with a smile whose charm was undeniable.

Granny made straight for the easy chair by the fire. Her grey eyes looked at her only grandson with the curious mixture of affection and irritation which summed up her attitude to Tom.

"Hoom!" she grunted as she let herself down into the seat.

"I'VE just been telling Bertha that I've got a job," said Tom, with a touch of defiance in his tone.

Granny unrolled her knitting.

"About time," she commented. "Now that's what I call a piece of really good news to begin the day with."

She glanced briskly round the morning-room. At The Elms the fire in the drawing-room was never lit till the afternoon. The dining-room was warmed by gas, and the little morning-room where they breakfasted was always the family's sitting-room till after lunch.

It was the habit of the Victorian housekeeper in her that always made old Mrs. Martin glance round a room to see that it had been properly swept and dusted and nothing was out of place. For all her seventy-one years her eyes were very sharp.

"There's a pin on the floor by the window, Bertha," she remarked.

Bertha crossed the room and picked it up.

"Who gets the luck?" laughed Tom. "Granny, who saw it, or Bertha, who picked it up?"

"I do," smiled Granny, "because if I hadn't seen it——"

"Not at all," cried Bertha. "I did the work, and so the luck's mine."

"Neither of you gets it," pronounced Tom judicially. "It's a wash-out. 'See a pin and pick it up,' it says. One of the conditions has not been fulfilled. Next, please."

"Tell me about your job," invited Granny. "I do hope you will get on well, my boy. What is it, and where is it?"

"I've invested my money in a Development Company, Granny. A very sound concern, a real good thing. And because I've taken an interest in the business I'm to be a sort of partner—one of the directors."

Bertha's forehead puckered as she noticed the general toning-down of the story for Granny's benefit.

"What's a development company?" inquired the old lady. "What are you going to develop?"

"All sorts of things with money in them—inventions—businesses ripe to be turned into companies—new processes—that kind of thing," explained Tom glibly. "It's the chance of a lifetime for me, as I was telling Bertha. Of course, I shall have to work pretty hard, but it will be worth it."

Granny knitted in silence for some moments. Then:

"Is it settled? Have they actually got your money, Tom?" she asked.

"Yes," said Tom. "I'm starting to-morrow."

"Hoom!" said Granny.

She knitted a dozen or so stitches.

"Well, I expect you'll lose every penny of it," she said dryly. "But I'm not sure that won't be a good thing for you. Teach you a lesson, Tom."

Tom laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"Sharp old thing," thought Bertha. "It isn't easy to take her in."

Then Bertha sighed.

She had failed, failed badly with her brother, she felt. She could do nothing with him. He had just got to be allowed to have his own way—and goodness only knew what would happen. Disconsolately she turned away, and then suddenly cried shame on herself.

"Here!" she thought. "Who's meeting troubles more than half-way? How do you know, Bertha Martin-who-might-have-been-Maxwell, that Tom's going to lose? He may be perfectly right. Socks up, old girl, socks up, and hope for the best!"

BERTHA was only twenty-two, and she had given up her lover and the bungalow she had been looking forward to in the tropics for the sake of her sisters, her brother, her grandmother, and The Elms, their home.

Just how big a sacrifice that was only Bertha herself knew. But to mope was not her way. Resolutely she refused to think of her lot as martyrdom. Because of something in her nature that she found irresistible, because of some "pull" over her that her family had, she had elected to sacrifice Ronnie's happiness to theirs—from which it followed as surely as night follows day that unless she was herself to feel utterly miserable, she must at all costs make them happy.

Granny must be humored in all those little things that matter so much to old people. Never, never must she forget to put the milk first into Granny's tea—when Granny was looking—though, of course, it could not possibly make the slightest difference.

Elsie must be kept amused and not allowed to spend too much time in reading or on her homework. Tom must not be badgered. His funny little ways must be accepted as part of him, just as Bertha's own funny little ways were part of her.

In the same way, Mary's selfishness must be put up with, and Mary's good points rather than her bad ones be underlined. The great thing was to avoid bickering, and to make things go smoothly—as, between them, father and mother had done.

A tall order for a girl of twenty-two—not by any means a saint herself—human, high-spirited, fanciful, apt to make mistakes, no wiser than her years, quick-tempered, and at times more than a little rash with her tongue! But that was Bertha's aim, and as the weeks passed it seemed that success was really crowning her efforts.

Peace and homeliness reigned at The Elms. The edge of grief had been blunted. The family spent its evenings together and played and laughed and teased each other as families will.

Nothing disastrous had happened to Tom and his Development Company. He went off every morning, and stayed in two or three evenings a week. As usual, he never volunteered any information about himself, but Bertha felt sure that she would have known if there were anything wrong.

Very cosy those evenings were. The Martins had always had a habit of playing paper games, in which father and mother and even Granny had joined—"brain games," as they were known in the family: The Geography game; Animal, Vegetable, Mineral; Land, Fire and Water; the Rhyme game; "Coffee-Pots," and many more.

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Three months after the accident they began to play again, and Bertha, joining in the fun and noise with the rest, began to feel that it really had all been worth while.

The family was happy. Who could doubt it? Ronnie, by every mail, might be writing to say how much he wanted her—but her place was here, saving this home from being broken up.

The family even seemed to be becoming aware of and grateful for her sacrifice.

"Lucky thing for us you never married Maxwell," said Tom, one evening.

"Rather!" agreed Mary. "Of course, you can't have cared for him much, if you could give him up, but all the same, I'm jolly glad you did."

And then, four months after their parents' tragic end, Mary came into Bertha's bedroom with a problem.

The two elder sisters were a great contrast. Mary was as dark as Bertha was fair. Of a pale complexion, with bright eyes, and very scarlet lips, Mary's was the most striking beauty. Clothes were her chief interest in life, and to have a good time was her one idea of living.

She plumped down on Bertha's bed while Bertha was doing her hair.

"There's a man at the office I've got very friendly with lately," she remarked, clasping her hands about her knees.

Bertha turned round from the mirror.

"Who is he? Have I heard of him?" she asked, excitedly.

Mary shook her head.

"I haven't come to tell you we're engaged, or anything like that," she said quickly, reading the look in her sister's eyes. "I just want to sound you about doing me a little favor."

"What sort of favor?" inquired Bertha, putting down her brush.

"It's his birthday to-morrow, and he wants me to go to a dance with him to celebrate it—a cabaret show." Mary began to rock herself gently to and fro.

"Granny, of course, would say it was much too soon and have a fit. I don't want to upset the old dear and hurt her feelings, Bertha, but I do want to go to that dance."

"You want me to talk to Granny and try to win her round to not minding?" asked Bertha as Mary paused.

"No. That's no good. You know what Granny is." Mary released her knees and sat up very stiff and straight. "I want you to be a sport, Bertha, and help me to get out of the house and in again afterwards, without Granny knowing anything about it. Will you, old dear? I'll be ever so grateful if you will, Bertha."

CHAPTER 4

REFLECTIVELY Bertha rubbed a little cold cream into her face.

Why not do as Mary wanted her to? Bertha was thinking. Where was the harm in helping Mary to go without a fuss to this dance she was so keen on? Granny could not understand—she was too old—but people's ideas about mourning had changed. Not to be expected to go to dances for six months was silly—too long—but at the same time nobody wanted to hurt poor old Granny's feelings and make her miserable.

Bertha swung round again and smiled at her sister.

"Righto! I'm game," she said.

Mary sprang off the bed and kissed her.

"Sportsman!" she cried, gleefully. "I'd do as much for you any time, honestly I would."

She forced Bertha to take a few dancing steps in the direction of her bed.

"Jump in, and I'll tuck you up, though you are the eldest," Mary offered.

Bertha got into bed.

Mary plumped herself on her sister's bed.

"I bet you Tom's been dancing up West on some of those nights he said he was dining out for business reasons," she exclaimed.

"Quite," said Bertha, mimicking Tom. "What are you going to wear?"

"Oh! my old scarlet thing. It's all I've got."

"Would you like to have that peach-color frock of mine, Mary? You can, if you care to."

Mary's dark eyes brightened.

"Bertha, you positive angel!" she cried.

Bertha had plenty of frocks—trousseau frocks—nine evening dresses, picked up at various sales, and meant to last for the eighteen months she should have been at the bungalow with Ronnie before she saw the shops again.

"It's frightfully decent of you to lend it to me," Mary added, once more clasping her hands about her knees as she sat on her sister's bed.

"I'm not lending it," said Bertha. "'Have it' was what I said, darling."

"That's just heavenly of you, Bertha. Thanks most ever so!"

"TELL me something about the man who is taking you out," Bertha changed the subject.

Mary got off the bed.

"Nothing to tell," she said, airily. "He's just a pal—one of the men at the office."

"I believe you're very keen on him," observed Bertha, smilingly. "I believe you're hoping something will happen to-morrow night!"

"Nonsense. Nothing of the sort," Mary responded, making for the door. "Good-night, old thing, and thanks most awfully for the dress and everything. Pleasant dreams."

The door closed, and Bertha, lying on her back, clasped her hands behind her head, thinking about Mary and Love.

A lip quivered as two wistful blue eyes continued to gaze up at the ceiling—seeing a bungalow in West Africa.

"Oh! Ronnie! Ronnie!" Bertha whispered softly to herself.

A desire to get out of bed swept over her—go to the big drawer at the bottom of her wardrobe—take out a cardboard box—rustle the tissue paper, and look at the dress it was protecting.

She sat up—she began to throw back the clothes; then she flung herself back on her pillow and pulled them over her again.

"Don't be so silly—don't be so morbid," she murmured—and switched off the light.

Seated at the little white table for two, Mary smiled excitedly at the man opposite her, whose birthday they were celebrating.

The air was heavy with a curious composite odor of food, wine, scent, and flowers. In the bare space in the middle of the room Donizetti and Donizetta, two famous dancers, were giving an exhibition of their skill while people ate—and drank. Saxophones wailed and grunted, waiters hurried furtively to and fro, cunningly-shaded electric lights shone on the bare shoulders of the women, on the black shoulders of the men, and the gold shoulders of the champagne bottles.

Mary, in short, was Seeing Life—tickets one guinea for the dinner, dancing, and the entertainment, wine not included!

She was having a perfectly gorgeous evening, she told herself.

Bertha had been a brick—helped her to dress, kept Granny safely out of the way, and was going to sit up for her when she came in. If Granny were inquisitive about her when she did not appear at supper, Bertha was going to say she was spending the evening with an office friend! Oh, Bertha was a sister worth having!

Especially about the frock! Had not Mary seen her companion's eyebrows slightly raise themselves as she came to him from the cloakroom in all her splendor? Surprised, he had been, struck all of a heap to see her looking so really smart! What better beginning could an evening have for a girl than that?

The man who was paying for it smiled back and raised his glass.

"Here's to many more such meetings, my dear little Consoler," he murmured.

Mary swallowed a mouthful of the prickly bubbles, and the excitement in her dark eyes increased.

How handsome he was in evening dress, she thought! How well it suited him! Oh! wasn't it altogether too romantic and thrilling for anything to think that she was at a cabaret show with a married man!

He was the best-looking man in the office, and he had singled her out to tell his troubles to about his wife! Ever so old, it made her feel—and as if she were really Living, with a capital L.

Poor dear, it was a shame that one so charming should be tied to a woman so unappreciative, so spiteful, and so dull.

As the waiter changed their plates and somebody began to sing, Mary's mind harked back to the day when her friendship with George Lester had really begun.

She was the managing director's secretary, and Lester was the cashier. He had come one afternoon into the managing director's room and found only Mary there.

Up till then they had only exchanged a word or two and a smile, now and then, on a strictly business footing. But somehow that day they had got talking. George had paid her a compliment, first about her work and then about her eyes. He had perfectly wonderful eyes himself, and a low, thrilling voice.

Suddenly, something happened, something very surprising. He kissed her. She had been very angry. She knew he was married—being in the same office, of course she knew!

"How dare you!" she had cried. "You're forgetting yourself—and your wife, Mr. Lester!" meaning to crush him, and half-inclined to threaten to tell the managing director about him and get him the sack.

But those wonderful eyes of his had gone all sad and sorry, and he had begged her pardon in a voice that stirred her as she had never been stirred before.

COULD a man, condemned to live in perpetual cold, really be blamed if—when he found himself in the presence of her warmth and brightness—he forgot everything and dared to stretch out his shivering hands to the sun? he asked.

Not that that was any excuse. He had insulted her—kissed her against her will, because she was so lovely and so fascinating—and now he was at her mercy and prepared to take his punishment like a man. She could tell the governor, and get him dismissed, or he would resign, whichever she chose!

But he would just like to explain that he had not meant her to think he held her cheap, or anything like that. His circumstances were very strange. He had a wife, who had turned against him, and was making his life a perfect hell. Ah! if Miss Martin only knew what it meant to him to find himself in the presence of one so beautiful and so friendly—if she could only realise how he craved a little sympathy, how hungry he was for a little affection—but there, he mustn't talk like that. His life was all troubles; one more or less would make no difference. He would go back to his desk and leave her to do just what she pleased about this unfortunate mistake of his.

"I'm not going to do anything," Mary had answered. "Of course not. I'm not such a poor sport as that, Mr. Lester. So long as nothing like this ever happens again——"

"It never, never shall," he interrupted—and stayed and told her all about his unhappy marriage.

Mary was very sorry for him. She had never comforted a man before. As a woman she felt at once, right from the start, that his wife was entirely to blame—and it made her feel very old and important to be talking about such things.

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Day by day he had taken to confiding his troubles to her, either during the luncheon hour or while the managing director was not in his room. Absolutely the only thing that enabled him to bear his miserable lot was Mary's friendship, he declared.

Mary had said nothing about him at home. How could anyone at The Elms be expected to understand? If, for instance, she had told Bertha last night the sad history of the man she was going out with, Bertha would certainly neither have given her the frock she was wearing nor have agreed to back her up! Such a friendship must be kept secret! Poor George, she was the only spot of brightness in his life—she, whom he called his little Consoler!

They had never been out in the evening before, which was what made to-night so exciting. He had happened to remark that it was his birthday and that he would be all alone, as his wife had gone away for a few days. That was the sort of wife she was—away visiting on her husband's birthday!

"It's a poor heart that never rejoices," he had said in his deep, vibrating voice. "I suppose it wouldn't do to suggest that you and I should go to a cabaret show? You're still in mourning and I'm married." He never let her forget that, which was so nice of him.

Well, here they were. She had jumped at the suggestion, and she meant to see that he really had a bright, cheerful evening on his birthday, with a friend who could understand and appreciate him.

Mary pushed her plate away.

"Let's dance," she suggested.

They danced in that brightly-lit, scented atmosphere, on a perfect floor, to the strains of one of the most famous dance bands.

"This is heavenly," sighed Mary.

"More than heavenly," he whispered. "My dear, my dear, if only I could tell you what it means to me! Mary Kindheart, Queen of Comforters, that's what you are!"

Brighter sparkled the dark eyes. To one like Mary words such as those were infinitely more heady than the champagne waiting to be finished at their little table for two.

She smiled. She began to talk, determined that he should enjoy himself as much as she was enjoying herself.

"How amusing you are!" he commented. "Really, Mary, you are a wonderful person!"

More champagne—more dancing—more compliments—and then a taxi to The Elms.

"It's been a splendid evening," he said to her as they drove along. "I feel that I know you ever so much better and admire you ever so much more. Thank you for being so kind to me, Mary. I've had one happy night at any rate."

"I'm so glad, George," she murmured. "I've enjoyed it, too."

"I suppose—just as you like, Mary—I'm married and I've no right to ask—— But if you could, if you would give me just one little kiss to finish off our wonderful time together—something to remember you by and think about when we meet formally in the office in the morning—— But, no, perhaps it is better not!"

She kissed him—just before the taxi stopped at The Elms.

Bertha let her in—a Bertha so sleepy that her blue eyes looked almost violet-black.

"Had a good time, Mary?" she asked.

"Topping—and all thanks to you," replied her sister, gratefully.

"And the young man—did he say anything?"

"Of course not!" Her sister yawned.

"Oh!" said Bertha, stifling a yawn, "I was hoping you would come back engaged, dear. I've been making up such a happy little romance about you while I've been waiting."

CHAPTER 5

EVERYONE on the "station" was very kind when Ronald returned to them unmarried because, as a result of her father's and mother's tragic end, his fiancee could not leave her family.

"Rough luck, Maxwell," said his colleagues.

"How sad for her, and how terribly disappointing for you!" said their wives. "And us. We were so looking forward to a fresh face."

They were full of sympathy. They asked him to dinner. They forced him to play more tennis and bridge than usual. They got up little parties especially for his benefit. The Chief—as wise as he was lazy—put a large slice of his own work on to Ronald, so that the poor chap should not have too much time to brood upon his troubles. Humanity is queer, complicated stuff.

They did their best, and Ronald gratefully appreciated it. But they could not make it anything but hell.

It was the loneliness that mattered most. A dream that has not come true is a sorry business. For eighteen months he had pictured his existence out there as shared by a woman—and there was no woman.

Before he had met Bertha life had been tolerable enough. But for the last eighteen months her blue eyes and her golden hair had been everywhere with him, in advance.

He had seen himself showing her the date palms, the cotton trees and the native encampment. He had pictured her waiting for him on the verandah as he came to her across the compound. He had seated her at the head of his table; she was in every room of the bungalow. Together they had taken their siesta in the hottest hours of the day, or looked at the tropic moon; his eager, young man's love had filled the continent with her. And she was still in Redbridge, and he felt lonely, lonely.

His only comfort were her letters, and the thought that, at any rate, all was going well with her and her plans.

Mail day was the least lonely day of the month. Then for an hour or so she was with him again, telling him things.

She told him everything—how anxious she had been about Tom, and how glad she was Tom seemed to have fallen on his feet. Any little, amusing domestic difficulties with Isabel, the maid; all about Granny and Elsie—cheerfully and touchingly Bertha prattled away.

"I've just done an awful thing, Ronnie. Mary is falling in love with a young man at her office. It sounds quite a romance. He wanted her to go to a dance with him on his birthday, and I helped her to sneak in and out without Granny knowing; and told Granny a fib when she asked why Mary wasn't in to supper. Are you shocked?"

Then came a little bit for him. "Dear, I do miss you, and I can't help hoping you are missing me, though I also hope you aren't overdoing the missing, for your sake. I'm glad I stayed, Ronnie. Honestly, they couldn't have gone on without me, and I can see now that they expected it, and would have thought it very selfish of me if you and I had just cleared out."

Bitter-sweet that; very bitter, and very sweet, when one read between the lines.

It was true, too, that all was well. She wasn't hiding difficulties. Tom's letters confirmed hers—that things were going smoothly. He was very glad he had thought to make that arrangement with Tom.

After the reading of her letters came the answering of them—and mail-day lost its charm. Because he loved her and could not hurt her—and so must dissemble for her sake.

More than four thousand miles that letter had to go before it reached her, but Bertha always knew when it was due to arrive. Mail-day her end always found her expecting it.

Ahead of Isabel she raced to the letter-box when the postman knocked, and eagerly she tore open the thin, grey envelope. Hurriedly two blue eyes scanned the closely-written sheets for a first reading to assure herself that all was well.

"My Darling,—Your cheerful, amusing letter was very pleasant reading—a real breath from home. I am delighted to hear that everything is going so well with you and the family. Somehow or other, since I came back, we seem to be extra gay out here—lots more dances and bridge parties. I won sixteen bob the other night—it was my night out. The girl who was my partner nearly went off her head with joy, because she had never won more than three-and-six before. She's the Chief's niece, and she's out on a long visit. We say among ourselves that his wife is determined to marry her off to one of us bachelors. It won't be me, though! She's rather like you in many ways, although she's darker in coloring. Chrissie Wayne is her name—ever heard of her? I'll let you know which (if any) of our chaps proposes to her later on.

"It's good work that Tom has done so well for himself, but the way you and Mary have deceived your poor old granny was rather an eye-opener to me. 'Be sure your sins will find you out,' was what I was told when I was young, and I suppose by the time this reaches you, Granny will have found you both out and sent you to bed without any supper.

"Of course, I miss you—like blue blazes—and always shall. You see, I happen to love you, and I also happened to be rather keen on that wedding we had to put off. Sometimes I amuse myself in the evenings by pretending you are dining with me in the bungalow, or I take you for a stroll down to the river bank, and we look at the moon shining on the water and the crocs. pretending to be logs in the mud. Any time you feel you can be spared from The Elms you've only got to get on the next boat and send me a cable, and I'll be waiting with a parson on the quay."

Bertha shook back her hair, and shook something out of her eyes as well, as she finished reading. Plainly enough she understood the strain in which it was written. Clearly enough she saw the love and the longing peeping out between every line.

If only she could have been in two places at once!

For a month or so matters continued to jog along peacefully at The Elms with Bertha in the saddle.

THE financial arrangements were satisfactory, and she made ends meet without difficulty.

Mary went out again once or twice with her office friend, and returned from each expedition with what seemed to her sister significantly sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks. But she still denied to Bertha that it was anything more than a friendship.

"Don't be so old-fashioned," she joked. "It's so out of date to think that a girl must be in love with every man she goes out with. I'm surprised at you, Bertha. You might be Granny!"

Tom, who had volunteered no further information about his Development Company, questioned directly about it, declared that everything was going swimmingly.

"I wondered," Bertha explained, "because you seem to put in so little time at it."

"Directors don't work regular hours like clerks," said Tom, with great dignity. "As a matter of fact, it takes up so little of my time that I'm thinking of looking out for another job to work in with it."

"I say, that's a good idea!" exclaimed Bertha, for that sounded as if Tom were really anxious to get on, and undoubtedly the more he had to do the better. "Going to end up a millionaire, Tommy-boy?"

"I wish you'd chuck using that kid's name," he grumbled, and went out.

"It's a pity he won't be a little more communicative," thought Bertha. But there did not seem to be anything to worry about—rather the other way.

It was on that very afternoon that Granny went out to tea. Once in a blue moon she visited, or asked to the house some old crony from the past.

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Great was the excitement on these occasions. It could not have been keener if one of them had been commanded to Court.

It began in the morning when Isabel took the old lady her early tea. What was the weather like? Would it be fit for Granny to go out in the afternoon? Was it an east wind?—the thing old Mrs. Martin dreaded, more than burglars. Would Isabel be so good as to give her outdoor boots a rub, and remind Miss Bertha that she wouldn't be in to tea? No—never mind—Granny would tell Miss Bertha herself, and also ask her to brush her best skirt.

ALL the morning the outing and the preparation of Granny for it were the chief subjects of the old lady's conversation, and then, when at last Bertha had got her ready, came the final problem.

Should she or should she not take her umbrella? If it were not going to rain she much preferred her stick, but if there were any chance of it turning wet—what did Bertha think?

"Well, I don't think it is, so I'll get you your stick," said Bertha.

"Hoom!" said Granny—and took her umbrella.

She returned from her tea party about half an hour before Mary was expected home.

"Enjoyed yourself?" asked Bertha, as she helped her off with her things.

Granny's answer was rather surprising.

"My dear, you musn't think because we don't say much about it that we're not all very grateful to you for giving up getting married!"

Instead of answering, Bertha put away her grandmother's hat and coat, not knowing in the least what to say.

"I've been thinking about you and how happy you and Ronald might have been," remarked old Mrs. Martin as Bertha brought her slippers to her. "And what made me think it was hearing how unhappy some other poor girl is. I suppose you think that very silly of me—eh?"

"No," said Bertha. "Why is she unhappy, Granny?"

"She's married a scoundrel, Bertha, and I'm sorry to say he works in your father's office."

To Granny the New Process Cement Construction Company would always be her dead son's office, though John Martin had only been the secretary.

"Mrs. Crowther is her aunt, Bertha"—Mrs. Crowther was the other old lady with whom Granny had gone to tea. "She told me how unhappy her niece is. This man—Lester is his name—is a cad—mad on women; always running after them; and he has broken the poor girl's heart. I can't tell you all Mrs. Crowther told me about him—it isn't fit to be repeated—but it made me think that, at any rate, if you had married him, Ronnie would never have made you as miserable as Mrs. Crowther's niece is."

Granny stretched out her feet to the fire in her sitting-room, and Bertha, on her knees on the hearthrug, smiled quietly to herself.

How queer old people's minds were, she thought. No. Ronnie, she was sure, would never treat her like that.

"I must ask Mary if she knows him," exclaimed Granny. "It might be wise to warn her against him. Mrs. Crowther said her niece had an idea that he had started to carry on with one of the girls at the office. He might dare to try the same thing with Mary next—not that she would listen to him, of course, but all the same——"

Something went click inside Bertha's brain. Something so startling flashed into her mind that she did not hear the rest of her grandmother's rambling sentence.

Suddenly Bertha knew—was certain, sure—that the girl this man was carrying on with at the office was her sister. Evidence, in the legal sense, she had none. It was pure instinct, but she was so convinced her instinct was right that her heart sank.

"I don't know that I should bother to talk to Mary about him, Granny," she said quietly, as she rose. "Why spread such a story, or put such ideas into her head?"

"Hoom! Perhaps you're right," Granny grunted.

Bertha left her, went slowly downstairs to wait for her sister's return. Elsie, doing "prep." in the dining-room, called to her to help her with a sum.

Bertha shook her head.

"I will try after supper, if you like," she offered. "But I can't now. Don't feel like it." She could think of nothing but Mary, and what could be done if her suspicions were correct.

Presently she heard Mary's knock and opened the door to her sister herself.

"Come straight up to my room, will you, Mary?" she said. "I want to ask you something frightfully important."

Mary followed her up the stairs, and Bertha closed the door.

"Mary, is your friend at the office named Lester?" she asked in a voice that shook a little in spite of her efforts to steady it.

CHAPTER 6

MARY seated herself on her sister's bed and let her legs swing.

"Why?" she asked, instead of answering.

"Because, if it is Mr. Lester, he's a married man," said Bertha.

Mary's legs continued to swing, and her brown eyes met Bertha's defiantly.

"What of it?" she scoffed.

"Mary!"

"What's it got to do with you?" Mary lit a cigarette. "Cheek, I call it, to start nosing about in my private affairs," she remarked.

"I found out by accident," her sister explained. "Granny's been to tea with old Mrs. Crowther—his wife's aunt. And putting two and two together from something Granny said——"

"Does Granny know?" Mary interrupted.

Bertha shook her head.

"His wife's a beast, a perfect beast to him," exclaimed Mary.

"That may be what he told you, but the story Granny heard——"

"Oh! his wife's a frightful liar," Mary broke in. "Always bringing false charges against the poor man. Jealous mad, you know, without the slightest cause."

"You mean he doesn't carry on with other women?"

"Of course not!" cried Mary, indignantly.

"What about you?" Bertha's tone was dry. Bertha had a habit of hitting a nail on the head with a gentle little tap that was very effective in driving the point home.

"Oh! that's different," said Mary, flushing. "Quite different. I'm just his friend, the one he tells his troubles to—his consoler, he calls me. If it weren't for me the poor man's heart would be utterly broken, and he wouldn't be able to stick it."

Bertha frowned. Years and years older and wiser than Mary she felt. There was a note in her sister's voice, a note of pride that really frightened her.

"Mary, how can you be so green—so soft?" she cried. "Don't you see that every married man who is tired of his wife, and wants to flirt with someone else who knows he is married, has got to say——"

"You don't understand," Mary interrupted, sullenly. "You don't know anything about it."

"I know you're making a little idiot of yourself, and it's got to stop," retorted Bertha.

"Who says so? I'm not going to be interfered with by you, Bertha, and don't you think it."

Mary got off the bed and flung her cigarette out of the always open window.

"I know what I am about and I can take care of myself, thank you," she cried.

"Mary, don't be a silly kid," remonstrated Bertha gently.

"There's nothing in it, I tell you! We're just friends——"

"Sure about that, Mary?"

Once more the hammer gave the nail a little tap and once more Mary flushed.

"What do you mean? Of course, I'm sure about it," she declared, looking away. "Good heavens, Bertha, one would think you were born in the Ark, such rot you talk. For goodness sake, be a bit more up to date. What does it matter that he's married? Nowadays a girl and a man can be pals and go about a bit, even if he has got a wife at home. And this wife's a rotter, a sneering, cruel beast, who wastes his money and won't divorce him, but just lives on him and makes him miserable. If he hadn't got me to cheer him up a bit I really believe the poor man would cut his throat."

"Or find somebody else to comfort him," observed Bertha. "I understand you're by no means his first consoler."

A third time Mary flushed.

"If you're going to talk like that I'm finished," she cried. "That's a perfectly cattish thing to say. I'm old enough to know my own mind and choose my own friends, and I'm going to—so there!"

Determinedly, Mary flung open the door and hurried to her own room, as a sign that the discussion was closed.

Bertha followed her.

MARY'S room looked out on the back, and for some moments Bertha stood watching the long shadows that the setting sun was throwing from the elms at the bottom of the garden, while Mary fussed about and ostentatiously ignored her. Then:

"I consider myself responsible for this to some extent," Bertha said quietly. "If I'd known what was going on I would certainly not have helped you to go out with him that night or given you that frock."

"You can have it back!" snapped Mary, and made as if to go to her wardrobe and snatch it out there and then.

"No. You know I don't mean that. What I mean is that you haven't played the game, Mary——"

"I knew you wouldn't understand—and you've proved how right I was by the song you are making about it now," her sister retorted.

Once more Bertha looked out of the window for a moment or two.

"I don't want to preach and I don't want to quarrel," she said. "But something has got to be done. Mary, you've got to promise me never to go out with this man again!"

Mary shook her head.

"I've already told you that I'm not going to be interfered with by you or anybody!" she stormed.

"Mary, if Mother were alive——"

"Bertha, how can you be so mean!" protested her sister. "Dragging in Mother!"

"I'm not dragging her in," said Bertha very, very quietly. "She's here—with us now—telling me what to say."

"Bertha, chuck it! It's too mean, this film-stuff," Mary interrupted. "I wonder you aren't ashamed to try to play such a dirty trick on me."

Bertha squeezed her fingers together.

"It isn't a trick. It's true," she said, with a queer, faraway look in her eyes. And then suddenly she flushed and her eyes hardened.

"All right," she said forcibly. "If you won't listen to Mother, you can listen to me. You'll jolly well give me the promise I want—or you can clear out! Do you hear? Either you give me your word not to see that man again outside the office, or else I shall tell Tom and Granny, and you can go! I won't have you here, while you're carrying on with this man. If you must make a fool of yourself and

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won't listen to reason, you can make a fool of yourself—outside! Now then, Mary, which is it to be?"

Her sister stared at her amazed. The ring in Bertha's voice, the look in Bertha's eyes, made her shrink back.

It was very seldom that Bertha really lost her temper. From childhood up the occasions could easily be counted on the fingers of one's hands, but every time it had happened it had made family history.

Mary bit her lip. She didn't want the family told about poor George, and she didn't want to be made to leave home, for besides being cheap and convenient home was—home.

"Oh, all right!" she said, sulkily. "No need to lose your wool. I promise."

A quick breath shot through Bertha's nostrils.

"Faithfully?" she demanded.

"Honor bright."

"Thank you, Mary. I—I'm glad you're going to be sensible and good."

Bertha walked out of her sister's room and entered her own, trembling in every limb. Utterly exhausted, almost sick, she felt as she staggered to the window and drew in great breaths of fresh air.

"I've stopped her, Mother," she whispered, and then looked over her shoulder with wondering eyes.

"Am I deluding myself or are you really here?" she asked of the emptiness behind her.

ON Bertha, so strange, so startling an incident could not fail to make a deep impression, nor could so signal a victory fail to bring with it a splendid, moving consolation.

Whether her mother had actually been with her or not during the struggle Bertha did not know. If those who had passed could take any interest in those that were left behind, it seemed understandable enough that mother, wrenched so suddenly from the children and the house she loved so dearly, should be there with them still.

But those were deep waters, and the mind was a strange, unreliable thing. One could not be sure. But what one could be sure of was this: Mary, by the promise that had been extracted from her, had been saved from a very serious folly.

"If I hadn't stayed—if I had married Ronnie—Heaven only knows what might have happened to her," thought Bertha.

So far it was the biggest thing that had happened—something which really did seem to make the sacrifice worth while.

Mary never mentioned the matter. Nor did Bertha. It was settled. For three nights Mary stayed in. Then:

"Oh! I forgot," said Mary in her most casual way. "I shall be late to-morrow night. I'm going to the theatre with some of the office girls. We've made up a party and we're all going to stand for the pit."

She looked at Granny as she spoke.

Granny made no comment.

"What are you going to see?" inquired Bertha.

"'The Road to Happiness,'" replied her sister.

"I should like to see that," remarked Bertha. "Should I be butting in if I joined you and your friends, Mary?"

"I'm afraid you would," her sister answered. "Sorry, old thing. It's an office show, you see. Don't mind, do you, Bertha?"

"Not a bit, and anyway I've just remembered that it's Isabel's night out. I'll go some other time. Perhaps I'll take Elsie to a matinee later on."

"Bertha, you brick!" exclaimed the youngest Martin.

How thrilling it was, how romantic, how—French, thought Mary as the taxi stopped.

A commissionaire assisted her to get out—stood by while she paid the driver, and then flung back a pair of big glass-panelled doors.

Mary's dark, bright eyes glanced eagerly around the vestibule of the restaurant after a quick look at herself in one of the gilt-framed mirrors.

He was not there and she frowned, turned back to the mirror and patted at her hair.

Ah, good! Here he was.

George Lester came up to her.

He took her hand and clung to it.

"By jove, I didn't have half a job to get away," he smiled. "Thought at first I shouldn't manage it. She asked some people in for the evening for bridge—met a woman during the afternoon, and fixed it up on the spur of the moment without consulting me, and when I told her I was going out you should have heard the fuss she kicked up."

He always referred to his wife as "she."

"I was just going to phone you that we were done, and I couldn't come when, by a stroke of luck, the people rang up themselves to say that the man had come home with a bad headache—so here I am, and she's sulking at home alone as usual. Rotten way to treat anyone, isn't it?"

"Rotten," Mary agreed. "But I'm glad you didn't ring up. You mustn't ever—not at home. I've got my troubles, too. You're not the only one who finds it hard to slip away and has to tell fibs about it, George."

"Hallo! Has something happened?"

"I should just think it has," Mary nodded. "I didn't mean to tell you, but after what you've just said about ringing up, I'd better. My sister's found out—about us—and your being married. And the only way I could quiet her was by promising never to see you again!"

"Mary!" he protested.

"Oh! I never intended to keep that promise," Mary assured him. "Rather not! It will only mean that we shall have to be a little more careful, George. I told them at home I was going to the theatre to-night with an office crowd, and if you'll believe it, my sister wanted to come, too!"

She laughed.

"But I soon choked her off," she added. "I managed to get a suitcase with my evening things in it out of the house without her knowing this morning, and I dressed at the office after everyone had gone. I shall change back in the cloakroom here before we go home, and leave my suitcase in the front garden till the coast is clear."

"Mary, how wonderful you are!" he murmured admiringly. "She and your sister are evidently two for a pair! But come along, dear! We're going to enjoy ourselves."

Mary's eyes sparkled as she took his arm and let him lead her into the restaurant.

CHAPTER 7

THAT one can get used to anything is at once life's greatest consolation and bitterness.

Bertha's gracious, ghostly presence no longer sat at the dining table in Ronald Maxwell's bungalow. No longer did he see her looking across the compound, watching for his return from work. He had got used to the realisation that the claims of her family had shattered his dreams, got used to the loneliness, and learned to live without her again.

It was only on mail days that Bertha brightened the dark continent now. For the rest of the month he thought of her and loved her and missed her; but he had ceased to be tormented with visions of her in the places where he had planned her to be.

Stretched on a long cane chair on the verandah he put down the letter from her that he had just been reading and wiped his forehead. It was very hot.

Ronald smiled. Bertha's letter was very bright and chatty. It had brought her back to Africa all right—a gentle, blue-eyed, affectionate presence, cheerful and competent and very, very dear.

Then Ronald frowned. Her family had come with her—the family who were keeping her from him.

He damned them as he tore open Tom's letter.

His features stiffened slightly as he read what Bertha's brother had written.

"You said I was to let you know if things got difficult for poor old B. Well, they're getting very difficult. Knowing what she is, I don't suppose she has told you anything about it, but the fact is she's rather in the soup. For money, of course: otherwise things are all right. There has been some trouble about the drains, which had to be put right. Granny has been ill, and that means a pretty stiff doctor's bill. Also, everything seems to be turning out much more expensive than Bertha thought. I do what I can, naturally, but there's no doubt about it, B.'s getting into debt one way and another. You said I was to tell you, so I am, but there's no real need for you to come to her assistance. I suppose it would be a pity to draw too heavily on our capital, but we can, of course. If you do feel that you want to send her some money I shall feel pretty mean having to pretend that it comes from me, but I shall have to put up with that. She's worrying rather, though I keep telling her she needn't. I should think fifty would put her straight for the time, and if you send it—though I don't see why you should, and we can manage, as I've pointed out—perhaps it would be as well to cable it. Of course, you mustn't ever give me away, as B. would never forgive me, and I doubt if she would even forgive you—you know how proud and independent she is. Well, cheerio, you made me promise to let you know if she was in a hole, and I've kept my word. Should you decide to do it, naturally, if at any time I should have a stroke of luck, I should at once pay it back, as the eldest."

RONALD picked up Bertha's letter and read it again.

"I don't call that fair," he reflected. "Writing so cheerfully, and as if everything was going so swimmingly. I suppose she would say she didn't want to worry me? Well, I'm glad I thought of making that private little bargain with Master Tom!"

He had always been dead against this plan of hers, and he wasn't at all surprised that it wasn't working well. Confound her family! But all the same, he couldn't have her worried and miserable about making ends meet. It was no good crying over spilt milk. The thing was done—she had set her hand to the plough, and anything one could do, even if one disapproved and loathed the business and still thought she might just as well have got married and let them fend for themselves—oh! well, one must make it as easy for her as one could!

"Oh, Bertha," said Tom, airily, "here's what I owe you. Sorry I forgot to dub up before."

He handed her a month's contribution to the housekeeping expenses.

"You ought to have reminded me," he added. "I can't think how I came to let it slip. Mind if I always pay monthly in future, old girl? Won't make any difference to you, will it?"

"Not a bit," said Bertha. "I pay most of the books monthly."

A load had suddenly lifted itself off her mind.

Tom's failure to pay his share had been seriously worrying her. What did it mean? Had something gone wrong with the Development Company in which he had invested his capital? Tom was as close as ever about his affairs.

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But all was well. It was only a slip of the memory.

"Things are going all right with your job, aren't they, Tom?" she asked.

"Right as rain," he answered.

"I'm so glad," cried Bertha, and went off to put away the money he had given her.

She kept her handbag in one of the drawers of her dressing-table, and as she took it out she smiled at herself in the glass.

"Fuss-box!" she murmured in her relief, realising how very anxious she had been.

She shook her head at herself.

"Don't take yourself too seriously, and for goodness sake don't start looking for trouble before it comes," she read herself a little lecture. "Everything's all right.

"What's the matter with you, then?" she asked the other Bertha that was staring back at her.

Why, if everything was so encouraging and cheerful, was there that feeling of uneasiness, that premonition of impending trouble in her mind?

Bertha came away from the looking-glass, and for some minutes roved restlessly about her room, fidgeting first with one thing and then with another.

Then she stooped and pulled open the big drawer at the bottom of her wardrobe.

Out came the cardboard box. The lid was lifted. The tissue paper rustled. A pair of blue eyes gazed at the silvery material. Then:

"Sentimental fathead!" said Bertha.

Back went her wedding dress into its box; on went the lid; slam went the drawer as she pushed it home.

Bertha went straight to her grandmother's sitting room.

"Granny," she said, "Tom's going to be out this evening——"

"Hoom!" said old Mrs. Martin, but was given no time to get in a dig at her only grandson.

"Mary's going to another of her office beanos," Bertha hurried on. "There'll only be Elsie and you and me at home. Why shouldn't we go to the pictures?"

Granny rubbed her left wrist with her right palm. Now and then she had been dragged to the kinema rather against her will—and always thoroughly enjoyed it when she got there.

She shook her head.

"I don't think I'll go out to-night, Bertha," she said, still rubbing her left wrist. "My rheumatism is rather twingy. You and Elsie go. I'll stay in with Isabel."

"All right," said Bertha. "I think we will, if you don't mind. I believe I'm staying in a bit too much."

It must be that, all this anxiety when there was nothing at all to be anxious about. What she wanted was a break, a little change. Elsie, she knew, would love to go with her.

TOM MARTIN, in evening dress, leant back against the upholstery of the taxi that was taking him up West, and rested his patent shoes on the fold-up seat in front of him.

In reply to his letter, Ronald had cabled a hundred pounds—not fifty—a hundred!

"Sportsman!" murmured Tom, approvingly.

"I suppose it was a bit low-down of me," he reflected. "But look what a hole I'm in! And, of course, it is only a sort of loan. I shall pay him back some day. I had to raise the wind somehow, hadn't I, after all the filthy bad luck that has come my way?"

He crossed his legs and fingered his tie.

"Besides, in a way it's his own fault for making me make that promise," he mused. "If he hadn't done that I should never have thought of it. Oh! well, why worry? Nobody will ever know."

Coming up to Victoria in the train a man he knew had told him of a cert. for to-morrow's three-thirty. Should he have a fiver on it?

"Better not," he decided. "My luck's been too dead out lately. No, no more betting for me till the tide's turned."

That it would turn, that some day he would become rich and important without working too hard for it was a fixed belief of Tom's.

The taxi turned into Jermyn Street, and stopped at a block of flats, from the doorway of which a girl came hurrying forward.

"You're late, you wretch," she cried, as she jumped in beside him. "I'd given you up and was going to call a taxi for myself."

"It's those beastly suburban trains," Tom apologised.

"I shall have to hurry like blazes over my make-up," she grumbled. "The stage manager's a perfect pig. I expect you've got me fined for being late!"

"Cheer up," said Tom, cradling her fingers in his. "I'm frightfully sorry, but it will be all right. We shall get there in time."

Someone had introduced him to her at a night club—Valerie Vivian, known to her pals as Vee-Vee—a dashing brunette, playing a tiny part in "Oh! You Girls!"

Her dark, daring eyes, and her small, wicked features had caused Tom to fall for her at once, and something about him had sufficiently appealed to her for her to consent to see him again. A plan had been made for him to pick her up at her flat, drive her to the theatre, be "in front" during the show, and afterwards take her to sup and to dance.

Ronald's cable had come just in time to save him from having to phone her that he would be prevented from coming by influenza.

Vee-Vee was his first actress, and he was rather proud about it. Very dashing he felt, sitting in his unpaid-for stall, and knowing one of the cast.

When the curtain fell, he went "behind." A big thrill.

Vee-Vee presented him to the girl who shared her dressing-room, and made it known that Dora Huntercombe, poor darling, was at a loose end. Her boy had let her down, and the poor thing had nowhere to go for the rest of the evening. Tom gathered that he was expected to add Dora to the party—and did so.

"But I say, three's no good," exclaimed Vee-Vee. "Jimmy's rather a pal of yours, isn't he, Dora? I'll see if I can get him."

She dashed away, and returned in a few minutes with one of the male members of the company.

So Tom paid for four suppers at a cabaret show—six pounds ten, including wine, and another thirty shillings for incidental refreshments before the party broke up.

"It's been topping, thanks so much," said Vee-Vee, when he had driven her back to her flat. "'Bye, old thing."

It was half-past two when Tom reached The Elms. He noticed that Bertha's door was ajar and her light burning. As he crept past she called to him softly.

He went into her room and closed the door softly, her manner making it clear that the rest of the household were not to be disturbed.

She was sitting up in bed looking stern and worried.

"Tom," said Bertha, "what have you done?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, startled. Surely to goodness she couldn't have found out already about——

"To-night Elsie and I went to the pictures," Bertha hurried on, with anxious eyes fixed on his face. "And while we were out a man came to the house and asked for you. He—he saw Granny. He wouldn't tell her what he wanted, but he did tell her that he was a detective, and—and he left word that he would call again in the morning at nine-thirty."

Her voice shook, but she steadied it with an effort. As her brother did not speak, she continued:

"I haven't been able to sleep for thinking about you. We're all very frightened and anxious. Tom, do tell me what it means? Please, dear, please! If—if there's something wrong and we can do anything to help, you know we will——"

The sound of the door opening caused them both to turn their heads.

"I thought I heard you come in," said Granny, who had also been listening for him, unable to sleep till she knew the worst.

CHAPTER 8

BERTHA rose in the morning with a fixed determination in her mind. She was going to get to the bottom of this mystery about Tom, going to be present when that detective called at half-past nine.

She and Granny had not been able to get anything out of Tom. Over and over again he had declared that he did not know what the detective wanted, absolutely hadn't the foggiest notion.

She went downstairs and found him already down, looking rather tired and sullen; Mary came next, also looking rather tired, for Mary had not got back from her visit to the theatre with her office friends till after one. Then Elsie appeared and then Granny.

"Got up to see me hanged, eh, Granny?" jeered Tom.

Tears sprang into old Mrs. Martin's faded grey eyes, and she took her seat at the table without speaking.

It was a queer breakfast.

"Oh! Tom, you haven't really done anything bad?" the youngest Martin burst out.

"You're not going to be locked up, are you, Tom?"

"Silly kid. Of course not."

"Don't you really know what he's coming about?" asked Mary.

"No," said Tom, shortly.

"Can it be about that Development Company of yours?" suggested Bertha.

"Dunno. For goodness' sake shut up, all of you," growled Tom.

Elsie had to go off to school and Mary had to depart for the office with their curiosity unsatisfied.

Granny, still strangely silent, seated herself by the fire and began to knit. Tom lit his largest pipe. Bertha helped Isabel to clear away the breakfast things.

The atmosphere of The Elms was tense with suspense. All of them were waiting for they knew not what—except Tom, who was beginning to suspect what was in the wind. All of them were anxious and afraid—except Tom, who was angry.

The clock showed five-and-twenty past nine.

Bertha came back.

"Tom," she said quietly, "I can't trust you to tell us what the detective wanted after he's gone, and we must know. So—so I'm going to see him with you!"

Her brother shrugged his shoulders.

"All right," he said, surprisedly.

Granny rolled up her knitting and stood up.

"If Bertha's going to be there, I may as well go to my room," she said.

Punctually as the clock struck half-past nine there came a knock at the door.

Bertha opened it, before Isabel could get there, and ushered the visitor in.

"Good morning. Mr. Thomas Martin?" he said.

Tom nodded.

"Won't you sit down?" invited Bertha.

The detective sat down.

"I am making inquiries about a concern that calls itself a Development Company," he explained. "It's been advertising in the papers offering 10 per cent. interest, a share in the profits, and a directorship for £500."

Bertha looked at her brother, but Tom refused to meet her eyes.

"It's a fraud, and the principals have been arrested," the detective went on. "We

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have been investigating the books and you appear to have been one of those who invested in it. Is that correct?"

"Yes," said Tom, sullenly.

"You never received any share of the profits, sir?"

"No."

"And no payment of interest after the first one of £12/10/—the first quarter paid in advance?"

Tom shook his head.

"Everyone tells the same story," commented the detective. "Might I ask what steps you took, sir, when you began to realise that you had been done?"

"None," said Tom. He shrugged his shoulders. "What was the good of making a fuss? I knew I should never get my money back. So—so I decided the best thing I could do was to cut my loss and keep quiet about it."

BERTHA sighed softly to herself. All was clear now; why Tom, a little while ago, had begun to talk about finding another job, pretending that his directorship did not take up enough of his time—why he went so seldom to his office—why he had fallen into arrears with his share of the household expenses.

Wasn't it just like Tom to have kept the matter dark? Didn't want anyone to know how foolish he had been, especially after the fuss she had made.

"You just let the matter slide?" asked the detective. "Didn't do anything at all, sir?"

"I went round there and punched the fellow on the nose," said Tom. "That's all."

The detective smiled.

"That finished the matter so far as I was concerned," Tom added. "I'm not going to prosecute, if that's what you want. Nor am I going to give evidence against him, unless I'm compelled to. I don't want everyone to know I've been 'had.'"

The detective nodded and made a note in his book.

"I should feel the same if I was you, sir," he remarked. "It's a pity you didn't make a few inquiries before you parted with the cash. Anybody with a grain of sense could have told you it was too good to be true."

Then Tom said a surprising thing.

"As a matter of fact my sister, here, wanted me to stop the cheque, but I wouldn't listen to her," he admitted.

"Ah!" The detective looked at Bertha. "You'd have saved your money if you had. Well, I won't put you up as a witness, sir, if I can help it. But, of course, if the police solicitors want you, you'll have to come. Good morning, sir. If it's any consolation to you to know it, you're only one of ten."

He rose, bade them good morning, and left.

"Oh! Tom," said Bertha.

He looked at her frowningly.

"Well, I'm glad it's no worse," she added. "I'd better go up to Granny and tell her."

Tom took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Any need to tell her how you tried to make me stop that cheque?" he mumbled.

"Of course not."

"Thanks," he muttered, rather sheepishly. "Don't want to look more of a fool than I must."

Bertha ran upstairs to put her grandmother's mind at rest.

"Hoom!" said old Mrs. Martin. "Thank God he's only been a fool. Well, well, let's hope it will be a lesson to him. I always knew he wouldn't keep that money long."

She sighed.

"Poor Tom! He'll mind so, with those big ideas of his—mind us all knowing how silly he's been. Don't be too hard on him, Bertha, my dear."

"I want to go back to him, if you don't mind," said Bertha.

He was standing with his heels on the fender when Bertha rejoined him.

"Well?" he asked, defiantly. "What did Granny say?"

"She's sorry for you, Tom."

"Sorry for me, eh? You wait, all of you——" he began, and then Bertha cut him short.

"When things went wrong, you might have told us, Tom," she said.

"Why? I wanted to put them right," he cried.

"Yes, I know, but it would have been better and straighter if you had owned up."

"Go on. Preach away. I've got to stick it. I'm down."

"I'm not preaching, Tom. I'm only pointing out that you haven't quite played the game."

"I don't see that. How was I to know that there would be a prosecution and it would all come out in this rotten way? If I'd had any luck and found another job and got on nobody would have ever known anything about it."

"Yes, that's just what I mean," said Bertha, quietly. "I'm thinking of all the lies you've told because you were ashamed to own up. Not very sporting, that, Tom. Here we're all trying to pull together, and you—hide things. Don't, Tommy-boy—it's not nice of you."

"Who'd want a pack of women——" he began heatedly, and then paused.

"Sorry, Bertha," he went on with a complete change of tone. "You're right. It was rotten of me. My pride, you know. You spotted the show wasn't sound; you tried to stop me going into it. Naturally after that I felt I'd sooner do anything than admit you'd been proved right, and I was in the soup. You do understand, don't you, old girl?"

Bertha nodded.

"Well, then, that's that."

He put his pipe back into his mouth.

"Tom, you'd spent the rest of your money, hadn't you?" Bertha asked. "This five hundred was all you had left?"

"Yes."

"And you haven't found another job?"

"No. I've tried and tried, but so far I haven't been able to hear of anything worth having."

"Then—then how was it you were able to pay what you owed the house, Tom? I noticed you had a lot of notes in your pocket-book—you must still have them. Where has that money come from?"

HE reddened slightly and his teeth gripped hard on the stem of his pipe.

Bertha waited, but he did not speak.

"I don't want to be inquisitive," she went on, at last. "I simply can't understand. You say all your capital has gone and you haven't a job, and yet——"

"Never heard of the races, I suppose?" he broke in, seeing that something had got to be said, some explanation given.

"Oh! you won it—betting?" exclaimed Bertha.

"A fiver at twenty to one," said Tom, looking away. "The—the last fiver I had in the world, as a matter of fact."

Bertha did not say anything.

"Now don't start jawing at me about the folly of gambling," he went on, hastily. "I know that as well as you. It was just a single flutter, a sort of forlorn hope. You needn't get the wind up and think I'm on the path to damnation, and start Granny praying for me!"

"That wasn't what I was thinking at all," said his sister. "I'm not shocked at your making a bet now and then, though I do think it's rather wonderful the way this one came off."

"What do you mean? Don't you believe me?" he cried, indignantly.

Bertha looked at him with startled eyes. Till then she had believed him entirely, but this too-ready challenge filled her with suspicion. They were brother and sister, and had grown up together. She knew his past record in the family; knew him almost as well as she knew herself, and loved him in spite of his faults as is the way of families.

"No, Tom," she said gravely. "I don't think I do believe you. You didn't win that money by a bet. You got it some other way——"

"That's right," he broke in. "Hit a chap when he's down! Call him a liar, call him anything you can think of! Because one thing is wrong, assume the worst about everything. Go on—say I stole the money—say it and have done with it!"

"I don't care how you got it so long as you got it honestly," said Bertha with a sigh. Oh! much, much more difficult, Tom was than Mary! If only Ronald were here!

"I wish you'd tell me how you got it—I wish you'd be open with me, but if you won't, I can't make you," she added.

"Right," said Tom, anxious to bring the discussion to a close. "Let's leave it at that. Anyway, the money's nothing to do with you. You won't have to pay it back."

"Ah!" thought Bertha. "He's borrowed it."

But she kept the thought to herself. Far more serious than the question of where he had got that money was the problem of getting him started in a job. He must have a job. Now that he had lost all his capital and had taken to borrowing the end could only be disaster, unless he could be got to work.

"About a job, Tom," she said. "That's serious. You must——"

"Quite," he interrupted, glad to have done with the more dangerous theme at last. "But it isn't so easy to find a decent job as you think. I've tried, and I know."

"If I get you the offer of a job to-day will you take it?" inquired Bertha.

"You? How can you get me a job?" he queried.

"Never you mind. If I go out and get you one, now, at once, will you take it? Yes or no?"

"Yes," said Tom. "I'll try it. I'd try anything for a bit. But you can't possibly get me a job worth having. How can you?"

CHAPTER 9

IT was queer the way things turned out, thought Bertha. No wonder Tom was surprised and incredulous when she offered to find him a job! But she had a very good reason to believe that she could get him one if she chose—if, that is, she could bring herself to ask for it.

At the kinema last night she had met David Fielding, a young man of whom she had lost sight since his people moved away from Redbridge two years ago. David, in those days, had been in love with her and had asked her to be engaged. But Ronald had just appeared upon the scene and David, an older man—he was thirty-one then—had been turned down. Bertha's refusal, coupled with his family's change of houses, had brought the acquaintanceship to an end.

But last night they had met again.

It was Elsie who had seen him first.

"Look!" she whispered. "There's that man you used to go about with so much. Over there—talking to the manager."

"So it is," said Bertha, without enthusiasm.

Presently, when the lights were up, Fielding had spotted her. He came over and took the vacant seat beside her.

"Well," he said, as he held out his hand, "I never thought I should see you here to-night. My hat, how your sister has grown!"

"Yes, hasn't she?" smiled Bertha.

"I expect you're wondering what I'm doing here," he went on. "It's business, not pleasure, that has brought me to Redbridge. We've just installed a new electric system in this kinema—they make their own juice, you know—and I thought I'd like to see for myself that everything was working satisfactorily."

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"Quite," said Bertha, who sometimes found Tom's favorite monosyllable very useful to borrow.

The Fieldings, she remembered, were electrical engineers.

"My father died a year ago," explained David, with a volubility that was half shyness and half joy at seeing her again. "I'm running the show on my own now, and, though I say it, I'm rather making things hum. Haven't you noticed the advertisements of our wonderful electric refrigerators at a quarter of the price of the American ones?"

"No," said Bertha. "I'll look out for it. Glad you're getting on well."

The lights went down.

"Well, how's everything—father, mother, brother and everybody?" David whispered.

Bertha started.

"Oh! don't you know?" she murmured, and in a low voice gave him a brief account of the tragedy.

"I say—I'm frightfully sorry. Afraid I dropped a brick," he muttered.

"No, no. It's quite all right," Bertha soothed him.

He was a very fair young man, almost sandy, with blue eyes, several shades lighter than Bertha's. By nature he was a warm-hearted, impulsive creature, apt to be carried away by his enthusiasms—eminently likeable.

"Jove! it's good to see you again," he whispered. "Looking just as adorable as ever. Maxwell, the fellow who cut me out, going along all right?"

"Shut up!" said someone behind fiercely.

For some time they watched the picture in silence. David Fielding did not go away. Once upon a time he had cared for this girl very much, and her refusal to be anything more than a friend had been a great blow to him. And seeing her again—just the same—just as fascinating and lovely—well, he couldn't go away, even though he knew she was not for him and another chap had won her.

IN due course the lights went up again for a brief interval.

By merest chance his eyes strayed to Bertha's left hand, resting on her lap.

It was ringless.

"I say, aren't you engaged to Maxwell any longer?" he asked impulsively, and then found himself blushing scarlet. "Sorry, if that's cheek," he added, hastily.

Bertha also flushed. It was certainly a very awkward question, and she found herself quite unable to answer it. How could she possibly explain—in a kinema? And what was the right answer—to David? Neither "yes" nor "no" would do.

While she was hesitating Elsie, who had heard the question, answered it for her:

"She gave him up to stay and look after us," said the younger Martin.

At the end of the show he walked with them towards The Elms, which lay on his way to the station. He talked steadily about himself, because that was the only safe, unemotional subject he could think of.

He was not boasting or swanking. He was just enjoying his success in his own boyish way. And he was not thinking entirely of himself, for as The Elms came in sight he said:

"Don't want to butt in, but if there's anything I can do at any time, you'll be a pal and let me, won't you? Anything, mind! It's been the dickens of a shock to me to hear about all your troubles. Won't forget, will you?"

"Thank you very much," said Bertha, deeply touched.

And then he had to run for his train.

A job for Tom.

David could—and would—give Tom a job. If David's business were expanded at that rate, it would not be difficult to find room for her brother.

But could she ask him?

Wouldn't he think——

"But he did offer," Bertha told herself.

She couldn't worry too much about whether it was fair to make use of David or not? Tom was the person she had to think of, Tom and the family. A job would be Tom's salvation.

Bertha looked at he brother.

"It's through David Fielding I think I can get you a good start," she said, in reply to Tom's question. "Remember him?"

Tom nodded.

Bertha described the meeting, told of how David had got on, and the offer he had made.

"I don't like asking him," she said. "He used to be in love with me, and that makes it very awkward. If I do ask him, you won't let me down, will you? You will try your hardest to make good, Tom?"

"Rather. This sounds a real good thing, old girl. Want me to come with you?"

"I think," said Bertha, "I had better go alone."

Tom would have to be explained to David, and it would be easier to do that if Tom were not there.

WHEN Bertha's name was brought to him, Fielding did not wait to have her shown in. He went to the outer office to meet her.

Mean, Bertha felt, as she took the leather armchair at the side of his desk, and looked into his delighted, welcoming face. She was going to ask this old friend something which he could not refuse. Deliberately she was taking advantage of the fact that he had once been—and was still—in love with her. Meanly—yes, meanly, for one might as well be honest with oneself—she was using that as a lever to get something out of him.

"Odd you should turn up just now," said David. "I was thinking about you and what your sister said last night."

Then he leant back in his swivel chair and waited.

Bertha's eyes strayed round the room—noted the glass top to his big mahogany desk—the thick Turkey carpet, the sun-colored walls, the clock and vase of flowers on the mantel-piece, the Chesterfield by the window, and the two other easy chairs exactly like the exceedingly comfortable and expensive one in which she was sitting.

"You do yourself very well, David," she said, lightly, finding herself unable to begin. "This is more like a study than an office."

"Glad you like it. It's done to impress people, of course," he explained, cheerily. "Evidence of prosperity, you know. Swank!"

He offered a cigarette, which she refused with a shake of the head.

"I suppose you haven't come to order one of our refrigerators?" he smiled.

Bertha smiled, too.

"You might do worse. They're really good. I'll send one to The Elms on a month's trial, if you like? No intelligent housewife can afford to be without one—that's our slogan."

Bertha moistened her lips with the tip of her tongue.

"Well," said David, "how about telling me why you've called? Thought of some way in which I can help, haven't you?"

"Yes." Bertha took the plunge. "It was very strange I should have met you, and that you should have made that offer last night. I—I'm running the show at home, you know, and I'm very worried about my brother."

It was easy enough to go on, once she had started. Honestly and frankly she told him all about Tom and his affairs, and David listened with bent, attentive brows.

"What I was wondering was, if you really meant that about wanting to help—whether, whether you could do anything for him?" she stammered.

"Why not?" said David, without the slightest hesitation. "Send him along. I can make use of him at once. I'm always on the look-out for good men."

Bertha winced. Tom was not a good man. David did not really want him. He was only pretending to be glad to take him to please her. Still, perhaps David could make Tom into a good man. She tried to console herself by thinking so.

"I can start him at four hundred and give him a real chance to get on," David went on. "You don't know what a job I'm having to find the right sort of man—fellows I can really work with. Tom will be under my own eye. Really, I'm most awfully obliged to you for mentioning him. I'm not doing you a favor—you're doing me one."

Lies, thought Bertha, splendid, kindly lies. "You know quite well you are doing this for me," she wanted to say to him. "Just as I know that because you're still fond of me I'm forcing a waster on you in the hope that you can make a man of him. And it's mean of me—it's beastly—but he's my brother, and I can't see him go to the dogs."

Aloud she said:

"Look here, David. This is most awfully kind of you, and I'm no end grateful—but if Tom doesn't really turn over a new leaf—if he gets up to any of his tricks and doesn't make the most of this chance—you won't hesitate to get rid of him, will you?"

"Rather not," said David, briskly. "Don't you worry about that. Business is business, and there's no sentiment in business. Tom makes good—or out he goes!"

He sounded very hard and firm—but he did not take Bertha in.

She sighed.

"A fellow who has racketed about a bit is very often just the sort to settle down and become a regular whale for work," he went on. "Sown his wild oats, you know—learned his lesson. Don't you fuss about Tom. I've a hunch that he's going to get on."

Bertha rose and held out her hand.

"I just don't know how to think you enough," she said simply. "You really are rather an angel, you know."

"No use suggesting lunch, I suppose?"

"Much too early. Besides, I must get back."

"Right! Tell your brother to turn up at ten to-morrow unless he has heard of something better."

"Good-bye," said Bertha. "And thanks ever so."

David looked as if something had suddenly occurred to him.

"Er—just a minute," he exclaimed. "Of course, you understand I haven't definitely promised anything? Can't engage a chap before I've seen him and had a talk with him, you know. That wouldn't be business. I dare say it will be all right, but I must just protect myself."

"Oh! quite," said Bertha, in a stifled voice.

She could read him like a book. He had said that because it had struck him that she might think he was only doing this for her, because he feared it might dawn on her how absurd it was for a business man to promise Tom a job straight off like this. But it didn't mean anything. Tom would get the job all right, however unsuitable for it he might be, she thought bitterly, while a stab of shame ran through her.

For a moment she was tempted to draw back, to say that Tom should not come. Then the impulse passed.

Was not this exactly what she wanted? Was not this what she had come for? If she could throw over Ronald for her family, surely she could stoop to make use of David?

"Good-bye," she said once more.

"Au revoir," said David.

CHAPTER 10

"I RECKON your sister is a very wonderful person," said David.

"Quite," Tom agreed.

"Chucking up everything to look after you all—dash it! Martin, it's one of the finest things I ever heard of!"

"Quite," said Tom.

"I guess it's up to you all to show a proper appreciation of such self-sacrifice."

"We do," said Tom. "Bertha's a brick."

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"What I mean is, it would be rotten if any of you came a cropper, Martin. You've all just got to succeed, so that she'll feel it's been worth while."

"Rather," said Tom, flushing slightly, as at last it dawned upon him that these observations were directed to his address. "That's why I mean to make the most of this topping chance you've been good enough to give me."

"Right," said David. "You play the game here by me, and you can depend on me playing it by you, and a bit over. Now we'll talk about your work."

Tom, it appeared, was to be mainly concerned with David's pet side-line, his patent electric refrigerator, or cooling cabinet, that could be sold for so much less than the American ones. Tom was to have the London district, supervise the London travellers, get round a bit himself, think out advertising stunts, and generally throw himself heart and soul into pushing the thing.

"It's enthusiasm that's wanted, not experience," said David, after he had discoursed eloquently about his cooler for half an hour. "Believe in it, and you'll make it go. 'No intelligent housewife can afford to be without one'—that's our slogan, and you've got to make 'em feel that's true. 'It's important to keep your food as cool as to keep your head cool.' Make a note of that—that's good! 'The harder the butter the farther it goes!' I could go on all night. You'll soon pick it up."

"Rather," said Tom.

New brooms sweep clean, especially when things have not been going very well with them for a time. For a fortnight Tom was a lion of industry—and what more natural than that David should call at The Elms one Saturday afternoon to tell Bertha so?

"I thought you'd like to know that your brother is doing splendidly," he told her.

"I'm so glad," said Bertha.

"Seemed to me I ought to come and say so. I know you're anxious about him, so a word straight from the horse's mouth might not be out of place, I thought," he explained.

"It's very kind of you," said Bertha warmly.

"Not at all. I told you I had a hunch about him. And I was right, you see!" He laughed. "You did me a real good turn the day you gave me a chance to get hold of that brother of yours," he declared; "he's going to be worth his weight in gold to me."

BERTHA looked away. He was only saying that, of course, because he didn't want her to feel under an obligation to him—because he was like that.

"I came down in my car. Care to come for a drive? It's a lovely afternoon. We might have tea somewhere."

"Thank you very much, David, but I'm afraid I can't."

"Can't or don't want?"

"Can't. I've let the maid go out. Tom's gone to a football match, Elsie's playing hockey and Mary's gone to tea with a friend. There's only me to keep Granny company."

"I see. How is your grandmother, by the way?"

"Very well, thanks."

"It's a long time since I've seen her."

He waited a moment to see if anything happened, but nothing did. Then:

"Well, I'll be off," he said. His eyes dropped for a moment to her ringless left hand. "I'll come again in a week or two, if I may, just to tell you how things are going," he added.

"Do," said Bertha.

"Who was that?" asked old Mrs. Martin when Bertha rejoined her.

"Mr. Fielding, dear."

"Hoom!" said Granny.

"He just looked in to tell me how Tom was doing. Thought we should like to know."

"Why didn't you ask him in?"

"You know why," said Bertha.

Old Mrs. Martin looked up from her knitting.

"Yes," she said, knitted half a row, and then added: "Well, it's nice to know Tom has really turned over a new leaf."

"Splendid," said Bertha.

Presently the bell rang.

"I wonder who that is?" exclaimed Bertha, as she rose to go to the door.

IT was Mrs. Crowther, Granny's friend, with whom Granny went to tea once in a blue moon.

"Such a lovely afternoon, my dear, I thought I must come to see how your grandmother is," she explained.

"Do come in. Granny will be delighted. She has so few visitors," Bertha said.

She divested the visitor of some of her outer layers of clothing, and took her to Mrs. Martin. Then she left the two old ladies together while she got tea.

While she toasted the scones Bertha thought about Ronald and a half-finished letter to him in the bureau in the sitting-room. The mail went on Mondays, so there was plenty of time.

His last letter had been very amusing, especially about the Chief's niece, Chrissie Wayne, the girl who, he declared, had been brought out there with the idea of being married off to one of the staff.

"I must tease him about her," thought Bertha as she carried in the tray.

Mrs. Crowther, a typical old lady, at once announced that she must go. She couldn't possibly stay for tea—such a thought had never entered her head. She had just looked in for a few minutes to see how her old friend was, that was all.

"You must stay now," said Bertha, smilingly. "It's made."

"Well, just a little cup, then," Mrs. Crowther surrendered—and took three, and made a very excellent meal.

So did Granny, and so did Bertha. All very quiet and comfortable and homely.

"By the way," said Granny, "how's that poor niece of yours who's married to that dreadful man getting on?"

"Ah! poor dear," sighed the visitor. "He's as bad as ever—getting steadily worse. 'It's no good,' I keep telling my niece. 'You'll have to get rid of him. It's wicked to remain tied to such a scoundrel.' He's got another one in tow now—someone fresh. They're out almost every other night, dancing and whatnot. There he is, spending all his money on her, so that my poor niece has to go short."

The old lady shook her head from side to side.

"It can't go on much longer," she declared. "There's a limit to all things. My niece has stood too much from that man. I've made up my mind to have him watched for her, poor darling, and then, perhaps, when we've got the evidence—well, we'll see!"

Bertha began to pack the tea things on to the tray.

"You think your niece really will divorce him?" asked Granny.

"I shall do my utmost to persuade her to," returned Mrs. Crowther.

"How glad I am that Mary has given up this rotter," thought Bertha.

Thank goodness, it could not be Mary with whom he was going about. Mary had promised to have no more to do with him—promised faithfully.

Shortly after, the visitor departed, and Elsie came in from her hockey, ravenous for food. Then Tom arrived from the football match.

He was very interested to hear that Fielding had called to say how pleased he was with him.

"I suppose there couldn't have been any other reason for the visit—of course not," he remarked, with a private wink to Elsie.

"Don't be silly," said Bertha, in the tone in which such things are said in a family.

Tom went upstairs to change.

Then Mary arrived from her tea party and also went up to change.

"We're all going to a Palais de Danse—a whole gang of us," she announced airily. "I'm in a tearing hurry."

Bertha followed her upstairs.

"Anything I can to to help?" she inquired.

"No, thanks, old dear."

"Mrs. Crowther came to tea with Granny this afternoon," said Bertha conversationally. "She said that man Lester is still treating his poor wife as badly as ever. I am glad you dropped him Mary. Mrs. Crowther is going to pay a detective to watch him and some girl he is carrying on with."

Mary, in the act of pulling on a stocking, paused with her foot stuck rigidly out in front.

"And then, when she has what she wants, Mrs. Crowther is going to move heaven and earth to make her niece divorce him!" said Bertha.

"How interesting—how very interesting," commented Mary, and got busy with her suspenders.

NEW brooms do not sweep clean for very long. A fortnight of extraordinary energy was the extent of Tom's burst. After that there began a gradual slacking off.

Fielding, he discovered, was giving him his head. There was no check upon his movements, and he had not to render any account of how he filled his time. He was being trusted.

Nobody knew, for instance, if, when he remarked that he was going out to interview a few potential customers, he spent the afternoon at a The Dansant place with Vee-Vee instead.

All that was necessary was a casual observation to Fielding in the morning that he had no luck yesterday.

"Well, we can't always click," said David. "Try again to-day."

A genuine enthusiast, off he went into a long tirade about how he utterly failed to understand the mentality of people who did not snap up a good thing like his cooler at once.

"Quite," said Tom, not sure whether Fielding really believed what he said, or was only trying to fire his representative with the enthusiasm which was the essence of good salesmanship.

The job suited him down to the ground.

"I'm practically my own boss," was his boast.

Nobody interfered with him. He did pretty well. It was quite true what Fielding said: his refrigerator practically sold itself. People only needed to have its merits pointed out, and to be made to realise its manifold uses. But after the first fortnight, Tom did not do as well as he might have done.

"Oh! You Girls!" was doing very well. It had matinees on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Tom found it much more interesting to be "behind" on those afternoons than expatiating on the advantages of home refrigeration. Vee-Vee and Dora were always pleased to see him, provided he did not turn up empty handed, and Dora's friend, Jimmy, was only too delighted to allow him to send out for a couple of drinks.

And then, swift and sudden, as it always comes, inevitably and unexpectedly, disaster descended upon him.

He came out of Vee-Vee's dressing-room and in the narrow, brick-lined corridor ran smack into Fielding and the proprietor of the theatre.

Fielding was an electrical engineer—very up-to-date and very interested in all new lighting systems. It was about a new Continental "lime" that he was interviewing the management.

He did not speak. He merely looked steadily at Tom and passed on.

"That's torn it," Tom thought. "Did anyone ever have such filthy luck?"

He considered various lies which might be told. How about saying he was there to get a comedian friend to work in a gag

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to advertise the cooler, or that he was trying to get the actresses to install them in their flats?

H'm! That wasn't half a bad idea. Fielding would probably swallow that.

He could make Vee-Vee a present of one of the things, which to save his job he would pay full price for, and pretend he had sold to her.

Yes, that was the stuff!

Tom's expression brightened as he saw himself cleverly kidding his employe; that it was business that had taken him to the theatre, and getting a pat on the back instead of the sack!

Hope springs eternal in the waster's breast!

CHAPTER 11

TOM was very badly frightened. The thing he always minded most was being made to look a fool—and what a fool he would look if he lost another job! Bertha would be wild with him. Granny would jeer—and there would be the deuce to pay all round.

He could not clear out, because he had no money and nowhere to go! Hang it, Fielding had jolly well got to be made to think he was at the theatre on business.

He had half an hour to wait before his employer returned to the office.

Directly he heard him come in, Tom went into Fielding's room, determined to take the bull by the horns and get the tussle over.

"I suppose you thought it a bit odd running into me at the theatre?" he began.

"Just a moment," said David. "I want to make some notes before I forget."

Tom waited, rather put out of his stride.

Presently Fielding looked up.

"You needn't tell me any lies, or make any excuses," he said sternly. "I've found out all that has been going on—and I'm very fed up about it!"

Tom started. He tried to begin on his carefully worked-up story, but Fielding never gave him a chance.

"You're pals with one of the worst of the gold-diggers, that girl Vee-Vee," he went on. "And you've been there every matinee for a fortnight, and danced with her on several other afternoons when you ought to have been doing your job. Now don't deny it. It's no good. I felt myself entitled to make a few inquiries about you, and I am satisfied that what I heard was the truth."

He leant back in his chair and eyed his subordinate witheringly.

Tom, who had gone rather pale, waited for the sack. Nothing else could possibly follow, he felt; and he had nothing at all to say. What was the use? Fielding knew too much, and had cut the ground from under his feet. Did anybody ever have such foul luck?

"I gave you a thundering good chance, and this is the way you go on," said David, bitingly. "I trusted you, and you've let me down."

He gripped the edge of his desk with his fingers.

"Well," he added, "I'm prepared to overlook it——"

Tom jumped.

"And keep it to myself—and give you one more chance—if you'll give me your word to play the game in future," continued David, in three cold jerks.

Tom could hardly believe his ears.

"I say, that's frightfully good of you," he stammered. "Thanks awfully. I don't deserve it. I—I won't ever slack off again. You see! I'll slog in for all I'm worth——"

"Mind you do." Fielding cut him short and nodded curtly in the direction of the door.

Tom went away. He sat down at his own desk and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"My hat!" he muttered, "what a let-off!"

He couldn't understand it. By all the rules he ought to have been dismissed there and then. Fielding had found out everything, and there had been no chance to kid him. Why hadn't he slung him out on the spot?

Suddenly illumination came to Tom.

Bertha!

Obviously it was for Bertha's sake that Fielding had behaved in this surprising way. It was Bertha who had got Tom the job. Fielding was always cracking her up. He hadn't wanted her worried with a brother out of work again. Used to be in love with her, he did—must still be very much in love with her.

Tom stretched out his legs and thrust his hands into his trouser pockets.

"Jolly lucky for me, my boss being in love with my sister," he thought. "Saved my bacon, all right."

Then another thought came to him:

If only Bertha would marry Fielding, what a fine thing that would be—for Tom.

Who knew? Fielding would probably take his wife's brother into partnership, to please her, considering he was already in the firm. Anyway, he would see to it that Tom always had a decent job with a good salary, once he came into the family.

Why shouldn't Bertha and Fielding marry? Fielding was doing very well, much better than ever Ronald Maxwell would do. What was the obstacle—Ronald?

Tom sucked in his underlip, a way he had when thinking very hard.

Bertha had given back Ronald's ring. She seemed to consider the engagement broken off—and Ronald didn't. In rather a muddle about it they appeared to be.

Well, anyway, Ronald was out of the way, and Fielding was on the spot—an old lover and undoubtedly a good catch. Moreover, he had just very clearly shown the way the wind was blowing.

Tom was all for him—absolutely on Fielding's side.

Wasn't there, perhaps, something he could do to bring this very desirable match about? he wondered.

HOW thrilling it all was—how tremendously exciting! Mary rather despised the other girls she knew, with their commonplace young men, and their dull, ordinary love-affairs. Hers was so different, so much more romantic.

George—poor George—was tied to a dreadful woman who treated him shamefully. It was horrible that there could be such women in the world. Only by deceiving her could George get away to his little Consoler, Mary Kindheart, as he so poetically called her. And it was only by deceiving her sister and the rest of the family that Mary could slip off to make him happy for an hour or two.

"Love laughs at locksmiths, promises, everything. Nothing matters but love. When two people discover that they have been really made for each other, then let the rest of the world go by!" said Mary. "I'd sooner break my word then break poor George's heart."

And it was growing more thrilling and more complicated every day. Mrs. Crowther—George said she was an old cat—was talking about having him watched.

George said that would only be a waste of the old fool's money. Nothing would ever make his wife divorce him.

"Don't you make any mistake about it," George said. "She'll never let me go—she doesn't want me to be happy."

Poor George!

So long as your conscience is clear and you haven't done anything really wrong, why worry? Comforting a man married to a cruel, heartless fiend of a woman, trying to bring a little brightness into his unhappy life isn't a crime.

George said don't worry about the detective nonsense. Mrs. Crowther was an old gasbag who always said more than she did. When it came to engaging them and paying for them she would change her mind. It was just talk, and they need take no notice of it.

It was rather frightening, though, wondering if the old lady had kept her word and you were being shadowed. Made you keep looking over your shoulder.

"Nonsense," said George. "I tell you there's nothing in it."

And for a week or two it seemed as if George was right. Then came the night when George and Mary went to dinner in Soho, and on the top of the bus that took them there Mary happened to notice the face of a passenger at the back as they got off.

After dinner—so Continental, a dinner with a married man (and wine) in an Italian restaurant!—they went to the pictures. It was a talkie film, very sad and all about Love, and when the lights went up Mary snatched her hand away from George's and looked round; and there was the man she had seen on the bus sitting three rows behind them.

At the time she didn't think anything of it, didn't really know that she had noticed him. It was not till she and George got out of the train at Redbridge—George always saw her to the corner of the street—and she dropped her bag and George stooped to pick it up, and Mary looked round and saw the man again, that she remembered and felt sure he was a detective.

MARY stood perfectly still.

"Come along, darling," said George, but she would not move.

She let all the people who were giving up their tickets pass, and the man had to pass, too.

"What's the matter?" asked George. "Why are we waiting here?"

"I'm going to see you into your train to-night and walk home alone," said Mary. "I want to make sure about something."

"What?" asked George, who had forgotten all about the interfering Mrs. Crowther's threat.

"I'll tell you presently," said Mary.

She led George along the platform and looked over the fence into the station yard—and there was the man, hanging about, waiting for them to come out.

Mary clutched at George's arm.

"She's done it," she gasped. "We're being watched!" And she told George the story.

"It certainly looks like it," George agreed. "Jolly smart the way you've bowled him out."

Then he laughed.

"Her aunt's only wasting her money," he declared once more. "She'll never give me my freedom."

A head and shoulders showed through the booking-office entrance, and the man looked up and down the platform, saw them, and drew hastily back.

"He's wondering what has become of us—wants to make sure we are still here," said Mary, in rather a shaky voice.

George released his arm.

"Wait here," he said, very firmly and manfully, and walked off.

Mary clenched her fists and waited. It seemed ages and ages before he came back.

"Well, I've got rid of him," he announced. "He would not admit anything, but I don't think there can be much doubt. Anyhow, he's sheered off, realising that as we spotted him it was no good his hanging about."

Mary nodded. Dark-haired, dark-eyed, red-lipped Mary looked rather pale by the light of a platform lamp.

A Victoria train came in—George's train.

"Don't take it. Wait for the next," said Mary. "We must have this out, dear."

They saw the inquiry agent slip furtively into one of the carriages at the far end.

"Look, there he goes," commented George. "The coast's clear."

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He took Mary's arm and began to walk her up and down the platform, and noticed with surprise that she was trembling.

"Good gracious! baby, there's nothing to be upset about," he exclaimed. "I tell you nothing will come of——"

"Darling, you don't understand, you haven't thought," Mary broke in tragically. "This is the end."

"Mary, what do you mean?"

"We shan't ever be able to meet again outside the office, because we shall never know whether we are being followed or not," she wailed. "To-night we have been lucky, but another night——" Her voice died away in a shudder.

George's too-handsome eyes looked at her bewilderedly.

"What is all this fuss about?" he asked.

"Oh! don't you see?" gasped Mary. "It's all over. If he follows me and finds out where I live and starts making inquiries about me, Bertha and the family will get to know."

"Goodness, I never thought of that!" cried George. "I see. Well——"

"We shall have to say good-bye," Mary gulped. "Have to learn to do without each other, except for meeting at the office in business hours. There's nothing else to do. It's all spoiled—ruined—our wonderful times."

She paused and sighed deeply.

"No, no, there must be some way of getting over the difficulty," said George, pressing her arm

Mary shook her head.

"It can't go on now," she moaned. "This is the crisis—this settles it. Either you must give me up, or else you—you must run away with me. It's got to be one or the other."

CHAPTER 12

LIFE'S a queer business.

Frowningly George Lester stared at the girl who had asked him to run away with her.

Silly kid! She must be dreadfully fond of him, he reflected, but he wasn't going to do that. Good lord, no! Why, it would mean chucking everything — his chances at the office, his home and furniture. He had no intention whatever of ruining himself for her.

He was a passionless, not a passionate, philanderer—the male equivalent of the type of girl who plays with fire, leads a man on and then draws back. Lester could not help making love to any woman who would let him, but he was too cowardly ever to go too far—which he covered up by saying he always knew when to stop. He did not even hate his wife so much as he said he did.

And here was this reckless, impulsive, dark-eyed Mary suggesting that they should bolt!

"Angel, angel, you're thinking of me, I know, but I must think of you," he murmured tenderly. "I can't possibly let you sacrifice yourself like that."

"Why not?" demanded Mary. She had lied for him; she had broken her word for him. "All for love," was her motto, romantic, warm-hearted, foolish, inexperienced child. "Take me away. It's the only thing to do," she went on. "We can't go on like this. It's this—or—or giving each other up."

"Don't," George shuddered. "Give you up? Oh! I couldn't, I couldn't! But, all the same, Kindheart, I can't let you ruin yourself for me. Think of the scandal!"

"Who cares when we're away and together?" cried Mary.

"I care, Baby, I must be wise for us both."

More and more eloquent he grew. Virtuously, he pointed out every reason why they should not do what she had suggested. Very fine and chivalrous and self-denying he sounded—and, at last, with a kiss, he sent her home, mutinous, disappointed, dissatisfied.

There was to be no elopement and there were to be no more meetings outside the office. For her sake they must make the best of such an unsatisfactory ending of their affair—neither a parting nor a flight —a terrible anti-climax. Every day they must see each other as Miss Martin and Mr. Lester, and the utmost they could hope for was a quick kiss or a few whispers when the managing director was out of his room.

In vain Mary had pleaded and protested. George was immovable. George said it must be so—for her sake—and Mary, seething with rebellion, was obliged to accept his decision.

Soon they began to notice at The Elms how much at home she was in the evenings.

"Not going out with your office friends as much as you used to, are you, my dear?" said Granny.

"No," said Mary.

"You haven't quarrelled with them, have you, dear?"

"Of course not."

Mary would say no more.

"I'm rather worried about that child," said Granny to Bertha. "She's not well. I believe she wants a tonic."

"Mary does seem rather irritable and depressed," Bertha agreed—and bought a tonic for her sister on Granny's recommendation.

But Mary refused to take it.

It was about this time that Life began to show what a queer, distracting, illogical business it is.

George Lester had insisted that Mary was not to be allowed to burn her boats, and reluctantly Mary had accepted his decision. But George was not at all happy about it. George, after Mary had given in, found himself a victim of the insidious, increasing force of what the psychoanalysts call suggestion.

A girl had asked him to run away with her, something which in all his experiences with the other sex had never happened before. He had refused because he was afraid; but he could not forget.

Sitting at home reading the paper in the evenings in the company of the wife he hated and always referred to as "She," George found himself thinking more and more about Mary's suggestion.

She must care for him an awful lot to have made such a proposal. Dear little thing, she must absolutely adore him. The dark hair, dark eyes, red lips and the pretty face got between him and the news.

He glanced at his silent, heart-broken wife. Their marriage had been a terrible mistake. She didn't understand him in the least. Why go on when there was a dear, devoted Mary only waiting for him to say the word to fly with him wherever he pleased?

After all, was his career at the office so very important? Wasn't he clever enough to make a new career anywhere, especially with Mary to admire and egg him on?

It would mean letting her have the house and the furniture. Well, why not? Why not regard that as the price of his freedom?

He had three hundred saved—that would be enough for him and Mary to start a new life upon.

It wasn't likely that She would divorce him, even if he left her, but Mary understood about that. Nobody could say that he had not been absolutely straight with Mary. Right from the first he had made it clear to her that he was a married man.

And so on and so on—night after night George Lester played with temptation, hesitated and began again, decided he would, decided he wouldn't—till at last he made up his mind.

It was on a day when the managing director, to whom Mary was secretary, was out. George always made a bolt for his room when he was quite sure the governor was out of the way.

He took Mary in his arms.

"Darling," he said, "do you remember what you suggested that night on the station?"

Mary's eyes widened as she looked up at him.

"It's no good. I can't go on like this any longer," he burst out. "She's intolerable—intolerable. I can't live without you, Mary. Nobody but you has ever really understood me. I want you—I want you so much that I am ready to sacrifice everything to get you. Angel, angel-baby, are you still of the same mind?"

Mary nodded, too moved, too breathlessly excited for speech.

"You were right and I was wrong," he went on. "The only thing for us to do is to go away—elope." He brought out the word dramatically.

"George!" breathed Mary.

"Will you trust yourself to me, sweetheart?"

"You know I will." All for love—give with both hands was Mary's motto. Oh! the excitement of that moment! Here was the true romance!

"Then it's settled," announced George masterfully. "We bolt. It will take me a few days to make my plans and you'll want a certain amount of time for your preparations, too. But as soon as ever we are ready—the night boat for Paris! That's where we will spend our honeymoon, darling, and after that New York and a new career for me—working for you, the dearest, sweetest little girl in all the world."

"George, how lovely!" gasped Mary.

DAVID FIELDING? Ronald remembered him perfectly. A big, fair chap who had once been rather gone on Bertha.

There was hardly anything else in Bertha's letter but Fielding. She and Elsie had met him in the kinema. Wasn't it lucky? He was doing most awfully well. Tom had been very unfortunate—lost all his money in a swindle that called itself a Development Company—and David had very kindly given him a job—a real good job.

A very interesting, chatty letter, Ronald found it, and was glad that Bertha had got her brother out of the hole he had tumbled into.

He wanted the family to get on, because the better the Martins got on the sooner Bertha would feel able to leave to look after themselves.

Then he opened Tom's letter.

There was an enclosure—a cheque for a hundred pounds.

"Well, he hasn't been long sending that money back," thought Ronald.

He put down the cheque and began to read the letter.

It began with a reference to the cheque.

"Herewith the money you so kindly sent to clear up B.'s debts. I've borrowed it from my new boss. I've got another job now, £400 a year and commission, and sooner than remain in your debt I thought it better to draw my commission in advance."

There followed an account of Tom's "bad luck," and a description of how Bertha had got him a job with David Fielding. The letter went on:

"He's an old flame of hers, and between you and me and the gatepost I shouldn't be surprised if he asked her to marry him. He seemed very bucked when he found out that your engagement to B. was broken off. Shall you mind if they fix things up, or have you already fallen in love with someone else? I hope I am not dropping any bricks, and, of course, I don't definitely know that anything is going to happen, but B. sticks to it that both you and she are quite free. It would certainly

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be a good thing for her if she married Fielding. He's blossomed out no end since you knew him—making thousands—and it would be very convenient for us all to have a brother-in-law on the spot with tons of the needful to sling about! But perhaps I had better not say any more. I don't want to be indiscreet. I'm not quite clear how things stand between you and B. Well, cheerio, and so forth——"

Ronald's teeth were gripping hard on the stem of his pipe by the time he had finished Tom's letter.

Tom was very proud of it. He had written it very carefully and there wasn't a thing in it that anybody could challenge him about, he considered; and yet the whole tone of it ought, as he put it to himself, to do the trick.

Ronald got out of his chair and began to pace up and down the verandah.

His brows were bent and his eyes were angry.

Tom's letter, it seemed to him, rang naively true and Bertha's utterly false.

And Fielding had lent Tom the money to pay him back. That was a very important and significant point.

"She insisted that we must be free—said over and over again that neither of us knew what might happen." Ronald murmured to himself.

He picked up her letter and glanced through it again.

Now he had heard from Tom, how very differently it read!

His eyes fell on the postscript. It had made him smile when first he read it: it did not amuse him now.

"P.S.—Your last didn't say if your chief's niece had succeeded yet in bagging any of you eligible young men. Look out! You've been so careful to tell me that she stands no chance with you that I'm expecting to hear by any mail that she has cut me out. Don't be afraid. I'll forgive you!"

Was that a hint?

Ronald dropped the letter down on top of Tom's.

"By Jove, I've a good mind——" he muttered, and then paused. Someone was approaching the bungalow—a feminine form, dressed in cool white, with a solar helmet on her head.

He watched her coming across the compound. She saw him, and smiled and waved her hand.

It was Chrissie Wayne, the chief's niece.

CHAPTER 13

SMILING, and looking cool in her white linen frock, Chrissie Wayne came up to the distracted young man on the verandah.

Her cheeks were pale with the heat, but her step was brisk. Her eyes were blue, her mouth shapely but rather wide, and her hair, hidden by her sun-helmet, was golden brown.

Ronald went forward to meet her, and escorted her into the verandah shade. She took off the topee as she sank into one of the long cane chairs. Then she nodded at the letters lying about.

"Sorry to interrupt you when you were reading your mail," she said in a deep, contralto voice.

"Oh! that's all right." Ronald picked them up, in case her eyes should be sharp enough unintentionally to read a few words of Bertha's postscript.

"I'm an S O S," Chrissie laughed. "A terrible tragedy has happened. Mr. Simpson's gone down with fever."

"And why is that a terrible tragedy?" asked Ronald, pulling himself together. "He's not very bad, and we all have it now and then."

"The T.T. isn't Mr. Simpson's temperature," she explained, airily, "it's auntie's dinner. We shall be a man short."

Ronald offered a cigarette.

"Too hot," she murmured, as she shook her head.

"A lemon squash?"

"No, thanks."

He knew what she wanted, and he didn't want to go—didn't feel like dining out tonight after those letters—wanted to answer them at once and find out where he was.

"You will help us out, won't you, Mr. Maxwell?" Chrissie pleaded. "I know it's frightfully short notice—but—but there's tinned asparagus and sucking-pig," she jested.

Ronald murmured something about having letters to write.

"Can't they wait till to-morrow?" She laid a white hand on his sleeve. "I promised auntie I'd raise another man—and you're my last card. Everyone else seems to be engaged." Her eyes looked into his appealingly. "Please, Mr. Maxwell, do come—and I'll do my best to see that you aren't too bored."

Ronald surrendered. It was no good. It would be churlish to refuse. He would have to go.

"Thanks very much," he said politely. "I shall be delighted, Miss Wayne."

"That's very decent of you," she smiled. "Auntie will be ever so grateful."

She sprang up, gaily triumphant. He watched her cross the compound again, and she turned and gave him a friendly wave.

"Queer that she should have come just after I had read that postscript to Bertha's letter, chaffing me about the chief's niece," thought Ronald—and wondered again what Bertha had really meant by it.

Before he had read Tom's letter it had seemed an idle joke, a little tea-cup nonsense, but now he suspected a deeper purpose. Was Bertha trying to put ideas into his head? This was not the first time she had teased him about Miss Wayne.

If Bertha were really thinking of Fielding, it would certainly suit her very well to hear that "a marriage had been arranged between——" Oh! surely, surely Bertha was not as deep as all that?

But wasn't she? Once she had pretended that all was well, when by the same mail he had learned from Tom that things were very much the other way. And she had written about Fielding in such a way that if he hadn't happened to have Tom's letter to guide him, he wouldn't have understood the real way the wind was blowing it all.

FROWNINGLY, Ronald lit his pipe.

He was free. Bertha had insisted on giving him back his ring. Yes. He was free, and he was lonely. It was only the hope of some day getting Bertha after all—when her family had finished with her—that made his loneliness endurable. And now, if Bertha were going to turn to someone else——

"Damn it! I'm not going to be second string to any girl's bow," he murmured, in a sudden burst of fury.

That was how Bertha was using him. Tom's letter made it only too plain. Fielding, rich and at hand, was the first string, and he, far away, neither engaged nor not-engaged, "free" as she called it, was the second string—to be kept in the dark, and only made use of if the first string failed.

Why shouldn't he make the most of his "freedom"? He wanted a wife. He had dreamed of a wife so much, when he thought that he was going home to marry Bertha, that his bungalow was still haunted at times with a woman's ghostly presence. Everyone said that Chrissie Wayne had come out to be married, to soothe a lonely bachelor's exile.

"Oh! rot!" said Ronald, fiercely.

For one thing, he didn't know that Chrissie would have him, friendly though her manner had always been, and for another, Fielding had not got Bertha yet!

"I must be going cranky with the heat," he told himself—and vowed as he began to change to think no more about those letters till to-morrow.

They were very pleased with him when he arrived at the Chief's bungalow.

"Very kind of you, Mr. Maxwell," beamed the Chief's wife.

The Chief mixed him a dry Martini with his own august hand.

Chrissie smiled on him in the friendliest way.

"It was nice of you to fill in the gap," she remarked. "But there's a blow waiting for you. You've got to take me in. Think you can bear it?"

"I'll try," Ronald promised.

The white linen frock had been supplanted by a peach-colored one with a touch of gold lace shimmering below the hem.

"Well," she smiled, as she saw his eyes paying tribute to her splendor, "how do you like my best bib and tucker?"

"Can't see much bib!" returned Ronald drily, with a twinkle.

"We're dancing after grub," she rattled on. "Uncle had a dozen new records out by the mail."

The dinner was a typical tropical affair, with everyone trying to forget they were in exile by behaving as if they were dining in Piccadilly or Grosvenor Square. Then the first of the new records was put on and dancing began.

Ronald found himself wondering whether, perhaps, while he was dancing to a gramophone in West Africa, Bertha and Fielding were dancing to a real jazz band in the West End; and then, annoyed with himself for breaking his resolution not to think about them, he frowned.

"The usual penny for your thoughts," cried his partner, gaily.

"The usual lie to put you off!" he retorted. "I was thinking how frightfully hot it is."

Chrissie glanced through an open window at a world bathed in African moonlight, a wonderful, exotic world.

"Come on to the verandah, and cool off," she suggested. "There's nobody there."

VERY quietly, so as not to wake anybody, Bertha crept back to her room. The clock on the mantelpiece showed the time as a quarter past two.

Bertha flung off her dressing gown, shuffled off her bedroom slippers, and got into bed again.

Granny was not well. It was nothing very serious, just a touch of bronchitis. There was no need for anyone to sit up with her. All that was necessary was to keep her room at an even temperature night and day.

Bertha had just been in to make up her fire and see that the vapor lamp was burning properly.

There was nobody else to do it. Isabel, the maid, could not do her work if her nights were broken. Tom and Mary had their jobs to attend to, and Elsie her school.

Bertha yawned. Granny was sleeping soundly, if rather wheezily. The fire and the vapor lamp, Bertha calculated, ought to be all right for at least three hours.

"Five o'clock," she said to herself, and then solemnly bumped her head on the pillow one, two, three, four, five times.

That meant she was to wake at five. By doing that, from childhood up, she had always been able to wake at any hour she wished.

She snuggled down and closed her eyes.

When she opened them it was still dark. She closed them again and nearly went off before she remembered and sprang out of bed.

The switched-on light showed that it was exactly five o'clock.

Bertha nodded with pride at her ability to wake to the minute at any hour and then shuffled into her slippers and put on her dressing-gown.

Granny was awake.

"Bertha, you shouldn't," she wheezed. "You'll be so tired all day, my dear."

"No, I shan't." Bertha made up the fire.

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"How are you feeling now? she inquired, as she came towards the bed.

"Better, much better," replied the old woman. "That nice sleep did me a lot of good."

"As you're awake, you must take your medicine," said Bertha, pouring out the dose and putting the glass into old Mrs. Martin's reluctant hand.

"It's so nasty," she protested, "and I'm sure it makes me cough. I wish I'd pretended to be asleep."

"Down with it," said Bertha implacably, feeling as if she were Granny's mother and Granny were about six.

She straightened the bedclothes, punched up the pillow and the bolster and settled the old lady down again with a kiss.

"Now have another nice sleep, there's a dear," she said gently.

"You're very good to me, my dear—very good to all of us," Granny murmured. "It's a shame the way we——"

Bertha interrupted her by pretending to put her hand over her mouth.

"You're not to talk—you're to go to sleep," she said, and stole away softly.

Quietly she closed the door, so that nobody else in the house should be disturbed, and then paused as she noticed that the darkness of the landing was broken by a crack of light shining from under Mary's door.

That Mary had gone to sleep and left her light on was Bertha's first thought.

"No. I am sure her light was out at two," was her second.

"I suppose she heard me. I must have wakened her," was her third.

She was about to go back to bed, leaving Mary presumably to read herself to sleep again, when she became aware of noises which showed that Mary was moving about in her room. What could she be doing at this hour?

Bertha opened her sister's door.

"Mary, is anything——?" she began.

The sentence was never finished. Mary turned round with a jump and a startled cry at the sound of her sister's voice, and it was only too clear to Bertha that something was very gravely the matter.

Mary had been packing when she came in—putting things into an open suitcase that was lying on her bed. On the dressing-table propped up against a powder-bowl, was an envelope!

The two girls looked at each other.

"What are you doing?" asked Bertha. "Running away?"

"Yes," said Mary, defiantly, her dark eyes very hard and fierce. "You would come poking your nose in," she added bitterly. "But it won't make any difference. You can't stop me!"

CHAPTER 14

"IS it—that man?" gasped Bertha.

Mary pointed to the envelope on the dressing-table.

"That letter I was leaving for you will tell you all about it," she said, putting into the suitcase the folded-up petticoat that had been in her hand when she turned round.

The petticoat, Bertha noted, was new; she had never seen it before. The suitcase was new, too; she had no idea it was in the house.

"You've been seeing him, carrying on with him all this time, in spite of your promise?" she exclaimed.

"But, of course!" said Mary, with an almost exalted look in her dark eyes.

"Those office friends you were supposed to be going about with—that was all lies?"

"Yes."

"Mary!" Bertha's voice rang with reproach and indignation, but her sister regarded her as defiantly as ever.

"What's a lie or two when you are in love?" she asked, scornfully. "You forced that promise out of me, but I knew I could never keep it. You can't give up a man when you love him!"

"Can't you?" said Bertha.

"Oh! well, perhaps you can, with your sort of love," Mary flashed. "But I can't. George is everything to me. I can't live without him and he can't live without me. But what's the use of talking? I shall never make you understand."

She reached for a frock, also new.

"Go back to bed and leave me alone," she cried. "I know what I'm about. You interfered once before, and you can see for yourself that you didn't do any good. It won't be a bit of use your trying to interfere again."

She glanced quickly round the room to see if there was anything else to go into the suitcase, and then closed the lid.

Bertha noticed that the initials "M.L." were engraved upon it.

"I meant to get out of the house without anyone knowing," Mary went on, as if her sister's silence made it imperative for her to talk. "The idea was to get my things away before anyone was up. We've been planning this for some days—quietly getting ready."

She struggled to get the clasps to close.

"His wife won't divorce him, so there's nothing for it but for us to go away," she said, a little breathlessly. "Of course, Granny and all the old-fashioned, stuffy people will call it a scandal, and think I've done something dreadful, but that doesn't trouble me. I do think you might help me to shut this beastly thing," she broke off, "instead of just standing there saying and doing nothing."

"THERE'S too much in it," said Bertha. "It will never close. Take some of the things out, and I'll lend you another case."

Mary's eyes widened with surprise.

"That's rather decent of you," she murmured.

Bertha hurried across to her own room, and came back almost at once with a suitcase and something else.

"You remember, when I thought I was going away, I got a special travelling frame for dad's and mother's photographs," she said. "I wondered if you'd like to have it, Mary?"

She held it out—a folding leather double frame with mica instead of glass.

Mary reddened.

"I wondered when you were going to start preaching," she observed.

Bertha opened the frame and held it in front of her, with the two faces staring at her sister.

"It's not fair," said Mary. "It's mean—it's——" her voice died away.

"If you can look at them and tell me that you really love this man, and that it isn't just fascination and a feeling that it's rather fine and daring to run off with another woman's husband—I'll—I'll go with you and see you off!" said Bertha.

"Of course I can!" cried her sister.

"Mary—think!" Bertha interrupted. "Look at dad and mother and think! I know you—we all know each other in this house better than we know ourselves. You're greedy for thrills—you always were. I remember your saying once you weren't going to 'be' anything, you were going to 'have.' Aren't you trying to have now—trying to have the thrill of a scandal, kidding yourself that it's all for love when really it is all for excitement?"

The frame shook in her hands.

"Darling, is he worth it? Does he love you enough? It can't all be lies that we have heard about him. Where there's smoke there's fire. Mary, if you grow tired of each other—when the thrill's gone—when there's nobody keeping you apart—we shan't shut the door in your face, Mary, if you come back to us, but how will you feel? It is very thrilling to plan to elope, to get your things together, to feel that everyone's hand is against you—but isn't it just the least bit silly and vulgar, too? Cheap, Mary—dreadfully cheap and nasty? Not brave—cowardly. Not romantic—sordid. Think of the lies you've told, the dirty tricks you've played on us all—and—and the blow it will be a poor old Granny. Mary, if you both really loved each other wouldn't you have burnt your boats ages ago?"

WITH a queer, abrupt movement Mary turned her back on her sister and those two photographs she was holding before her like a breastplate.

"Is the man who comes whining to one woman about another very much of a man, Mary, dear?" Bertha's gentle voice gave the nail one of her characteristic taps on the head.

Then something warned her to say no more. There were a hundred other things she wanted to say to this warm-hearted, foolish, inexperienced child—things about the future; things about right and wrong; bitter things, common-sensible things, homely, appealing things. But she stopped. Something told her to.

Silently she looked at Mary's back.

"All right," said Mary. "I won't go."

Silence.

"I'm just a silly little fool," said Mary. "It was—what you said," she went on, "I see that now. I—I thought it was clever to have an affair with a married man," she gulped bitterly. She did not mean "clever," but that was the word that came.

Bertha laid the photos on the bed and went to Mary and put her arms round her. There was no feeling of triumph in her heart, only a deep sense of thankfulness. And there was only one thought in her mind: wasn't it lucky that she had had Granny's fire to keep up?

"He—he's waiting in a car at the corner of the street," said Mary. "The plan was that I was to sneak out my luggage to him and then we were to drive up to town, have breakfast and catch the morning boat train."

"Let him wait," said Bertha. "Do him good."

Mary shook her head.

"No, I must go and tell him," she sighed.

"Let me go," suggested Bertha. "I'll soon slip on a few clothes——"

"No," said Mary, very subdued, but very firm, courageous as ever. "Why should I put my dirty work on to you? I'll go." She seized her frock and slipped it over her head.

The first pale light of dawn began to creep into the room.

Bertha shivered.

"Mary, you won't—you won't let him persuade you to change your mind?" she faltered.

Mary looked at her with dark, tragic eyes, and once more shook her head. Then, without speaking, she put on a coat, fur, and hat, and walked out of the room.

Bertha looked out of the window at the elms at the bottom of the garden, very tall and gaunt in the sunless dawn.

Supposing, supposing Mary did not come back? She thought of Mary, that bright, eager, life-greedy child, wrecked at the start—Mary, foolish, wayward and reckless, but eminently lovable and sound enough at core.

"I ought not to have let her go," she thought.

The door opened and she found herself looking into Mary's face. There was a hurt, bitter look about her eyes and lips.

"Well?" said Bertha.

Mary flung her hat on the bed.

"He was glad, Bertha—relieved!" she cried. "Oh! what a fool I have been! He talked a lot of high-sounding rot, but what it came to was that he was glad—glad he hadn't got to run away with me! The skunk! How I hate and despise him!"

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she ended, and then burst into tears. "That's the last straw," she sobbed.

Once more Bertha put her arms around her.

"I can't ever go back to the office," Mary gulped. "Bertha, I can't, I can't."

"No," said Bertha.

IF Mary went back to the office that would mean that she would have to see Lester every day, and that was intolerable, impossible.

"You'd better write and say you're not well, and give notice at the same time," said Bertha. "We'll tell Granny and the others that you've got to stay at home for a bit and rest. There's no need to tell them anything else."

Mary dried her eyes.

"I'd better unpack and straighten things up," she murmured. Then:

"Bertha, what shall I do about another job?" she asked, helplessly. "Won't Granny and Tom and Elsie think it very funny of me to leave for no reason at all?"

Bertha frowned.

"I hadn't thought of that," she confessed. Her eyes clouded.

"I know what we must do," she said. "I'll speak to Mr. Fielding, and see if I can't get him to offer you a better job. Then it won't seem odd to anyone that you don't go back to the New Process Cement Construction Company after you've had your rest."

"That would be lovely—if you think Mr. Fielding would," said Mary, brightening.

Bertha sighed. It seemed to be her fate to make use of David, to have to trade on his old fondness for her.

"You'd better go and get dressed," said Mary. "You're almost blue with cold. Listen! That's Isabel's alarm clock going off."

Bertha moved towards the door and Mary's eyes met hers as she turned the handle.

"Thanks ever so," said Mary, almost in a whisper, with a quivering lip.

Bertha smiled.

But back in her own room she sighed.

All was well. But how nearly all had not been well.

As she dressed, her eyes brightened as she remembered something. To-day was mail day. By the first post would come a letter from the lover she had sent back to wait while she did what she conceived to be her duty by her family.

"Poor old boy, I'm afraid it's all been awfully hard on you," she thought.

She went in to Granny and tidied her up. Then she helped Isabel to get the breakfast, and informed Tom and Elsie that Mary wasn't very well, and was going to stay away from the office for a day or two. Then the postman knocked.

Bertha hurried to the letter-box.

Yes, there was one from Ronald—there always was, bless him! He never failed to write, badly though she had had treated him.

Eagerly she ripped open the thin grey envelope.

"Dear Bertha," she read, "I don't suppose this letter will surprise you very much, as for a long time you have been hinting that you expected it to happen.

"Last night I asked Miss Wayne to become my wife, and she did me the honor of accepting me. We are to be married out here almost at once——"

There was a lot more, but Bertha did not read it then. For the time she had read enough—all that she could bear.

CHAPTER 15

THERE was a lot more in Ronald's letter. Good wishes for Bertha's future—a hope that they would still be friends and write to each other occasionally—a few remarks about Fielding ("A good chap. I remember him quite well.")—a more detailed description of Miss Wayne—more good wishes for the family; and an assurance that if at any time he could ever do anything to help he would be really grateful if Bertha would let him know.

But it was only the first paragraph that mattered.

Why was he doing it? Bertha wondered, pale and stunned. Because Miss Wayne, in search of a husband, had trapped him into it? Because he had dreamed so long of having a wife that he could not wait any longer? Or because he had fallen out of love with her and in love with someone else?

"I can't blame him," she thought. "I wouldn't marry him when I could, and I insisted that he should be free."

She drew a deep, sad breath and went into the dining-room, where Tom and Elsie were finishing their breakfasts.

"Ronald's going to be married to a girl out there." She announced the news abruptly in a toneless voice.

"Bertha!" Elsie's big eyes stared at her in startled sympathy.

"Well, I don't suppose you care," said Tom. "You'd given him up, hadn't you? After all, he's no great catch."

"Shut up, you silly ass!" cried Elsie, fiercely.

"Look here," said Tom, "if you think I'm going to let a kid like you talk to me like that you're jolly well mistaken."

Bertha turned and left them without another word.

"She's heartbroken," said Elsie. "Knocked all of a heap."

"Rot!" said Tom. "What does a kid like you know about it? She knows where she is at last. It was a rotten arrangement not knowing whether she was engaged to him or not. Now somebody else will have a chance."

"SHE—she always thought he'd wait," said Elsie. "Now she's lost him—through us. I wish—I wish——" She stopped because her lip was quivering.

"You'll be late for school if you don't buck up," said her brother, beginning to fill one of the large pipes he still affected.

Bertha had gone up to Mary, whom she had ordered to have breakfast in bed on this, the first day of her "rest." Mary had been glad enough to obey, not feeling any great desire to face the world while the events of the early morning were so fresh in her mind. The eyes which looked at Bertha when she entered her room were red with recent tears—tears of mortification, tears of shame and pain.

"I've heard from Ronald," said Bertha, in the same flat voice. "He's going to be married to a girl out there."

"Good Lord!" gasped Mary. "That's rather a surprise, isn't it?"

"It is—a bit," said Bertha.

Mary looked at her.

"You mind, don't you?" she murmured, sympathetically.

"Frightfully," said Bertha—and went away before Mary, softened by her own folly and sorrow, could find anything to say to comfort her.

She didn't want comfort or pity. She could not bear that.

To Granny's room she went. They all had to know, and the sooner she got it over the better.

"I've heard from Ronald," she said. "He's getting married to a girl out there."

"You ought never to have sent him away," Granny sighed. "You ought to have left us to fend for ourselves."

She paused, and Bertha saw that she was collecting kind, sympathetic things to say.

"Not wanting anything, are you, Granny?" she inquired.

The old lady shook her head.

"Then I'm going out for a bit," said Bertha. "I want to send Ronald a cable."

She went to her room for her things, slipped on her coat, she pulled on her hat in front of the looking-glass; she even powdered her nose. Then she went downstairs and called Isabel.

"I'm going out," she said. "Is there anything more for me to get besides that new saucepan?"

"No, miss."

"You remember Mr. Maxwell, to whom I was once engaged?" said Bertha. "He's getting married, and I'm going to cable my good wishes."

Now everybody in the house knew! That was over.

At the post-office she wrote on a cablegram form:

"EVERY happiness to you both—Bertha and All the Martins."

Reading it through it struck her that "Bertha and" were unnecessary, a waste of money. "All the Martins" included herself.

"Oh! let it go," she murmured, and handed it in as drafted.

"I'm not going to think about it. I won't, I won't," Bertha resolved. "Neither am I going to allow anybody to talk about it."

The latter was easy enough to arrange. Naturally Granny, Mary and Elsie were only too glad to leave the subject alone, once they understood that that was Bertha's wish. And even Tom was soon made to understand that the subject was taboo.

But the not-thinking-about-it was more difficult. Thought is so sly, so quick, so unexpected and so unruly. In the middle of dusting a room, a memory would slip into her mind; or half-way through dinner, or in the middle of the night, Bertha would suddenly find herself wondering if they were married yet.

"I won't think about it. I won't, I won't!" said Bertha to herself.

In accordance with her promise to Mary she went to see Fielding, hating to go, and yet feeling she must.

As before, David did not wait to have her brought in. Directly he heard she was there he went to the outer office to meet her.

"Come along, come along," he said briskly, and seated her once more in the pneumatic-cushioned chair by his desk.

"Tom's out, on the job, as usual," he smiled. "He's doing well, very well, indeed. Thought you'd like to know."

"That's true, isn't it, David?" Bertha asked uneasily. "You are not saying it just to please me."

"Good lord, no! Customers are the only people we try to please in business," he declared. "Staff and friends of the staff get the cold facts."

He rubbed his hands together and changed the subject.

"I wish you'd let me send you one of our coolers. You've no idea of the difference it would make to your housekeeping. You will let me, won't you?"

"Yes," said Bertha. "We'll have one, if you'll let us pay for it! But on no other terms."

"All right." He looked a little disappointed. "Cost price, of course, your brother being in the firm."

"Very well," said Bertha. "Cost price, if you must keep on doing things for us, though why you should——"

"I like it," David cut in, smilingly. "And talking about doing things for you, I hope it's because you've thought of something I can do for you that you've blown in to-day?"

"Yes," said Bertha, biting her lip. "I've come to ask another favor, David. I don't know if it's possible, but—but I wondered, as you say your business is increasing so steadily, if—if, perhaps, you could offer Mary a job?"

David leant back in his chair and looked at her thoughtfully.

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"Mary isn't very comfortable where she is now," Bertha went on, feeling embarrassed. "There's a man there she is rather anxious to get right away from. She's a splendid worker, everyone says so. If you've really got room for her and could offer her a job that was a little better than the one she has now it wouldn't seem so odd for her to have, would it? I hardly like asking, especially when you've been so good about Tom, but you said I was to come to you if ever I wanted anything and—and—well, I've come," she ended, with a smile that was perilously near to tears.

David nodded.

"That's right. Only too glad to do what I can." There was a warmth in his eyes as he glanced at her that he was carefully keeping out of his voice. "Just a minute Bertha. Let me think. Business is business you know, and if I haven't got a real opening for your sister——"

He let the sentence fall away, while he apparently lost himself in thought—tactfully pretending to be considering something that had been decided directly Bertha mentioned it.

"I wonder now?" he murmured. "It's all a question as to whether she is good enough, and you, of course, can't really tell me that. I shall have to see her and test her. You could arrange for her to come to see me, I suppose? No. Wait a bit. I'll call round at The Elms and talk it over there."

"As she's been acting as secretary to the managing director where she is now, she ought to do very well," said Bertha.

In her heart of hearts she knew it was all pretence—knew that he had made up his mind to take Mary, that he was really making a job for her as he had made one for Tom. It wasn't nice to be making use of David, but it could not be helped, and he had offered again and again, Bertha told herself—almost, one might say, asked for it!

"I'M afraid that I can't say anything more definite till I've seen your sister." David closed the subject for the time. "I'll look in to-night, if I may."

Bertha thanked him.

"I was very interested to hear from your brother that Maxwell is getting married," exclaimed David conversationally.

"Yes," said Bertha, her voice steady and her face a mask. "He's marrying his chief's niece, a Miss Wayne."

"Sounds as if it might be rather a good thing for him," commented David—secretly hoping that it was going to be a good thing for him! "When's the wedding?"

"I don't quite know," said Bertha, as steadily as ever. "Ronald did not mention the date when he wrote."

David fell into a reverie. Wonderful, he considered her, wonderful, to have broken with Maxwell and stayed at home to look after her family. And he was frightfully glad that Maxwell was now definitely out of the way—leaving Bertha free, really free, for anyone else who could win her.

"They can't ever have cared for each other very much," he told himself. "If they had, how could Bertha have sent him away, even for the family's sake? And how could Ronald have turned to someone else for comfort and consolation?

He hadn't. Ever since Maxwell had cut him out there had been nobody else. And now Maxwell was finished—and it was David's privilege to be able to help Bertha with some of her troubles.

He was roused from the reverie into which he had fallen by becoming conscious of the fact that Bertha had risen, and was holding out her hand.

David sprang to his feet. He looked into Bertha's eyes. He took her hand, and as her fingers touched his, something seemed to break within him, something would no longer be held back.

Quickly, irresistibly, he drew her to him, and before she had time to realise his intention, he kissed her—fiercely, primitively—full on the lips.

CHAPTER 16

WITH a stifled, startled cry Bertha wrenched herself out of Fielding's arms.

She stared at him aghast, breathing hard, her hands clenched, her face white and shocked.

Slowly her color changed—forehead, cheeks and throat became suffused with red, a deeper and deeper red, a blush of shame.

"How could she reproach him?" she was thinking. Had she not stooped to make use of him for her brother and sister? Must she not, therefore, put up with this sort of thing? He was a man. He did not believe in giving something for nothing, she told herself bitterly.

David, that warm-hearted, sandy giant, ever apt to be carried away by himself, stared back at her with puzzled eyes, utterly unable to understand that strange look on her face. It was not anger, neither was it hate nor contempt. What was it?

"Bertha, forgive me," he stammered. "I didn't mean to upset you. I forgot myself. You know I love you—always have loved you. It was thinking that at last you were free, that you no longer belonged to the man who had cut me out, that made me lose my head."

Bertha sighed.

"It's all right," she said, hoarsely. "Only—only, you won't ever do it again, will you, David? It makes me feel so cheap."

He pulled himself together, still puzzled though he was.

"Once before I asked you to become engaged to me and you turned me down," he said. "I've never stopped loving you, though, and never stopped thinking about you." For a moment he paused and then blurted out: "Be engaged to me now?"

She shook her head. The blush had faded, but her fingers were all hooked together and feverishly pulling at each other.

"Bertha, why not marry me?" he pleaded. "Why not take me and let me share the responsibilities you've taken on your shoulders? I'll do it very willingly for your sake, my dear—there's nothing I wouldn't do for you, Bertha."

"No," said Bertha huskily. "I'm sorry, David, but I can't."

"Why not? You're free. Maxwell is married, or going to be. It isn't because of him, is it?"

"Yes," said Bertha, almost in a whisper, nodding as she spoke.

"But—but he's got someone else!" protested David.

"I know. But I still love him."

Very simply she said it.

"I like you, David," she went on. "I like you very, very much, and I have every reason to be grateful to you. But I don't love you."

"Can't you try, Bertha?"

"It wouldn't be any good."

"Won't you try, though—take me on trial?" he begged.

"I'm not the sort to love twice, David."

"That's nonsense," he burst out impulsively. "You can't possibly know that."

"I do know it, David," said a mournful little voice.

THERE was a silence. Then:

"I knew you were still in love with me," said Bertha. "And I'm ashamed to say I took advantage of it. I've been using you—first for Tom and then for Mary."

"That's all right," he said quickly. "I'm here to be used."

"But it's mean—when I've nothing to give in return. It's not fair. You—you understand what I'm telling you, don't you, David? I wanted something and when you offered to help I said to myself, 'I can get anything I want out of this man because he still loves me,' and so—and so I just asked for a job for Tom, and now I've asked for one for Mary."

"I'm not complaining," he answered. "I said to myself, 'If I do all I can for Bertha that may be the way to her heart.' So it's only tit-for-tat, you see—nothing for you to look so upset about."

"You're only saying that because you're so chivalrous," she murmured. "And, besides, it doesn't make it fair." Down came the gentle Bertha hammer once more, right on the head of the nail: "You get the worst of the bargain, David, because it's not the way to my heart. There's no way. The road's closed."

"If I go on pounding away at the barrier long enough who's to say I shan't break it down in the end?" he retorted. "Anyway, I am willing to take my chance."

There was another silence.

"By pounding I don't mean what I was fool enough to do just now," he said gravely. "I mean I don't want to stop being friends, and I don't want you to stop letting me be useful."

She looked away and sighed.

What was she to say to him? She had confessed—and it made no difference. She had told him there was no hope—and he wanted to go on just the same.

"I don't see how I can object," she said, slowly. "I don't see how I can be anything but very grateful. I want a friend like you—of course I do; and if you really understand that it's—it's hopeless, and still insist on doing things for me, what can I say but thank you very much?"

"Good. That's all I want from you at present," he smiled. "The rest is my affair."

IT was rather a surprise for Tom when he learned that his sister Mary was to join him in Fielding's office.

But it was a good omen—no question about that. It might not be over-desirable to have Mary as the boss' secretary, and in the know as to all that went on at the office, but it undoubtedly showed how keen Fielding was to stand well with the family—which meant Bertha.

"In a month or two at the most I shall be ordering a new suit for their wedding," Tom told himself, and chuckled to think that they would owe it all to him for dropping Ronald a hint.

Whenever he thought about that letter he felt very pleased with himself. He had considered it a clever letter at the time, but from the way it had done the trick it must have been even a cleverer letter than he had realised. It had properly pushed old Ronald over the edge—and if Bertha only knew she ought to be jolly grateful, for it would be a very fine thing for her in the end.

In the meantime Tom was selling David's coolers for cash, and on the instalment plan, and thinking out stunts for advertising them for all that he was worth.

He was doing quite well. It was a good article, well advertised, and it practically sold itself. House to house call and an offer to install it for a month on trial free of charge had been one of Tom's own suggestions, and so far only two had been returned out of sixty-four.

"That's the stuff, that's the stuff" cried David, approvingly, and was delighted to be able truthfully for once to sing Tom's praises to his sister.

But he did not mention to Bertha the hundred pounds that Tom had borrowed to help her, though he remarked to Tom that with his commission mounting up at this rate Tom would soon be out of his debt.

On the first of the month Tom had to go round to collect the instalments from those householders who had purchased on the instalment plan.

In the block of flats in Jermyn Street where Vee-Vee lived Tom had two clients,

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and after he had called on them, in a strictly business way, what more natural than that he should ring at Vee-Vee's door to see if she were in?

She was. She opened the door to him herself, and her pretty, wicked little face lit up in a smile of welcome when she saw him.

"Come in," she cried. "I was just wishing something nice would happen."

Highly flattered, Tom stepped inside. He had never been allowed into her flat before.

"Well, how's things?" he asked, in his most man-of-the-worldly tone, as she led him into the drawing-room—a very pretty room, with chairs and settee upholstered in the brightest chintz he had ever seen.

"Foul," she pouted, looking not at him, but at herself in the mirror that hung like a picture on the wall.

"Why, what's up?" he inquired.

"I've got the push. Been kicked out of 'Oh! You Girls!' That pig of a stage-manager always had a down on me."

"Thought you were engaged for the run?" commented Tom.

"So I was. But there was a row, and they told me to take my contract to hell and burn it. Said I was tight, and I admit I'd had a cocktail or two, but I could have 'gone on' all right. Made me so wild he did, that I slapped his face, and that tore it, of course."

Tom laughed.

"Naughty little thing. Never mind, you'll soon get another 'shop.'" he said, comfortingly.

"That's all you know about it," she pouted.

Tom put his arm round her waist—and wasn't told to take it away.

So Tom kissed her.

"Cheer up, darling," he said—and kissed her again.

Vee-Vee pushed him into a chair, and perched herself on his knee. Softly she rubbed her cheek against his.

"Regularly in the soup, I am" she wailed. "Can't even pay the rent of my flat."

Tom began to feel uneasy.

"Come out and have tea, and dance a bit to forget your troubles," he suggested.

"Can't forget 'em," said Vee-Vee. "The rent here has to be paid in advance, and they don't let you get behind."

"Oh! well. I daresay something will turn up," exclaimed Tom, rather wishing that he had stuck to his job and never rung her bell at all.

"You've turned up, haven't you dear?" she purred and rubbed her cheek against his again.

"Quite," said Tom—now very anxious to get away.

His coat was open, and the dark eyes espied the edge of his pocket-book showing above his breast-pocket.

A white, well-manicured little hand snatched it out.

"Here, steady!" exclaimed Tom, startled.

WITH a musical laugh Vee-Vee sprang from his knees.

"Goodness! what a fat wallet!" she cried "Why the man carries a small fortune about with him. Wonder you aren't afraid of being knocked down and robbed. I must see how much you've got."

"No, really, old thing," Tom protested.

He went towards her, but she backed away, still laughing.

"Look!" She snatched out a handful of pound notes. "My good chap, you must be a millionaire," she cried teasingly.

"It's not my money," explained Tom. "It belongs to the firm. Put it back, there's a dear."

He caught hold of her wrist—and she reached up and gave him a quick, unexpected kiss, and let the pocket-book fall to the floor. But she still kept possession of the notes.

Tom picked up his pocket-book.

"Now then, hand 'em over," he cried. "I've got to account for every penny of that money, old thing."

Vee-Vee looked at him with her head a little on one side, and put the hand that held the notes behind her back.

"What do you mean, Tommy-dear?" she purred. "You're joking, aren't you? Why, you gave poor little Vee-Vee these notes to pay her rent with, because you were so sorry for her, didn't you? I thought you meant me to help myself. Oh! how can you have the heart to disappoint me so, Tommy, darling?"

CHAPTER 17

"LORD! what a fool I have been!" thought Tom directly the door of Vee-Vee's flat had closed behind him.

His heart sank as he began to descend the stairs, and with each step down it seemed to sink lower and lower.

Unable to say "No" to those scarlet lips, unable to resist the lure of those dark eyes, he had given in—let her keep the notes to which she had so daringly helped herself.

"You can make it all right, you know you can, Tommy dear," the syren had whispered. "You can easily earn or borrow some more. Poor Vee-Vee is on the rocks, out of a 'shop,' and with no money for her rent. Right in the soupy-soup, poor Vee-Vee is."

The perfume of her powder was in his nostrils. Her arms were round his neck.

"Honestly, old thing, I thought you meant me to help myself. Naturally, when I'd just told such a nice Mister Man all about my troubles I took it for granted that he would want to do something for poor Vee-Vee."

Her red lips were temptingly near.

Well, he had done it—let her have her way—and the problem now was what the dickens he was to do about it?

If only he had never gone near her flat at all—but it was no good thinking about that!

It was a pity that it was no longer possible to cable to Ronald for a loan—that would have been a very easy way out of the difficulty.

He wasn't really a thief. He had merely lent some of his employer's money to someone who was in a hole. As soon as ever he could he would repay it.

And in the meantime—in the meantime—well, Fielding trusted him implicitly since that last row. It would be quite easy to wangle the accounts. All he had to do was to put off paying-in the instalments-money till he had got a month behind, and then keep things like that. Why, of course, of course! That would be perfectly all right. Nobody would ever know. There wasn't really anything to worry about at all!

Tom's expression brightened, and his step grew brisker as he saw his way to cover up what had happened.

Bertha and Fielding would probably be getting married in a month or two, he reflected. Perhaps Fielding would leave him in charge when they went off for the honeymoon—a sort of preliminary step to making him a partner. If he could only keep this little difficulty hushed up till then.

And if he couldn't, if he saw any sign of it coming out, well, Bertha, Mary and Elsie all had money of their own, and he would raise what was needed from one of them. Not Elsie, because her capital was in the hands of the family solicitor, as trustee; and it had better not be Bertha, because it was something he would prefer Bertha not to know about. Mary was the one to be appealed to—if necessary. Mary was a sport, and could easily be persuaded to keep mum about it.

Tom smiled on the world once more, and became himself again, a good-looking, well-dressed young man, with a confident air of well-being in his stride and the poise of his head.

He still felt that he had been rather a fool, but he was no longer down-hearted about it, now that all his plans were cut and dried, and he was ready for any emergency.

"We all make a slip now and then," he told himself philosophically.

* * *

Tum tum ti-tum, tum tum ti-tum, the wheezy harmonium began the strains of the "Wedding March."

The thatch-roofed mission church was crowded with all the white men and women on the station, and as many grinning native converts as could squash in at the back. Excitement ran high. A white-people's wedding was a very rare event.

The "I wills" had been spoken, and the register had been signed. Bridegroom, in uniform, and bride, in white, with a wonderful bouquet of tropical flowers, were man and wife, and forming up for the procession and the rice.

Tum tum-ti tum, tum-ti-tum tum, the harmonium completed the opening phrase.

The uniformed native police, who were to form an arch with their long staves, lifted them into the air and grinned with self-importance.

Ronald offered his arm to his bride, and Chrissie smiled shyly up into his face as she placed a hand upon his sleeve.

The congregation turned sideways as of one accord, and down the church marched the bridal procession, out into the blazing sun and the shower of rice and cheers that were awaiting them.

And a queer thing happened to the bridegroom. He glanced at his bride, hanging on his arm, a little frightened of the natives and the strange noises they were making, and more than a little overcome by the heat—he glanced at her and saw another face—Bertha's face, sad, and reproachful, and proud.

It was gone in an instant. It faded almost as swiftly as it had appeared. Ronald pulled himself together immediately—and it was only he, of all that crowd of onlookers, who knew that for nearly a month he had been a man asleep, a man living in a twisted dream; and now he was awake, aghast at what he had done—a sleep-walker, astonished to find himself, as it were, out of bed.

The cable from Bertha and all the Martins had not awakened him, nor had the fuss of the preparations for his wedding. He had drifted through the love-making and the arranging, grimly content, telling himself that Bertha was lost to him, and satisfied to take Chrissie in her place.

But now, on the day of their wedding, at the very moment of the completion of the ceremony, he knew that nobody could ever take Bertha's place, and in his heart, as he tried to shelter his bride from the showers of rice, he was saying to himself:

"I must have been mad. I was mad."

By the time they reached the waiting car that was to take them to the Chief's bungalow, where a reception was being held, his face was as pale as his bride's. But whereas hers was pale from the heat, his was pale from dismay.

"Darling, thank goodness that's over," she whispered, as the car moved off. "A bit of an ordeal, wasn't it?"

But for him the ordeal was only just beginning.

He set his lips into a smile. He forced himself to snuggle and snuggle one of her hands in his.

For what he does when drunk or asleep a man must pay. Very well, he would pay. Chrissie should never, never know. That he swore by all his gods. It would be hell for him, but he would do his duty and his utmost to make it happiness for her. And of Bertha he would not think—he must not, he would not think of her.

IT may be true that the leopard cannot change his spots, but, thank God, it is not true that nobody can turn over a new leaf, or what would become of us all?

A sobered Mary, saved from disaster, had turned a brave young back on a sullied

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page and started afresh as David Fielding's secretary. She reformed as she did everything—wholeheartedly, the only way anything is worth doing.

Granny, with the warmer weather, had thrown off her bronchitis. Everything was very peaceful, very humdrum at The Elms. Elsie, in the sixth, was winning golden opinions from her mistresses and wore a prefect's badge.

Tom, who seemed to have settled down, was always hinting that Bertha ought to marry David. He had even gone so far as to declare that it was almost her duty for all their sakes, besides being only common sense.

"You're too pretty to let yourself run to seed as an old maid," declared Tom, one evening.

It was the first time he had ever called her pretty.

"You can take it from me," he added impressively, "if you dropped old Fielding the least little hint he'd be on it like a bird!"

As if she didn't know! But that was Tom all over. He always thought he knew more than anyone else.

David was being very good, Bertha's reverie ran on. It was Isabel's night out and she was alone in the kitchen waiting for the kettle to boil for Granny's hot-water bottle. David was not worrying her, and he was keeping to that very peculiar arrangement he had made himself on the day when she and he had come to an understanding.

"I know you say you don't love me and never will be able to," he had said on the only occasion when he had referred to the matter. "But I'm going to be your friend, and such a thundering good friend that you won't be able to help loving me in the end!"

"David, you talk as if love were a thing like your cooler—to be bought on the instalment system," she had not been able to help answering.

That had rather startled him. But it was true: he did seem to think love was like that. But he was such a dear, and so generous and kind that she could not bear to hurt him.

SHE filled the hot-water bottle and carried it up to Granny's room. Then she went into the sitting-room, where Mary was reading and Elsie was finishing her prep.

"It's time that child stopped," said Granny. "Disgraceful, I call it, the amount of home-work these children are given nowadays. Why can't they be taught at school? Isn't that what the fees are paid for? Hoom!"

"Oh! come off it, Gran!" exclaimed Elsie, "I've told you before, you have to work when you're in the sixth! Especially if you're after a schol."

"A what?" fumed old Mrs. Martin.

"You know quite well that's an abbreve for scholarship, old dear," said Elsie calmly.

"And 'come off it, Gran,' is a ladylike way of speaking to your grandmother, hoom?" inquired the old lady sarcastically.

Bertha hastened to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"Your bottle's in your bed, Granny," she said.

Old Mrs. Martin rose.

"I say, Bertie," exclaimed Elsie, who had lately taken to calling her sister that, "I've had such a splendid idea to save money and work. You know that play I'm taking part in at school?"

Bertha nodded.

"Well, instead of buying the stuff and making me a costume, why can't I have your old wedding dress, Bertie? You'll never be able to use it now, and with just a little alteration it would do for my part a treat."

So often in life it is the trivialities that make the big moments. With the eager thoughtlessness of her years Elsie had proffered her request, but in an instant the whole atmosphere of the sitting-room was charged with electricity.

Mary laid down her book.

Granny paused on her way to the door.

All three of them looked at Bertha. All three of them waited breathlessly for her answer.

Give, give, give! She was even going to be made to give up her wedding dress now, was the first thought that shot into Bertha's startled mind.

"It's an awful fag, making a frock for only one performance," said her youngest sister. "And even if you marry David, as Tom says you will, you couldn't possibly wear that dress."

Bertha frowned. So Tom had even been talking about that to Elsie. Really, Tom would have to be told to mind his own business.

"It's just wasting now," Elsie went on. "I wouldn't even ask for it if I thought you could ever make use of it, but you can't, can you, Bertie?"

"Hoom!" said grandmother, with a violence that made the child start. "Of course, you can't have Bertha's wedding-dress to cut up! The idea! What are you thinking about?"

"I'LL help you to make a costume for your silly old play," offered Mary.

"Much obliged, but we know your dress-making," retorted the youngest, with sisterly frankness.

"Anyway, you can't have Bertha's wedding-dress," snapped Mary. "And it's heartless and selfish to ask!"

Elsie colored with mortification. She had understood at the time what a blow Ronald's letter had been to Bertie, whom she adored. Had she not sat on Tom for being so blind to his sister's grief? But that there could be any sentimental value attached to a dress that had never been worn and was rotting in a drawer was something that had not entered her practical little head. Sloppy, Elsie called it, but all the same she was sorry, dreadfully sorry, if Bertie was hurt with her.

She looked at Bertha, seeking for words with which to apologise without making matters worse.

Bertha smiled.

"Of course you can have it, dear," she said, quietly. "What use is it to me?"

"No, really, Bertie," Elsie stammered.

"I mean it. Go and put it on and we'll see how much alteration it wants. You'll find it in a box in my wardrobe drawer."

She lit a cigarette. Why be sentimental about a few yards of useless silvery material? Let the child have it. The happy dreams that had been fitted into that dress had faded away. She had been wrong to be shocked at Elsie's request. It was better to make use of it than to let it rot. Putting things away in drawers was old-fashioned, out of date, a Victorian way of tearing at one's heartstrings.

"Hoom!" said Granny. "Are you sure you mean this, Bertha?"

"Absolutely." She forced another smile.

"Thanks, awfully, Bertie," exclaimed Elsie, then dashed upstairs.

"I'm going to bed," said old Mrs. Martin, rather shortly. "Good-night."

"Granny doesn't know which she is most shocked with, you or Elsie," observed Mary, and then, as there was no answer, added in quite a passable imitation of the old lady's voice:

"These modern girls are so heartless, so lost to all proper feeling."

Bertha blew a cloud of smoke.

"It's rotten to think of all you've done for us and how little we can do for you—and what a sickening lot we are," said Mary. "Honestly, old thing, I don't consider we were worth the sacrifice."

"Well, I do," Bertha answered. "And it's my show, so that's that."

But did she?

Yes—most of the time she did. It was only very occasionally, when for a moment or two thoughts of Ronald and the girl he had married crept into her mind before she could turn them out, that she doubted.

She had had to choose and she had chosen. Putting all question of her own inclinations aside, she had said to herself: "Let the strongest go to the wall. I must stay with the weakest." And so she had given up love, right or wrong.

The test about all such problems was, if she had to face the same difficulty again, would she come to the same decision?

Bertha thought so.

It had not been fair to Ronald. Always she had recognised that. That was why she felt she could not blame him for having married. He owed her no allegiance. She had deliberately sacrificed him to her family. It was she who was in the wrong, not Ronald. He wanted a wife—she could not be his wife—and, therefore, he was free to take a wife without her having the slightest right to reproach him.

But all the same, at the back of her mind, she felt a little hurt with him. In the depths of her heart she was disappointed that he had been unable to wait for her. She had no right to feel this; frankly she admitted it, but——

The door opened and Elsie came in. Mary, who had gone back to her book, looked up. Prettily, quaintly ridiculous the youngest Martin looked in Bertha's wedding dress.

Critically Bertha surveyed her.

The skirt had to be long for the play, and its fullness was all to the good. It would not be difficult to make the top part fit, thought one half of her mind.

"My wedding dress, my wedding dress," thought the other, tortured with memories of how happy she had been when showing it to Granny just before the policeman knocked at the door.

"Bertha," faltered Elsie. "If you'd rather not—if you feel the least——"

"No, no," said Bertha.

She picked up a pair of scissors, stabbed their point into the silvery material, and cut and cut and cut with an almost savage exaltation.

Now was her love-dream really over. This was the absolute end. The altering of her treasured wedding dress was to her symbolically significant, dreadfully final. As she snipped and pinned and twisted Elsie about, her lips were firmly pressed together.

She was cutting up, dissecting her dead love—her first, last, and only love. There would never be another. Let Tom talk as much as he pleased of the benefits to the family that would follow her marrying David—let David smother her with kindnesses in his desperate efforts to purchase her affection—she could never love anyone else but the man she had driven into another woman's arms.

No. Her sacrifice for the family had been made. Not even for them would she become Mrs. Fielding. Never—never, she vowed, and:

"I don't see any way of avoiding taking the sleeves out, do you Mary?" she said, coolly, as if there were nothing but dress-making problems in her mind.

CHAPTER 18

IT is the first step that counts.

The circumstances in which Tom had paid Vee-Vee's rent constituted his first definitely dishonest action. But the matter did not end there, as was only to be expected.

Vee-Vee wrote to him, asking him to come to see her.

"I shan't go," said Tom to himself. "I know what she wants—more money. It isn't good enough."

Then he thought of that slender, perfumed form, the bright red lips and the dark, alluring eyes. Perhaps he was just being unjust to her; perhaps she wanted to pay him back, he told himself, though Vee-Vee had never paid anything back in her life.

Weakly he went.

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Vee-Vee welcomed him with a kiss and a smile—the gold-digger's pick and shovel. She seated him in her pretty drawing-room, and she perched herself on the arm of the chair.

"Nasty Mister Man, not to have been to see me before," she purred.

"Sorry, old thing, but if you knew how frightfully busy I've been you'd understand."

He pulled her down to him and kissed her.

"I'm glad someone is busy," she *sighed*. "Wish poor Vee-Vee was."

He had provided her with the opening, and she hastened to tell him of her troubles. She was still resting—couldn't get a "shop" anywhere, not even in a number two touring company. Things were awful, simply awful. She had sold all her jewellery it was safe to part with. Daren't sell it all because it was part of her stock in trade.

Tom grew restive. Having been weak enough to come, he found himself weakly wishing that he hadn't.

Very pathetically the dark eyes looked into his, very sadly the red lips drooped.

"Poor Vee-Vee is stony-broke," she informed him. "She's got to find someone to lend her a pound or two, or goodness only knows what will happen to her. The flat's full of bills. Every time the bell rings poor Vee-Vee thinks it's the bailiff's man. Aren't you sorry for her, Tommy—dear?"

Twenty pounds that visit cost him, Vee-Vee having assured him that nothing less would be of the slightest use. Another twenty pounds of Fielding's money!

He departed rather low in his mind, vowing that nothing like it should ever happen again. But next week she got another ten pounds out of him—met him by chance in the street, got him to take her to tea, and wheedled a tenner out of him before she said good-bye.

"Here—this will have to stop," Tom told himself nervously.

So far he had very successfully wangled his accounts, but he could not go on doing it for ever.

"Not another penny till I'm square," he swore. It was too dangerous. True, if Fielding found out, in accordance with his plans Tom was prepared to borrow the money from Mary to save himself from being sent to prison. But it would probably mean the loss of his job and the future partnership he had his eye on.

"No. I'm through!" decided Tom, determined to have no more to do with the syren.

And then, two days later, he saw her driving with another man in an expensive car, a fellow much older than she was, and obviously, as Tom put it to himself, stinking of money.

ALL that night he hardly slept a wink, and the following afternoon found him once more knocking at Vee-Vee's flat.

His reception was cool—distinctly cool. He was not even asked in.

"Oh! it's you," was her greeting. "Sorry, old dear, but I'm frightfully busy packing. Catching the boat train to-night. Off to the Riviera with an aunt."

The white little hand betrayed a strong inclination to shut the door in his face.

"I'll let you know when I get back." Vee-Vee murmured impatiently, while he was wondering what to say and whether to mention the man he had seen her with in the car. "Toodleoo, old darling! All the best. Wish me luck at Monte!"

The door closed.

Tom stared at it angrily for a moment, half tempted to ring again and have it out with her. Then he turned away, and just as he was about to descend the stairs someone got out of the lift.

Tom saw red.

It was the oldish man he had seen Vee-Vee with in the limousine.

In a flash he understood why she had been so anxious to get rid of him—understood, too, about the "aunt" who was taking her on this unexpected mysterious trip to the Riviera.

"Lord, these women!" snarled Tom to himself—and returned to the office.

It never rains but it pours.

"The Boss wants you," he was informed when he came in.

He went to Fielding's room. Mary was with David, and the look she cast at her brother as he entered warned him of what was coming.

Fielding eyed him sternly.

"So you've been robbing me!" he said—before Mary. "To save time, I'll tell you how I've found out. A client called, wanting to pay off the rest of his instalments in a lump, as he was going abroad for six months and had let his house. When we went into the figures he claimed to have paid one more instalment than we had credited him with, and produced the receipt, signed by you. That made me look into things, and as far as I can see you've been playing that trick with everybody. We've rung up one or two people on the phone, and it all seems pretty clear."

He paused, and Tom pulled himself together.

"Yes," he said in a rather unsteady voice. "I—I—I have ventured to borrow some of the firm's money. I—I admit it. But it shall all be paid back in the morning——"

He looked at Mary, but Mary refused to meet his eyes.

"That be hanged for a tale," said Fielding. He rose.

"You're to stay here," he snapped, "till I come back. I'm going to see Bertha. Don't try to bolt, or it will only be the worse for you. Miss Martin"—he called Mary "Miss Martin" in the office—"I count on you to keep him here till I return."

COLDLY Mary looked at her brother after Fielding had hurried away.

"This is a nice thing to happen!" she indignantly reproached him. "Tom, how could you?"

He did not answer. With a defiant, sulky air he pulled out his pipe and slowly began to fill it.

Everything seemed to have gone wrong with him at once. He was furious that he should have been accused and bowled out in front of Mary, whom he had always destined to provide him on the quiet with the money to get him out of this very difficulty, if it arose. And he was still more furious with Fielding for going off to tell Bertha. Mean, Tom called that, for Bertha and Granny were not to have been dragged into it at all.

"You really are the limit!" said Mary. "I suppose you've been making a fool of yourself over that actress you're always hinting is so 'gone' on you!"

"That's right," said Tom, bitterly. "Hit a man when he's down!"

"A 'man!'" said Mary. No Martin had ever stolen money before.

After that there was silence in Fielding's room.

Tom was far more angry than frightened. He felt a real bitterness towards the unknown customer who had wanted to pay off his instalments before he went abroad, and so had brought all this about. Done Tom out of the partnership he had been hoping and working for, that fellow had! And Vee-Vee was off to the Riviera with her "aunt"!

He lit his pipe and puffed at it sullenly, while Mary tried to get on with her work in spite of her shocked and aching heart.

Tom was a thief. Her brother had fallen as low as that. Poor Bertha! who had tried to be a mother to them all; and poor old Granny! the disgrace might kill her. Tom was a thief, and David had gone to tell Bertha about it—and Mary had been left in charge of the prisoner, told to keep him there till David returned, which could hardly be before two hours, or an hour and a half at the earliest!

"You have spoilt everything!" She looked up from her typewriter and spoke fiercely.

"Go it!" jeered Tom. "Rub it in!"

After that there was another silence in Fielding's room.

It had been a big shock to David to discover that this young man, to whom he had given a second chance, had let him down again. When the suspicion arose he had been very sorry for Mary, whose duty as his secretary it had been to help him to uncover her brother's defalcations. But once the case against Tom was established it was Bertha of whom David thought most and it was of Bertha he was thinking all the time he was racing down to Redbridge in his car.

So far, his plan to win her by making her realise how necessary he was to her and her family had not worked any too well. She was grateful, she was friendly, but he could not flatter himself that he had made any real progress with her. But might not something come out of this very unpleasant business about Master Tom?

He must consult her before he made up his mind what to do with him—and as he tore along to Redbridge there was a vague, half-formed hope at the back of his mind that she would plead with him to be merciful to her brother, and then, when next time he asked her to marry him, would feel under such a debt of obligation to him that she would be unable to refuse.

Arrived at The Elms he sprang from the car and rang the bell.

Isabel opened the door.

"Tell Miss Bertha I want to speak to her at once—alone, please," said David, who did not want the old lady present at the interview.

Isabel showed David into the dining-room, and to him at once came Bertha, a little breathless with haste.

"What is the matter?" she asked. Naturally enough, a dread of accidents was ever at the back of all the Martins' minds.

"Nothing is the matter in that sense," David answered, guessing her fear. "Sorry. Didn't mean to frighten you." He saw her eyes lighten with relief.

"But something is wrong?" she said quietly.

"Yes. It's about your brother that I've come."

HE hesitated as he saw her eyes darken again.

"Tell me," she breathed.

"I am sorry to say that I've found out to-day that Tom has been steadily swindling the firm for some time," said David gravely. "Just how much he has robbed me of I don't know at present, and it will take some time to find out. But it's a fairly large sum."

Bertha's throat contracted. David heard the quick, indrawn breath. Her eyes met his tragically for a moment, and then looked away. Tom a thief—a thief!

"Does he admit it?" she faltered.

"He had no option. He was bowled out."

Bertha winced.

"I paid him a good salary, more than he was worth," said David. "And I can't see that there are any excuses for him."

"No," agreed Bertha, rather to his surprise.

"Wasn't she going to make excuses for him?" he wondered, and looked at her keenly.

"The question is, what am I to do about it?"

"Where is he?" asked Bertha.

"At the office. I left him there in Mary's charge—while you and I decided."

Bertha did not speak.

"You're very fond of him, aren't you?" David asked.

"Yes—in spite of all his faults, I am," she answered simply. "He's my brother."

Fielding waited for her to say something else, but she remained silent.

"What do you wish me to do with him?" he asked.

"What you think best, David," Bertha answered.

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She sank into a chair, and sat very still while David looked down at her white, distressed face. Towering above her, he waited for her to begin to plead for the family black sheep, with his forgiveness, so to speak, held ready in his hand—a kind, generous friend only waiting to make her happy.

But Bertha did not plead.

Like a book she read him; like a sheet of glass she saw through him. And she did not blame him. She understood—she saw with David's eyes.

He had done so much. If she asked him to do this further thing for her family he would have every right to expect the reward she could not bring herself to give him. One cannot go on taking and taking and give nothing in return.

It was a dreadful decision with which to be faced. But there it was. For the sake of her people she had given up the man she loved, but to be forced to marry a man she did not love was something she could not—would not do for them. The one sacrifice must suffice. They must all bear the shame of Tom's downfall, and Tom must be dealt with as David thought fit.

"Most people would say that the best thing for him would be to make him take his medicine and go to prison," said David, bewildered at her silence and anxious to bring matters to a head.

Bertha looked up.

"Tom has been a trouble to us all his life," she said sadly. "It's been one thing after another with him. Again and again we've joined together to get him out of his scrapes. He's weak and conceited and crooked. We all know that, though we can't help loving him, because he's one of us——"

Her voice deepened with an intensity of feeling.

"Perhaps this is what he needs," she sighed. "Perhaps if he goes to prison and is properly punished for once it may do him all the good in the world and make a real man of him."

"Well, I'm dashed!" exclaimed David. "I never thought I should hear you say that!"

"I do say it," murmured Bertha. "And I mean it."

David bent his brows. Utterly taken aback, he walked over to the window to try and collect his thoughts.

She was right. That probably was what Tom wanted—a sharp lesson, a stern punishment. But who would ever have believed that Bertha would be willing to see her brother stand in the dock and the family name dragged in the dirt?

Behind him he heard her sigh. But he did not look round.

DAVID, the enthusiast, the man of impulse, was beginning to realise the difference between a man's and a woman's mind. Things were dawning upon him. He was coming to understand Bertha at last.

She would never place herself in his power, never put herself under an overwhelming obligation to him. At one and the same time she could think of her brother's real good and herself. She was stronger, nobler, straighter than he had known. And what it all came to was that she did not love him, knew she never could love him—and saw through him. He could have her friendship, but not her heart.

He turned as he heard her rise.

The blue eyes looked steadily into his.

"David—my friend," she said in a low, regretful voice, "that's all you can ever be to me, as I've told you again and again—my friend. And as for Tom, it is you he has injured, not me—and it is for you to decide what is to be done about it."

She held out her hand.

"There was no need to consult me about it at all, David." Down came the gentle hammer, once more tapping the nail on its head. "It wasn't quite fair, was it, David, my friend? The matter is entirely in your hands. Good-bye."

He drove back as fast as he had driven down, a little ashamed, a little hurt, and very much worried.

Bertha was lost to him—that was very clear. Neither for his own sake, nor her family's sake would she ever be his wife. Well, that was that.

But what about Tom?

She had left her brother's fate to him. It was his business, she had told him—and it was. And his honest opinion was that Tom needed a real pull up—and that was Bertha's opinion, too.

Entering his office, he found Tom and Mary still in his room—a pale, unhappy Mary, and a sullen, shamefaced Tom.

Without speaking, Fielding took off his hat and sat down at his desk, anxiously watched by them both.

"Well," he said slowly, "I've seen your sister." Then he paused.

Tom reddened.

"Bertha and I both seem to be of the same opinion, that a few month's hard labor would do you good!" said David sternly.

MARY started to her feet, and Tom stared at him, as if he could not believe his own ears.

"It's what you want. You've had things made too easy for you till now!"

"You're not really going to lock me up, are you?" Tom faltered. "Oh! I can't believe that Bertha—my sister would—would let you!" he gulped.

"Mr. Fielding," broke in Mary, in a rather shaky voice. "While you were away I told Tom I would pay every penny he has robbed you of. If I do that——"

David interrupted her with a shake of his head.

"I can't take your money—that would be compounding a felony," he said, gravely.

"Think of the disgrace to the family as well as to me," whined Tom. "Bertha must be mad. My own sister—oh; I don't believe it——Look here," he broke off, panic-stricken. "Let me see Bertha before you do anything?"

"No," answered David. "Bertha's fed-up with you. She's left you to me!"

He picked up the telephone receiver.

"Mary, Mary, for God's sake don't let him phone for the police!" squealed Tom.

"Mr. Fielding!" faltered Mary, coming forward. Oh! please, please let him off!"

She snatched the receiver out of her employer's hand and thrust it back upon its support.

"I see what is in Bertha's mind, and yours, too. You think it will pull him up. But it may have just the other effect. It may make him worse, may harden him. Think of what he will have to go through while he is waiting for his trial, think of the people he will have to associate with in prison."

Very lovely, very earnest, she looked as she pleaded for her waster-brother. But once more Fielding picked up the receiver.

A second time she snatched it from him and put it back.

"You shan't, you shan't!" she cried. "Oh! what will become of him when he comes out? Be merciful. You're not naturally hard, nor is Bertha. Punishment never does anyone any good—not anyone like Tom, anyway. Instead of saving him you'll ruin him."

She paused for breath, and Tom hurriedly cut in:

"If you'll let me off this time, I swear I'll never, never go wrong again, and in time I'll pay back every penny I owe you. It—it wasn't for myself I took it, but for someone else. I—I got let in for it. Oh! I was a fool, a weak fool, I know that, but I got landed. I never will again. Give me one more chance?"

He was so frightened, so utterly panic-stricken that he was shaking like a leaf.

"I couldn't bear it, being sent to prison," he wailed. "Fielding, Fielding, I can't tell you how sorry I am—how can I make you believe it? I've learned my lesson. Never, never will I——"

He paused as he saw Fielding's relentless hand once more lift the receiver, with the other hand held ready this time to ward off Mary.

Mary, however, did not move. She had shot her bolt, done all she could.

He asked for a number.

Tom and Mary stared. It was their number he had asked for—the telephone number of The Elms.

"Is that you, Bertha?" they heard him say.

They could not hear the reply, but with their hearts in their mouths they waited for what David would say next.

"I want to tell you that I've told your brother that we both think the best thing to bring him to his senses would be to send him to prison."

Bewilderedly Tom looked at his sister. What did it mean? Why had Fielding rung up Bertha instead of the police? Tom listened with all his ears—as he was meant to.

"But I can't do it, Bertha. I know it's what we ought to do—but I'm going to let him off——"

Tom stiffened with surprise and relief. His eyes looked as if they really were trying to start out of his head.

"He's such a funk, such a coward, and Mary is so distressed about it that, though he deserves a great deal more, the only punishment he will get is the fright I have given him!"

In the background Mary, always the eagerest of the Martins, silently clapped her hands, while Fielding listened to something she and Tom could not hear.

"So long as you are doing this of your own accord, David, and haven't forgotten what I said to you, I can only say that I am very glad and very grateful," Bertha's voice came to him over the wire.

"Yes. All my own idea. I think he's learned his lesson. You said you would leave him to me. You meant that, didn't you, Bertha?"

Apparently the voice at the other end said it did, for David went on:

"Very well, then. I propose to pay his fare out to the Colonies. He won't have so many temptations to play the fool out there, and we can't have him continuing to worry you all like this. He shall have a real chance to turn over a new leaf—a fresh start—and if he makes a mess of it that will be his affair. What's that? No, no—no thanks required—friend of the family, that's all—anxious to do what I can," he mumbled, and rang off.

Tom started forward as the telephone bell clicked when David hung up the receiver.

"FIELDING, this is most tremendously kind of you," he cried. "I can't tell you how grateful I am. My word, you put the wind up me properly when I thought you were phoning for the police! Terrified out of my wits, I was——"

"I meant you to be," broke in David, grimly.

"I'll make good out there—you see if I don't. You're right. A fresh start is what I need. I couldn't stick it at home with the rest of 'em now they all know what a mess I've made of things. One way and another, I've made a pretty poor show, but now—well, wait a bit and you'll see."

"Quite!" said David. "You'd better go round to Australia House at once and get busy making inquiries."

Tom started as if a whip had flicked him. Then, checked in his customary protestations, the black sheep of the Martin family reddened and left the room.

Mary looked at her employer with shining eyes.

"What a brick you are!" she exclaimed, impulsively. "How can we ever thank you, all of us, for——"

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"I've just been telling Bertha that no thanks are required," said David. "Didn't you hear?"

"Sorry," said Mary. A mischievous smile flickered for a moment at the corners of mouth. "Can I ring Bertha up, please?"

"Certainly."

Another call was put through.

"Is that you, Bertha?" said Mary. "Good. I say, don't you think Mr. Fielding has been most frightfully kind about Tom? I tried to thank him, but he wouldn't let me, so I thought I'd ring you up and tell you that I think he is the most generous, good-hearted, clever man I've ever met. Yes, I thought you would agree! It's the best thing out for Tom, isn't it? We shall hate losing him, but he'll have a real chance to make good, and, of course, it would be very hard on him to stay at home with us now we know what he did. I'm ever so grateful to Mr. Fielding for thinking of it—and I wish he would let me tell him so. But he won't."

She replaced the receiver and turned demurely to her employer.

"Haven't you some letters you wish me to take down, Mr. Fielding?" she inquired. "It's getting rather late."

David laughed.

CHAPTER 19

TOM MARTIN, leaning against the railing of the liner that was to take him to the country where wasters either became men or wasted quite away, waved gaily to his family, lined up on the edge of the quay.

They were all there—Granny, Bertha, Mary, and Elsie. To everyone's surprise, the old lady had insisted on coming to the docks to see him off.

"He's my only grandson, and I want to see the last of him," she said. "I'm very fond of Tom. The bad lots always make you fond of them. Hoom!"

So there she was, as spry as any of them—which is to say, not very spry. Such a parting was no occasion for rejoicing. The circumstances in which Tom was sailing were not at all to his credit. He was going away in disgrace. That, they were all trying to forget; the fact that he was going at all was quite enough to sadden them.

Among the Martins the family tie was a very real one, and Tom was leaving the family circle in all probability for ever. None of them had any real hope of ever seeing him again, for all his harping on how he meant to come home as soon as he had made his pile. It didn't matter that he had occasioned anxiety one way and another all his life; he was grandson and brother, who had grown up with them, and whose faults they had learned to accept as part of him. And to lose him was a wrench for them all.

David, who was present, David, who had arranged it all, looked from those four sad faces at the dock edge, up to the face of the young man waving from the deck, as, fussily assisted by a fleet of tugs, the huge vessel began slowly to worm its way out of the dock.

Bertha took Granny's arm.

FOR Bertha it was the greatest wrench of all. Had she not remained in England for the sole purpose of keeping the family together?

"It's all for his good," said Granny, with a quaver.

Bertha nodded, too moved to speak.

Doubly hard on Bertha that seeing off of her brother. It brought her into contact with big ships that sailed the seas—brought back to her thoughts of the voyage she had never taken—thoughts of the man she had treated so badly—the man who had been unable to wait, and had taken another in her place.

Everything Granny understood, every tremor of the arm that she was clinging to.

"You shouldn't have done it, my dear," she said. "You should have gone with Ronald and left us, as I told you at the time. The more you give, the more you may, and the less you get in the end. That's the way of it, Bertha."

Bertha shook her head.

Ronald was gone. Tom was gone. But it had had to be. She could not have done differently. She was made like that.

Back at The Elms she settled her grandmother in a comfortable chair and made her put her feet up.

"Bless my soul, I'm not tired a bit," declared old Mrs. Martin. "Too much for me? Nonsense. It's done me good."

Bertha went up to the exile's room. It was in a dreadful state, as the result of Tom's packing, and she rather rejoiced at the chance to clear it up a bit. It would take her mind off things.

Gallantly she attacked the mess—mostly paper and string from parcels containing various items of Tom's new outfit—paid for, incidentally, by her and Mary, half and half. And it was not David who, in the end, had paid his fare. Grandmother had sprung another surprise upon them. When she heard of the arrangement she had put her foot down, and provided the money. The Martins, she declared, could not be beholden to an outsider however old a friend of the family he might be. They could take advice and assistance from him, but not money, said the independent old lady.

Bertha scrabbled up the paper and string scattered about the floor and carried it down to the dustbin, returned armed with a broom and a dust-pan.

There was a terrible litter on the hearth—old bills, old dance cards, theatre programmes and old letters, all roughly torn up.

Bertha went down on her knees, and began to sweep them into her pan.

Ronald's name caught her eye—then her own—and then Fielding's—all appearing on scraps of paper obviously belonging to one another.

Idly she began to piece them together, placing two of the bits side by side.

"Herewith the money you so kindly sent to clear up B's debts," she read. "I've borrowed it from my new boss. . . . ."

Who was "B"? Bertha wondered. Surely, surely it could not be——? Of course not! She had no debts.

Two more pieces when placed side by side read:

". . . David Fielding. He's an old flame of hers, and between you and me and the gate-post, I shouldn't be surprised if he asked her to marry him. He seemed very bucked when he found out that your engagement to B was broken off. Shall you mind if . . ."

Bertha felt her blood run cold. "B" must be Bertha.

IT was quite clear what the document that had been torn up was—a draft of a letter to Ronald.

Grimly, Bertha, on her knees by the grate, sought for all the pieces, and feverishly she fitted them together on the bedroom carpet. And then, with a sinking heart she read the letter of which Tom had been so proud, the letter which he rejoiced had "done the trick."

Aghast, petrified, she stared at this evidence of her brother's perfidy. At last, at last she understood why Ronald had decided not to wait.

"Tom, you devil!" she gasped, and collapsed in a heap, with the bitter, bitter tears streaming down her cheeks.

It was all plain to the crumpled heap sobbing on the floor.

Tom had ever been the crooked and the selfish one, the one who never thought about anyone but himself. The oyster, Mary had called him, because he never opened his mouth about his own affairs unless he was obliged—which meant when he had been found out in something.

Bertha remembered the way he had taken it for granted that she would marry David. He had talked to Mary about it, discussed it with Granny, even pointed out to Elsie what a good thing it would be for them all. So great an interest had he displayed in the matter that Bertha had had to sit on him pretty heavily. But she had never, never dreamed that he had written to Ronald about it!

"Oh, you cad! You cruel, selfish cad!" she cried bitterly, between her sobs.

He wanted David and David's business and David's money brought into the family, and deliberately he had carried on this characteristic, underhand campaign to attain his end. Talked to her and everyone as if marriage with David were inevitable, and written to Ronald this shameful, misleading letter, the draft of which she had pieced together.

Rocking herself to and fro in her misery, wasn't it typical of Tom, she asked herself, to be so careless as well as so cunning? Just to tear the draft up and leave it! Oh! what did Tom, with his eyes fixed on the main chance, care about anything but himself?

She read the letter again, with tear-wet eyes. Heavens, the wicked cleverness of it! Poor Ronald, disappointed and lonely, it must have been a terrible shock to him—and how false it must have made her seem! Tom writing one thing, and she writing another—and a girl at hand waiting to get married and Ronald wanting a wife! Plain, it was all so plain, so dreadfully understandable that it was blinding, positively blinding!

AND even that wasn't all—there was worse behind. Money—borrowed money—to pay her debts! The meanness of that, the biting, burning, stinging shame of it! Her brother had been sponging on her lover, pretending the money was for her, while she had been writing to Ronald telling him how well everything was going.

"Thank God you've gone!" muttered Bertha with a fierceness that had never been in her voice before. "Thank God you are not in this house to-night!"

Shaking in every limb, she scrabbled the pieces together—as if they were Tom himself—and hurled them into the grate.

She struck a match. In silence she watched them burn. On to them, on to the flame they made, she heaped the rest of the litter, and dried her eyes.

Mechanically she completed the tidying of the room, even removing the ash from the grate when it was cold, moving about like one in a dream, a painful, horrifying dream. The inhumanity and the ingratitude of her brother were stupefying, his baseness almost unbelievable to her, but instinct insisted that she was right. No further proof was required. She knew Tom and she knew Ronald.

Well, what was done was done. She had made her choice. She had sent Ronald away and given herself to her family. Repining would not set him free—fury against Tom would not undo the results of his treachery.

After a hurried visit to her own room to bathe her eyes she went downstairs.

Not a word of her discovery did she breathe to the rest of the family. What was the good? She did not want their sympathy; to be pitied would be unendurable. Nobody could put back the clock. Ronald was married, Tom was on the sea, but The Elms and the rest of the family still remained. She would look after them and forget about her traitor brother and that woman who was living in the bungalow which Ronald had got ready for someone else. There should be no brooding, no bitterness, no more tears. There was

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only one thing to do after a tragedy—carry on. She had carried on after Ronald's letter announcing his forthcoming marriage; and she would still carry on to the bitter end.

A week later there came a Marconigram from Tom.

"All well. Having splendid voyage. Love to all. Tom."

"Very thoughtful of Tom," said Granny, and Mary and Elsie said they were glad he was having a good time.

Bertha said nothing.

CHAPTER 20

A CROCODILE slid into the Niger, slithered with a sinuous movement out of the mud and into the water, as a canoe, manned by sturdy natives came round the bend.

Ronald, seated in the stern, watched the brute, quite uninterested. There was no harm in them if you left them alone.

He was returning from a tour of inspection. For ten days he had been away from his wife, and in an hour or so they would be together again.

Chrissie did not know, thought Ronald. He had sworn she should never know, and so far he was pretty sure that she had no idea that in his heart of hearts he was still amazed and dazed by the fact that he had ever married her.

It would not be fair to let her know. No blame attached to her. Decency demanded that a man who had done what he had done should make the best of it—play the game by the woman he had asked to be his wife, and put out of his mind all thoughts of any other woman whatsoever.

Well, he had done his best. Chrissie, a gay, domesticated little person, content to have a husband and a home, and to feel herself one of the prettiest and most popular women on the station, had never found him out—thank God!

It had been easy enough to hide from poor Chrissie how wrong he had been to think that he loved her and wanted her. It would always be easy to make her happy, for she was a dear, sweet, unsuspecting little thing, who found her joy in making him very comfortable—and would never know that for a man comfort was not enough.

To cease to think of Bertha had not been so easy. He had done his best, and he would go on doing his best. But thought is difficult to control. Even now, when he was stringing himself up to be nice to his wife, as honor demanded, he was wondering how things were at The Elms.

In his letter finally breaking with her, he had asked Bertha still to think of him as a friend, and to write to him occasionally.

She never had.

Not another line had he received from the Martins since they had clubbed together to send him a cable of congratulation.

What about that Fielding affair? Were Fielding and Bertha engaged yet—or married? Perhaps there would be a letter telling him what had happened.

He roused himself—forced his mind to think again about Chrissie. She would be on the landing-stage to welcome him home. Bertha and David Fielding were no concern of his.

The big canoe took another bend. In the distance he saw her, and she saw him. She waved her hand. What was there about Chrissie waving her hand that hurt? Oh! Hell! He was her husband. He had told her that he loved her, and he must play the game, live the lie!

He stood up and waved back.

A quarter of an hour later he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"It's good to be with you again," he said. And she was content, delighted, overjoyed, and believing!

"Darling! I can't tell you how I've missed you," she smiled. "It's been awful, and Ronnykins, I've got something most frightfully important to tell you."

"What, sweetheart?" he asked.

"Not here, dear. Later," she smiled mysteriously.

Presently she told him—on the verandah—perched on the arm of his chair.

"It's going to be a boy, just like my darling Ronnykins," she declared. Then she looked at him.

"Poor darling, he's so overcome, so off his head with joy about it that he looks as if he would like to cry," she murmured tenderly—and took his head in her small, white hands and kissed him with her cool, happy lips.

He got up and went indoors.

There was nothing of any importance in the mail. Just letters. Twenty or thirty were waiting for him—two deliveries. Just letters.

* * *

The months rolled on. Elsie was very excited because she had passed London Matric., with distinctions in French, Maths., and English.

"Jolly good, kid," said Bertha—and Granny gave her a pound note.

Tom wrote from Australia, and declared that he was doing well.

"Hoom! Did you ever know Tom say he was doing anything else?" said Granny.

Nothing seemed to have happened. One had got used to having no brother—and no hopes. Quietly, competently, lovingly one had got on with one's job.

All was well—very well. Peace and prosperity, good health and happiness all round for Granny, Mary and Elsie—which was as it should be. Was it not to bring that about that one had stayed behind and sent Ronald back to Africa alone?

Quite, as Tom used to say, Tom who had written that letter, Tom who had borrowed that money.

"Brrh!" Bertha gave herself a little shake. There she was, thinking about those two men she was always telling herself she would not think about.

SHE yawned and looked at the clock. Ten past eleven. Granny and Elsie were both in bed. Should she go off to bed, too, or wait up a little longer for Mary?

"I'll give her another twenty minutes," murmured Bertha to herself.

She reached for a cigarette, and, having lit it, turned again to the book she had been reading when she had drifted off into a reverie.

Yes, everything was going very smoothly. She had undertaken to hold the home together, and she was holding it together. It was a real home, and being able to feel that, even though one member had gone out of it, did make it all seem worth while.

Good heavens, there she was, mooning again.

"I will go to bed, after all," she said aloud. And the words were hardly out of her mouth when she heard Mary's key in the lock.

Flushed and radiant the darkest Martin looked as she came up to her eldest sister.

"Glad you're up, Bertie," she cried, having lately taken to Elsie's pet name for her. "I've got something to tell you."

She flung off her hat.

"Guessed it?" she laughed, a little self-consciously.

"No, of course not," Bertha laughed back. "Granny and I haven't been wondering for weeks when he——"

"He asked me to-night—and I said I would," Mary interrupted.

Bertha placed both hands on her sister's shoulders.

"Darling, I'm so glad. I'm sure you will both be very happy. David's a dear—a real good sort. When is it going to be?"

"Soon—soon as possible. I'm to leave the office, Bertie, and we're going to live at Brighton. David has a fancy to live by the sea, and is sure he won't mind the train journey. It's a very good service."

"Yes," said Bertha, slowly. "I believe it is."

Another of them was going. Only Granny and Elsie would be left—and when they went—what then?

BERTHA kept her thoughts to herself. Why cloud Mary's happiness? Why dim the glow of her sister's romance? For some time they had all been waiting for this announcement. David's growing devotion to his secretary and Mary's "rave" on her employer had become, indeed, a family tea-pot joke.

"Martinitis, that's what he suffers from," said Elsie, old enough to say young-grown-up things that rather startled her grandmother. "He's got to have a Martin, and if Mary turns him down, like Bertha did, I suppose he'll have a go at me!"

Yes, they had been expecting it, but the queer thing is that in spite of expecting a thing it comes as a surprise in the end just the same. Not until this moment had Bertha realised that it would mean losing Mary.

"David says he first began to fall in love with me that day I teased him by ringing you up on the phone," exclaimed Mary. "It's frightfully thrilling being in love, Bertie—the real thing, I mean. So different from that other affair. I told David about that to-night, but he didn't mind."

With a characteristic impulsive movement Mary flung her arms about Bertha's neck.

"Oh! Bertie, Bertie," she cried. "If you hadn't been such a brick to me that night and stopped me, just think what a mess I should have made of things, and what I should have lost!"

Gently Bertha freed herself.

"We needn't talk about that," she said. "That's all over and done with."

"No," said Mary, eager, warm-hearted Mary. "It will never be done with for me, and I shall never forget. But for you, instead of being so happy to-night, I should—God only knows where and what I should be! Don't stop me—you must let me say it for once. You've been a perfect angel to all of us. What we should have done without you I can't think! You—you really have taken mother's place, and—and——. Sorry, Bertie, I didn't mean to be sloppy!" she ended, with a violent, heart-stirring hug.

Bertha blinked as once more she pushed her away. She couldn't speak—she could only think, and look at Mary with proud, loving, clouded eyes.

It was true. One couldn't say it in words, but one had saved Mary and one must admit it to oneself. Because it helped to make one bear the thought of what one had given up and what one could never have. Mary, so pretty and so happy; Mary safe, with a good man to take care of her and to love—Mary was one of the rewards, something that made it worth while, bless her!

"David is coming round to see you in the morning," said Mary, half-laughing, half-crying. "He thinks you're no end of a wonderful person. And you are, you are, you are!" she added, with a sudden return to deep feeling. "A giver, that's what you are, Bertie, and the rest of us are all takers. You've given up everything for others."

"Mary, it's time you went to bed," broke in Bertha, in a voice that shook a little in spite of her efforts to steady it. "You're getting sloppy again, my dear."

But she was only human. She liked it. It was nice to know that what one had done was not entirely unappreciated—and it helped, it helped tremendously to give one strength to go cheerfully on.

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LOVE STANDS WAITING

"Come along, darling," said Bertha. "I'll stay with you while you undress and tuck you up. I'm so glad, Mary dear, glad for both your sakes. To-morrow, we'll get busy planning things for the wedding."

CHAPTER 21

THE doctor, clad in a white linen suit, looked up at Ronald, standing on the other side of the bed.

Slowly and very significantly he shook his head.

An electric fan was droning in the room. The doctor moved away. He looked at the nurse, and she followed him to the farther side of the room.

Ronald bent over his wife. Gravely he looked into her ash-white face. Very gently he stroked one of her wasted arms.

Chrissie's eyes raised themselves to his—conquered their heavy lids. They asked him to come nearer, told him that she wanted to speak. Dear God, those loving, anguished eyes!

He put his ear to her lips.

"I'm sorry the baby did not live, Ronnykins," she whispered, with the utmost difficulty.

"It's all right, darling—it's all right!" (Play up! Play up! For pity's sake play up as you have never played up before!) "I've got you, darling. I've still got you."

"No, Ronnykins—not for long," came the labored whisper. "I'm going, too. Oh! I don't want to go, dear. I want to stay with you and make you happy. What will you do without your little wifie, Ronnykins?"

"God knows, darling! I can't believe it. Chrissie, you mustn't go. You must stay. I want you so. I—I can't live without you, my love, my dear, dear love!" he—lied.

Just the least hint of a grateful smile showed on her bloodless lips. He wanted her, and she could not stay. He was trying to keep her with him, but she had to go. And knowing how he loved her and couldn't bear to lose her helped her to go—happy.

"Poor Ronnykins," she whispered—he would never let her call him Ronnie—"Poor Ronnykins," she whispered again—and died.

The nurse and the doctor came to the bed—and Ronald plunged out of the room, into the night.

"Let him go," said the doctor to the nurse.

Ronald stood by the river, the dark, big river, alone and bareheaded. Fires were blazing outside the huts in the native compound. Somewhere a tom-tom was shaking the night air.

"She never knew. Thank God, she never knew!" said Ronald to the Niger.

A man who makes mistakes must do his best to put things right. One who injures another must do all in his power to repair the injury.

That he had done. That chapter was closed. It seemed to him that all his life was closed. No hope anywhere, nothing to go on for, all black darkness—not worth while.

Wearily he turned and walked back to the bungalow.

* * *

In style and state Mary was married from The Elms.

All the Martin friends and connections foregathered with the Fielding friends and connections for the ceremony.

Everyone was in the highest spirits. A caterer provided the refreshments and the champagne, brought everything, served everything, and took everything away—so Bertha had nothing to do but to enjoy herself.

Nothing could have been more successful. Not a single thing went wrong, and when it was all over and the bride and bridegroom were on the road to Torquay, where the honeymoon was to be spent, Granny and Bertha and Elsie told each other over and over again how splendidly it had all gone.

"Wasn't it sweet the way Mary said 'I will' in church, Bertie? And did you ever see anyone look such a fright as old Mrs. Crowther?"

"Elsie, you mustn't speak of my friends in that disrespectful way," protested old Mrs. Martin. "Mrs. Crowther hasn't got a granddaughter to see to her clothes as I have," she added, proudly, conscious that she had been made extra smart for such an extra special occasion.

"David was in great form," laughed Bertha. "Do you know, I actually heard him telling some of the guests about his 'Cooler' while Mary was changing! Uncle Harry is going to try one. He looked very nice, too, didn't he?"

"Who? Uncle Harry?"

"No, David, silly."

In short, they all said a lot of very trite things, but not one of the three of them expressed the thought that was hovering at the back of their minds—another one gone from the family circle, another bedroom at The Elms no longer required.

The weeks of the honeymoon slipped by, and David and Mary came to see them. They spent the evening in Mary's old home, and then drove off to her new one in Brighton. It was a very jolly evening.

Presently Mary and David asked them all down for a week-end in the new big house David had bought and lavishly furnished and staffed for his bride. It was a very jolly week-end.

But Mary didn't belong to them any more. Mary belonged to her husband. Mary, the happy wife, made Bertha feel ever so little the old maid.

Months passed and nothing particular happened. Granny and Bertha and Elsie "settled down." Now and then Bertha and Elsie went to a theatre or the pictures, and occasionally, with the usual fuss about her umbrella, Granny went out to tea. David and Mary visited them, and they visited David and Mary. Tom wrote, still doing well, and Granny wrote to Tom, and so did Elsie. But Bertha never did.

It was all very humdrum. Bertha and Elsie played a good deal of tennis, and Granny always enjoyed looking on at their tennis parties. Isabel gave notice because Granny had been sharp with her, but Bertha talked to Isabel about how old ladies did not understand the change that had come over the relationship of mistresses and maids since the war—and Isabel withdrew her notice, and started an affair with the new man who came to do the garden twice a week.

Then one evening Isabel informed Bertha that Miss Harrison was asking for her.

Bertha raised her eyebrows. Miss Harrison was the headmistress of the High School. Hastily Bertha patted at her hair, and went to see what Miss Harrison wanted.

SURELY, surely Elsie couldn't have done anything wrong?

"Good evening, my dear," said Miss Harrison, a typical modern school-marm—clever, competent, pleasant-voiced, and wrapped up in her pupils. She had been Bertha's form-mistress, and had become headmistress since Bertha left. So she knew all about the Martins and their circumstances, and kissed Bertha as she greeted her.

"I wanted to have a little talk with you and your sister," she explained.

Bertha put her into an easy-chair and waited.

"Is Elsie in?" asked Miss Harrison.

"No. I'm sorry, but she's spending the evening with a friend."

"Well, it doesn't matter. I rather hoped to see her privately. I thought, perhaps, away from the school I might be able to persuade her to change her mind. Why is it that she won't go to Cambridge, Bertha, after winning a scholarship that will pay two-thirds of her expenses?"

Bertha started. She opened her mouth to speak, and then closed it without speaking.

"I am sure she would do very well there. She's an exceptionally gifted child, my dear. Surely it cannot be the money? Such a small sum would be required! This afternoon, to my amazement, she definitely refused to accept this scholarship, but I thought before I took her at her word I would come and see you and her together——"

"Elsie shall go. Of course, she shall go," Bertha broke in. "She must go. Please take no notice of anything she has said, Miss Harrison."

She rose. Actually she made it clear to a headmistress that she was being dismissed. And just after Miss Harrison had departed Elsie came in.

"Why didn't you tell me you'd won a scholarship for Cambridge?" Bertha inquired, point blank.

"Who told you?" asked Elsie.

"Miss Harrison. She's only just gone."

"Interfering old cat! Why can't she mind her own business and give it to someone else?"

"Elsie, why have you tried to refuse it?"

"Don't want it. Don't want to go to Cambridge, that's why." She looked at Bertha defiantly. "Think I'm going to leave you here with Granny all alone? Not me! I'm going to leave the High School and get a job. They can keep their silly old scholarship. I wish I'd never gone in for it."

"I'M not going to Cambridge," said Elsie.

"You are, dear," Bertha's voice was very firm. "I guessed that was the reason, and it's sweet of you to have thought about it—but I can't possibly stand in your way."

"For three-parts of the year you and Granny will be all alone."

"Well, that won't kill me, or Granny either, I hope." Bertha forced a smile.

"It would be putrid for you, and you know it. Absolutely foul. I'm not saying anything against Granny. She's not a bad old thing in her way—but to be with her all the time, and have nobody to take you out of it for a bit, or to let off steam to—I'm not going, Bertie!"

"Yes, you are, dear."

Elsie shook her head.

"I've thought it all out. I'm going to get a job. I'm not sure yet whether or not I shall ask David to give me one, but that doesn't matter. I shall be here in the evenings and on Saturdays and Sundays to do my share."

Defiantly Elsie looked into her sister's eyes—Elsie, clear-headed, healthy-limbed and self-reliant, as she had grown up to be.

"You needn't say cocksnooks, or anything like that," she went on. "I should make a difference, you know I should. Besides, it's barmy to think of you and Granny living all alone in this big house—and she'd never go anywhere else."

"You must think of yourself," said Bertha. "Think of your future. This is a wonderful chance that has come your way. It would be madness for you to give it up."

"And why the dickens should you do all the giving up?" demanded Elsie. "Why can't I have a turn?"

Bertha winced.

"Bertie, old dear, it's not fair that you should always have the worst of it. Chuck arguing, and let me have my own way. Please, old thing, please?" appealed Elsie.

Very slowly Bertha shook her head.

"Darling, you must go," she said, very quietly, very earnestly. "I beg you to go. For my sake, Elsie. Honor bright, it's the only way to make me happy. Oh! my dear, can't you understand? I—I did

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give up—quite a lot," she gulped. "And the only way to make me—not—not sorry—is for you all to get on. If—if I can stand back and watch you going up and up and up—don't you see, Elsie? I can say to myself: 'She could never have done it if it hadn't been for me.' Mary's married well—Mary's a success, Tom——" she hesitated for the fraction of a second, and then said quickly: "Tom's doing all right. Granny's happy and well. And if you go to Cambridge and get somewhere, do something really good—then—then it's all been worth while, and I can be glad—really glad of what I did when father and mother died."

There was a silence. Then:

"Hang!" said Elsie. "Curse!" said Elsie—worse and worse these girls are becoming in their language. "I'll go," said Elsie. "Can't help it, when you put it like that. But it's not fair—it's not fair on you. It's too rottenly one-sided for anything."

"Thank you, dear. We shall be all right, Granny, and I—and it will be lovely having you between terms. Let's go and tell Granny about your scholarship—she'll be frightfully bucked."

"Wish I'd never gone in for the cursed thing," said Elsie.

BERTHA had always said The Elms was a friendly-looking house with an intelligent, homely face.

The sun still shone in the morning on its white-framed windows and its tiny front lawn, and threw long shadows from the elms at the bottom of the garden and red-fired the back windows in the evening. It still had six bedrooms, three reception rooms, a garage, electric light, and a telephone.

But only three of the bedrooms were in regular use, and the garage had gone down in the world. The garage had a lodger—somebody else's car—at seven and six a week.

Granny and Isabel and she—just the three of them—were all who lived at The Elms now Elsie was up at Newnham. And even that could not have been managed if it had not been for David.

"Bertie, old lad"—that was his version of Elsie's name for her—"no nonsense now," David had said briskly. "Mary's your sister, and I'm your brother-in-law. It would break the old lady's heart to have to shift at her time of life, and you can't possibly afford to keep on this house without help. Mary and I are going to dub up an allowance of a couple of hundred a year for as long as your grandmother is alive, and it's up to you to make her take it."

A good sort, David. Granny had made no objection. He was one of the family now, and families must hang together.

Only the two of them, with Isabel to look after them! And soon, in a few years at the most, even Granny would be gone!

Well, well. It was a drab and dreary existence for a girl who had once thrilled to the excitement of a West African bungalow—just one failing old woman to nurse and love and bear with! Well, well. It was the way of the world.

"You shouldn't have done it," said Granny. "What did I tell you? See what the end of it is? Nothing for you, my dear—one after the other we've sucked you dry. I'm the last, and the worst. I expect I shall live till ninety."

"Granny, you're not to talk like that," said Bertha. "I did it of my own accord. It wasn't your fault, and I'm glad. It hasn't been a failure. It's been a success!"

It had—oh! it had—even with Tom. Tom was really making good. David had got into touch with someone out there and from him they had found out that Tom's letters were true. The black sheep of the Martins had really turned over a new leaf. And, though one could not forget what Tom had done, still one could be glad that he was making good.

Of its success with Mary and Elsie and Granny there could be no question.

One must cling to that consolation, that justification. One could not help the way one was made. Some people were born for happiness. Others to make others happy. It was no use brooding. The thing to do was to go on and on, smiling all the time.

CHAPTER 22

BERTHA opened the front door. Elsie was arriving from Cambridge during the afternoon, and Bertha was going out to buy some flowers to cheer the place up a bit. Granny was just as excited about it as she was. Bertha opened the front door—and her eyes nearly started out of her head. Almost sick, she felt, she was so startled, and her knees trembled.

There was a man standing on the pavement. He had been looking at The Elms as she opened the door, and now he was looking at her—he, red and rooted to the spot—she, white, and clinging to the door.

It was Ronald—Ronnie—Mr. Maxwell!

"Bertha!" he gasped, finding his voice first, but forgetting to raise his hat as he came slowly forward.

Very bronzed he looked, but thinner, much thinner—ill under the sunburn. The hand on his stick, Bertha noticed, was shaking.

"I—I suppose you're home on leave," she managed to get out with terrible difficulty. "How—how's Mrs. Maxwell?"

"Could I come in for a minute?" he faltered.

"Yes, yes, of course," she answered—and laughed without knowing that she had laughed. Her blue eyes looked like cornflowers in the rain.

He came in. She must have stood back to let him, and then shut the door. But the next thing she knew was that they were in the drawing-room, looking at each other—in the drawing-room, where they had parted that day which seemed so very long ago.

"You're not married yet?" he said.

"No."

"Engaged?"

"No."

"I thought Fielding——?" he let the question ask itself.

"David married Mary. I suppose you're home on leave? How's your wife?" She had said that before! "I should like to meet her," she added hurriedly.

"She is dead," said Ronald, gravely. "Died when her baby was born—the baby died, too."

"Oh! I'm sorry."

There was a silence, a long silence.

"I came down to Redbridge to-day just to have a look at the house where you lived," he explained. "I—I wanted to find out what had happened to you all."

"Oh! we're all right—all doing very well Tom's in Australia; Elsie's at Cambridge. Mary—but I told you about Mary. Granny's very well——" Her voice was very ordinary, but suddenly she was horrified to hear it asking him something: "Ronald, tell me, was it that letter of Tom's——?"

She stopped, aghast at herself—but she had said enough for him to understand.

"Yes—mostly," he said, solemnly.

Bertha looked away.

"I thought it was," she murmured. "Just at first I was a little hurt—but, when I happened to see the draft on that letter—. It was all lies," she broke off. "Tom wanted me to marry Fielding for his own ends."

She bit her lip, angry with herself again. Why say that? What was the good? Ronald would only think—— But Ronald did not know what he was thinking. All he knew was that he had come to Redbridge, and she and he were together, and the old spell was over him, and his heart was sore and hungry. And without thinking, Ronald began to talk.

Simply and ashamedly he told her the story of his marriage and its end.

"I'm glad she didn't ever know," said Bertha. "That was very nice of you—never to let her find out." And then she added, very softly, "Poor Ronald, what you must have been through!"

He stared at her and then said, almost harshly:

"I've never stopped loving you and wanting you—that's what drove me mad. To have come so near to having you, and then—then to have been thrown over for your family!— Sorry I should have said that," he cried, hurriedly, closing the window that had given her a glimpse into a man's soul.

"Oh! you may say it, Ronnie. I treated you very badly. I've always admitted that."

"As much as a man can love a woman, I loved you—and you gave me up!" he burst out. It was as if there were two of him, each struggling for mastery. "No—that's a rotten thing to say. Sounds as if I'm blaming you for everything, making excuses. I'd better go."

But he did not go.

THERE was another silence. Two hearts, as it were, looked at each other. Eyes looked at each other. Minds spoke to each other without words. And then:

"I've been ill," said Ronald. "Very ill for a long time. That's why I missed my leave. And when I was better they told me I must come home and never return to that climate. After a six months' rest I'm to be transferred to the Colonial Office."

He paused.

"Yes?" said Bertha.

"Live in England—London," said Ronald.

"Yes?" said Bertha again.

"If—if you still care, and if you could bear to have me—after what I've told you, there—there's no reason why we shouldn't live here—at The Elms—you and I and the old lady, and your sister when she comes 'down'," he said slowly, his words very practical, but his eyes eloquent with a heart's desire, a love that must live as long as he drew breath.

And Bertha broke. All the strength and the self-reliance vanished. Out of the brave blue eyes there welled a stream of tears, and sobbing, she fell into his arms.

"Darling, darling, don't!" he entreated her. "For pity's sake, don't cry like that! Bertha, Bertha, I can't bear it!"

"It's all right," she sobbed. "I'm only crying be-because I'm so happy, and it's all come right in the end, and I ne-never thought it could!"

Granny, startled by the sound of that weeping, opened the door and looked in. Neither of them noticed her, for their lips were locked together, and they were aware of nothing in the world but each other.

"Thank God," said Granny to herself, and closed the door. "That child's going to have a happy home-coming. Hoom!"

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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